

目覚めると

従姉妹を
護る美少女
剣士に
なっていた

狩野景
挿絵／天鬼とうり

I Awoke to Find I Was the Girl Swordsman That Protects My Cousin

Vol.1

by Karino Kei

Info: [Novel Updates](#)

Illustrations





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Chapter the First: The Oni-Slaying Princess

Ichijou Ryou lay blankly in bed.

He was a first year at Modoribashi Academy's high school. His grades tended to fluctuate between average and below average.

He never earned any real reward or punishment and he had never had a girlfriend. He was fairly tall, but he had a slender build and his body almost seemed to have forgotten to grow since middle school. Overall, he was a plain boy with no hint of manliness to him.

He had taken a bath after dinner, reread some manga for the umpteenth time instead of doing his homework, and eventually drifted off to sleep.

After just a few minutes of unconsciousness, he woke up, wiped the drool from his mouth, and noticed something had changed.

"What...is this?"

When he shook his head, long and glossy black hair stroked his back.

His T-shirt felt oddly tight, so he looked down and found two large mounds on the verge of bursting free of the fabric.

(T-tits?)

His own chest contained two weighty mounds with the kind of perfect shape and great size that he had only ever seen in pinup magazines and slightly erotic TV shows.

The neck of the shirt had been pushed out, so he could see the captivating cleavage of the two white but flushed mounds pressed together by the tight shirt.

This was not a picture or a video. He was seeing real breasts in person.

He gulped at the fact that they were attached to him and some sweat trailed down his cheek.

Just like his shirt, his shorts felt tighter than usual. His butt had grown in volume, causing the fabric to press against his crotch. That should have caused a fair bit of pain for his testicles, but it only made him feel a little restless.

The fabric was digging into his crotch and pressing against a fairly sensitive spot.

Once he focused on it, a sense of longing welled up inside him. When his hips naturally started fidgeting up from the bed, he let out a yearning sigh and felt like something warm was seeping out deep within his lower stomach.

“What is going on here?”

Worried, he stood unsteadily up from his bed.

The balance of his body seemed different from normal, so he had difficulty walking.

The bulges on his chest shifted his center of gravity forward, so he found himself leaning forward.

His already slender arms had grown even more graceful.

He felt like his body as a whole was less broad.

He moved cautiously forward on legs that had grown longer and slenderer despite the addition of soft flesh.

“———!!” Ah, ahh... You’re...kidding...!”

When he checked in the mirror, he did see his own face there, but the impression it gave was so different it might as well have belonged to someone else entirely.

His nonchalant and carefree face had grown sharp and stiff.

The small lips were colored red and covered with a youthful sheen. The nose was thinner and had a dignified charm to it. A strong-willed light filled the slender eyebrows and somewhat angled eyes that stared back at him from the mirror. It was his own gaze, but his heart still skipped a beat.

His white, untanned skin had grown even finer, so his already feminine face had truly become a girl’s face. The chin and neck were also slender.

“Th-that’s a girl... I’ve turned into a girl!?”

While staring at the helpless and confused girl in the mirror, he hesitantly brought his hands to the mounds on his chest. The nipples could be seen poking through the fabric at the peaks. He placed his index fingers on those points and used the other fingers to grab the breasts.

“Ahh!”

A powerful surge of electricity ran through him.

“This is...what tits feels like? But...why do I have these!?”

His fingertips dug into the weighty flesh.

They felt so soft he thought they would melt away. No part of the male body was this soft.

He had never even imagined a sensation like this before, so he was utterly confused to find it on his own chest.

“Am I...dreaming?”

It felt too real for that.

Why did he have this body? Would he return to normal? The

incomprehensible phenomenon filled him with unease.

“Mom and dad are still awake...”

He could not help but focus on the sounds from his parents on the floor below. If they came up here, they would see their only son with breasts.

(This is no joke! I’d die of embarrassment!! H-how am I supposed to explain this?)

As the unease and confusion only grew, he felt two solid beads rise up from the peaks of the weighty mounds he held.

“Ah...hh... Wh-why!?”

(I’ve heard girls’ nipples get hard when they’re horny...b-but this is hardly the time.)

“Ee...ah!! Ahh...!”

He could not help but press down with his fingertips and another surge of electricity raced from his chest to his brain.

He let go in surprise and the handball-sized objects gave an intense bounce.

“Ah...”

The figure in the mirror was blushing.

(I didn't look that closely before...but as a girl...)

The corners of the eyes and the cheeks were flushed and tears had welled up in the eyes to form a troubled look.

"I...I'm kind of...cute."

He would definitely be interested in someone like this if they went to his school.

However, this was him now.

His face remained, but all of the parts had been improved, giving a completely different impression to anyone that saw that face. Even his heart started racing when he saw the dignified beauty of those angled eyes.

The slender waist and the incredible volume of the butt and breasts was clearly part of a girl's body.

(Th-then...what are things like...downstairs...?)

He was still worried and confused by this strange situation, but his heart was motivated by even more powerful curiosity.

His shorts were being pulled tightly against his crotch, yet he did not feel what

should have been there as a boy.

All he felt was a heated throbbing that continued to grow.

Was it really gone?

His heart beat so loudly he had trouble breathing and he realized his body was coated with sweat.

This was hardly the time, and yet...

He gulped and hesitantly slid a hand inside his shorts.

“Hyaaaaaaah!”

Suddenly, a somewhat silly scream reached Ryou’s ears.

“———!! That voice. Yume!”

He instantly came back to his senses. He stopped the hand before it reached his genderbent crotch and turned his sweaty face to the window.

He saw a strangely large form past the balcony and in a room of the neighboring house.

“Wh-what is that!? Y-Yume!!”

That room belonged to his cousin who had been like a sister to him all his life.

At some point, he had begun to have feelings of love for her as well. Ichijou Yume was the most important girl in the world to him and that was her room.

(Who is that!? And what are they doing to my Yume!?)

The blood rushed to his head and he acted before thinking. He completely forgot he had become a girl and used unnatural strength to leap from his room to the neighboring balcony.

(M-my body is so light! I can jump this far!?)

He opened the glass door and stepped inside.

(She left it unlocked again. And after I keep telling her that’s dangerous. I need to get after her about that later.)

He put up his guard as a bestial smell assaulted his nose. A giant man with grotesquely bulging muscles had crawled up onto the bed in the darkness.

“Wh-who are you!? And what do you think you’re doing!?”

Once he forced out his voice, the man glared at him with somewhat muddy

eyes. The deep, muffled roar was truly that of a beast. Abnormally long, thick fangs were visible in the mouth he opened to snarl.

Was this a nightmare? Even if it was a dream, he could not abandon the girl lying below that giant form.

“Ahhhh... I’m scared... Please...don’t do anything to me...”

Her quiet voice was trembling with fear.

Her lemon yellow pajamas were in messy disarray, giving glimpse of a body with plenty of feminine curves. She must have been treated roughly because her underwear and pajamas were torn in places and red scratches could be seen on her lovely jewel-like skin.

Her plump legs had been forced apart, revealing the crotch protected only by light pink panties. The giant man’s wart-covered penis was so thick it looked like some kind of weapon and it was spewing precum like drool as it approached her crotch.

“Fwaaah... No... Help me... Ryou-chan... Kyaaahh!”

She cried tearfully, asking for help from the person who had just jumped in her window.

“Wh-who are you..? Get off of her. Get away from Yume.”

Ryou was scared and had no idea what was happening, but he forced out a

trembling voice.

As if to mock him, the man directly grabbed Yume's fully-mature breasts that were clearly exposed even in the darkness.

"Ahhhhh! Th-that hurts! No...not so rough... Stop!!"

The man squeezed those attractive mounds so forcefully Ryou thought they were going to burst. He had just learned firsthand how sensitive breasts were, so he knew that had to hurt.

They needed to be treated more gently and delicately, but the giant continued his violent groping despite Yume's screams and pressed his erection against the defenseless girl's crotch.

"Get that filthy thing..."

That was when something in Ryou's mind snapped.

"...away from Yumeeeeeeee!"

He kicked off the floor and sent his body flying forward like a bullet.

He slammed his clenched fist against the side of the giant man's face.

He heard something like an explosion and felt the power of the blow in his hand.

“Gwohhhh!”

The man’s head bent at an unnatural angle and his giant body was knocked away.

He slammed into the wall and his head was embedded inside it.

(———!?! What...? Why was my punch so powerful? But more importantly... Yume!)

Surprised by his own power, Ryou picked his cousin up from the bed.

“Ahh~, Ryou-cha-...eh? A...girl?”



Just as he was going to ask her if she was okay, he quickly held his tongue.

She seemed to have assumed her cousin and next door neighbor had come to save her, but she was taken aback by the unexpectedly soft sensation. She started curiously poking at the mounds pushing out Ryou's T-shirt.

"Hyah!"

A sweet ticklishness grew in the jiggling flesh and he let out a shrill cry.

"Hyawah. S-sorry!! H-huh? But... You look like Ryou-chan...but you're not...?"

He did not know what to say. Perhaps he should not have let her see him like this. As his cousin tried to peer at his face in the darkness, he belatedly looked away and tried to think of an answer.

"You...bitch!"

Ryou was caught off guard by an intense charge.

"Agh! Ah, gaaahh!!"

He was grabbed by the back of the neck and easily lifted up with one hand.

"Kyah!"

Yume was knocked away and passed out.

"I'll never forgive you for interrupting my meal!!"

It was a deep and unpleasant voice. It sounded like an animal forcing itself to speak in human language. Despite having his head buried in the wall, the giant did not have a scratch on him. He simply glared at Ryou in intense anger.

“Wah!! Ah, ah...”

Seeing him up close filled Ryou with fear.

(He...isn't human!! A-an Oni!?)

Filthy yellowed fangs grew irregularly in a mouth that split all the way to the ears like a carnivorous beast's.

His ears were pointed like a blood-sucking bat's.

His reddish-brown hair was dark like it had dried blood in it and grew wildly. Two thick and dangerous-looking horns grew from his rock-like head.

His muddy golden eyes were opened wide on a vicious face that seemed to hold concentrated evil.

His arms, legs, neck, and torso were all absurdly thick.

Countless muscles were woven together into an inhumanly thick body. Seeing his giant body up close, he really did look like a legendary creature dragged into reality.

He was an Oni, but he looked more like the ones in picture scrolls and images of hell than from the illustrations of the stories Ryou had read as a child.

“Geh heh heh. Woman, I sense the smell of a horny slut. It’s a nice smell, much like that of that sacrifice.”

His breath smelled like rotten meat and he sniffed in delight.

“Gh...hhh...hyaaah!!”

As Ryou suppressed the urge to vomit, the Oni suddenly grabbed his breasts.

“Stop...that! Let go...! Owwwwwww! Khhh...”

He groaned in pain at the same forceful groping that Yume had received.

He could not help but twist his body, but that further tightened the neck of his shirt. His consciousness started to fade as the pain in his breasts grew.

Fingers with sharp claws dug into and carelessly toyed with the soft flesh. The humiliating treatment of those lovely mounds distorted their artillery shell shape.

The pain filled them and surged out from there. Yet as a self-defense measure, a maddening throbbing grew from deep within the breasts to soften the unbearable stimulation.

(This...is... This is what...Yume was going through...?)

But instead of giving into that sweet sensation, Ryou burned with intense rage directed at the villain who had done this to his cousin's breasts.

“Ka ha ha ha ha! Woman, groping your tits turned you on? Then I will devour you before moving on to the true sacrifice!!”

A slight damp stain appeared on the tight crotch of Ryou's shorts. The violently large erection approached that holy genderbent location. The penis was colored a reddish purple. Each time it throbbed, a great quantity of precum shot out and splattered on Ryou's bare legs.

(He got...that filthy juice...on her!?)

Ryou's anger grew even further. When this had been pouring out before, it had dripped onto Yume's unsullied body.

“What? Do you like my cock that much? Fine, then. Before eating you, I'll give you a taste! Now suck it!!”

The Oni let go of Ryou's breasts and lowered him to the floor. Freed not just from the pain in his breasts but also from the pressure on his throat, he coughed and took in a breath of relief.

Even when there was a decent height different, a woman on her knees would need to lower her mouth to crotch level to suck a human man's penis, but the

Oni's giant penis was right at eye level when Ryou was standing and leaning forward a little. The head was about the size of a baby's clenched fist.

"Ghuh!! That's...so nasty..."

A rotting smell painted too kind a picture of the stench as the smegma-covered erection was pushed toward him.

Seeing that lovely face so close must have aroused the Oni because precum burst from the tip and covered Ryou's female face.

"Gfh...ah, ghhhh..."

It happened so suddenly that some got in his mouth.

The intense acidity numbed his tongue and the intense flavor of rotting fish spread through his mouth.

He quickly spat it out with the saliva that welled out and worked to suppress the rising urge to vomit.

He could barely stand just the fluid, so there was no way he could take the entire manhood in the mouth.

For one thing, he was a boy. He did not even want to see another man's penis.

He wiped the sticky liquid off his face with a hand, but the smell and stickiness remained.

The Oni gave a displeased smile, grabbed Ryou's hair, and slowly moved his penis in toward the "girl's" lovely face.

(Was he...going to do this to Yume too!?)

He thought of that girl as more than just a cousin and she was lovelier, cuter, and purer than anyone he knew.

He could not allow her to be defiled.

And yet this monster said he would attack Yume after raping Ryou.

He could not allow that.

"Gah!? Wh-what?"

A pure blue light glowed in the darkness.

It came from Ryou and Yume who was still passed out on the floor.

The shocked Oni watched as their synchronized glow took form and drew out a pentagram at their feet.

Rin, Pyo, To, Sha, Kai, Jin, Retsu, Zai, Zen.

Nine written characters appeared and vanished in order and the room's filthy atmosphere was purified.

The grimacing Oni was blinded as a dazzling light burst out.

"Wh-what is that? I-it can't be!"

Once the light vanished and the darkness returned, the "girl" was standing in front of his unconscious cousin.

The Oni was shocked by what had suddenly appeared in Ryou's hand.

"This blade is made to cut you down, filthy Oni!"

No sign of the gentle boy remained in the fierce gaze that pierced the grotesque monster.

A dignified voice shook the air and the Oni staggered back.

Ryou held the sword to the right with the tip touching the floor.

The blade was over sixty centimeters long, elegantly curved, and dyed a red reminiscent of fresh blood.

It fell into the traditional "tachi" category of swords, but something about it felt fundamentally different.

The blade told Ryou that it was not made to cut down humans.

It instead used human power to cut down the inhuman monsters that devoured and defiled humans.

“Haahhhhhh!!”

Ryou only felt a dull sensation from the blade.

Even though it meant tearing through the hair the Oni held, he turned around, swung up the blade with enough force to cut through cloth, and severed an arm as thick as a log.

“Gyaaaaaaaaahh! Y-you biiiiiitch!”

The Oni gave a rumbling scream and leaned back.

He raged in pain and grabbed at Ryou with his other hand. But...

“Hmph!”

A beautiful swing from above severed the other arm as well.

Ryou had never wielded a sword before. The most he had done was swing a bamboo sword a little during gym class. But now he seemed to have become one with the strange sword as he handled the monster with adroit movements.

“H-how dare yooooooooooooou!! M-m-m-my arrrrrms!”

The Oni was in a state of panic now. He used his giant body to charge toward Ryou in hopes of crushing him.

But now that he had a slender female body, he nimbly hopped out of the way like Shanao being made to spin and dance by Musashibo.

“You dare lay a hand on Yume!? Prepare yourself, filthy Oni! Seiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!!”

Even in midair, Ryou’s stance remained as solid as if he was rooted to the ground and the bloody-bladed sword swept horizontally too quickly to be seen.

“Gweeehhh!”

He heard the dull sound of flesh and bone being sliced through.

The Oni gave an earsplitting cry as his head was removed from his shoulders. A look of shocked disbelief remained on the face as it turned into a toxic miasma and vanished. The floor rumbled as the headless body collapsed forward.

That body also became a dark haze and gradually vanished.

“D-did I...defeat it?”

Ryou stared at the scene in utter confusion.

If not for the wall the Oni had broken, he would have thought it was all some horrible hallucination. As if to say its duty was complete, the heavy sword suddenly transformed into particles of light and vanished.

The fierce presence residing in Ryou's body also settled down.

"What...just happened?"

He did not understand any of it, but he was relieved to have escaped that abnormal crisis. He sat wearily on the floor next to Yume.

Ryou's eyes wandered absentmindedly around as he sat in the comfortable living room of his own home. It was a little past midnight. He had washed off the Oni's putrid bodily fluids in the shower and was finally getting a chance to rest.

His mother brushed his long hair while he drank some nicely chilled orange juice. By the time the hairdryer had done its job, his aunt and uncle (i.e. Yume's parents) arrived from next door.

They gasped when they saw Ryou had become a girl and they sat down in front of him.

His uncle looked a lot like his mother.

His aunt and his father had nearly identical faces.

Yume's father and Ryou's mother were twins, as were Yume's mother and Ryou's father.

In other words, one set of twins had married the other.

Also, the sets of twins were also cousins from the same family, so they had all known each other from a very young age.

Yume always called it romantic, but Ryou had always found it kind of embarrassing as their son.

All four of them exchanged a serious glance and groaned.

"To think it would be our children..."

Ryou's father spoke first and Yume's mother quietly began sobbing. Ryou's mother embraced the woman's shoulders to comfort her. All four of them seemed to know what had happened.

"So what is this? Why did I turn into a...g-girl?"

He was embarrassed to have his parents, aunt, and uncle see the swollen chest of his shirt, so he blushed and shrank down. However, his arms only squeezed at the breasts, accentuating them further. His father and uncle blushed and looked away awkwardly.

When he glared at the unreliable men, his mother smiled gently to comfort her son and spoke kindly.

“Ryou, you’ve turned into Onikiri-hime. That’s the Ichijou family’s exorcising swordsman with the power to protect Oninagusamu-hime – that’s Yume-chan – from the Oni.”

“Onigiri...hime?”

He pictured a girl making rice balls at the local restaurant. Or maybe a convenience store worker.

“No, Onikiri-hime! Oni – stop there! – kiri-hime. Don’t forget to put the accent on the ‘ni’ and the ‘ri’!”

Ryou ignored his father’s insistent argument.

“Protect Yume from the Oni? You mean more like that one will attack her?”

“Yes... She was chosen to be Oninagusamu-hime, who they go after as a sacrifice.”

His uncle answered with a heavy sigh and everything about it was a surprise to Ryou.

“You know that we – or rather, the main Ichijou family – are a family of exorcists known as Oni Controllers that use Oni to drive out the evil spirits that

have plagued this country since ancient times, don't you? The Oni whose brethren have unwillingly submitted themselves to our family hold a grudge against the Ichijou family and try to strike back against us. They also want the Ichijou family's spiritual power, so they choose the member of the family with the greatest spiritual power as a sacrifice and attempt to devour her."

"A-and that sacrifice is Yume?"

Ryou asked in a hoarse voice and his uncle nodded with an agonized look. He could not continue speaking, so Ryou's father continued for him.

"Yes. Our ancestors referred to the Oni's chosen sacrifice as Oninagusamu-hime. The power to control Oni only appears in women, so the Oni only target women. When Oninagusamu-hime has been a powerful Oni Controller, she has been able to win over and use the Oni who attack her. But when an untrained Oninagusamu-hime with nothing more than great spiritual power, is attacked by a powerful Oni that she cannot hope to control..."

She would be devoured without putting up a fight.

"That is why our ancestors forged the Oni-slaying sword Zanshou and gave it the power to defeat and annihilate Oni rather than control them. They gave that sword to a maiden they called Onikiri-hime and had her protect Oninagusamu-hime."

"And that's me? B-but I'm a boy! Hime means it would be a girl, right? So why did I turn into a girl!?"

"The power to control Oni only resides in women even in the main Ichijou

family. The Oni-slaying Onikiri-hime is also supposed to be a woman's role, but...I have heard that a male is occasionally chosen as Onikiri-hime. He supposedly gains a female body and the power to slay the Oni."

Ryou appreciated the explanation, but he wished his father would stop speaking in such overly dramatic tones at the important points. He even stood up for no reason, crossed his arms, and looked up into the sky out the window. It was really annoying and made it clear the man watched too many wuxia dramas.

Ryou began ignoring his father so the man would not get any more carried away, so his uncle took over again.

"Onikiri-hime is apparently chosen by Oninagusamu-hime as the member of the family she considers most suitable to protect her. Yume has relied on you since she was little, so she must have subconsciously chosen you to be her Onikiri-hime. Sorry..."

When his uncle lowered his head apologetically, Ryou could say nothing more.

(Yume relied on me...?)

But he could not fight or even play any sports, so could you really fight Oni to protect her? He had felt a strange power deep inside him since gaining this girl's body, but he was still worried.

"Unlike the main family, a branch family like us thins the bloodline by marrying outside the family. That should have prevented the Oni from having

anything to do with us, but a marriage between twin cousins must have made your and Yume's blood thick enough. I'm sorry, Ryou-chan, but you're the only one we can rely on. Protect our daughter...protect Yume from the Oni."

His aunt wiped away the tears and held his hand tight as she earnestly begged him.

The "girl" could only gather his resolve and nod.

It was quite late by the time the explanations were complete, so Ryou returned to his room and lay on his bed. His parents, aunt, and uncle were still talking in the living room below.

He looked out the window and saw Yume's room with its broken glass and cracked wall. She had been moved to another room and was sleeping as peacefully as if nothing had happened.

He still had trouble believing it all. If he had not still been in a girl's body, he would have assumed it had all been a bad dream.

(I defeated that Oni, so they said my spiritual power should settle down as I sleep and I'll turn back into a boy.)

He could not believe he had defeated that thing. He trembled as he recalled its giant and fearsome form and remembered the nauseating rotting smell. Would something like that really attack Yume again? That thought scared him most of all. He doubted he could beat something like that again.

Nevertheless, he would still protect Yume.

He could not let that those repulsive Oni have that beloved girl.

He clenched his fist, but his arm accidentally brushed up against the top of his enlarged chest.

“Hyah!! Ah... Fwah~~~~”

A vivid sensation raced through his entire body and an exhausted itching filled those large mounds.

“H-honestly... What is with the female body? It’s way too sensitive...”

In his male body, he would not feel like this even if he accidentally touched his penis. He had just built up his resolve to protect his cousin from those Oni, yet a sweet disturbance instantly filled his mind.

(C-come to think of it, I touched my tits, but I-I never checked...d-downstairs.)

When taking a shower, he had been so shocked by everything that had happened that he had mechanically washed himself clean and he barely remembered it now. But now that he had returned to his room and calmed down some, his curiosity toward his unknown genderbent body reignited.

“I-I need to...check it out...”

He pulled off the tight shorts so he only wore boxers down there.

He hesitantly slipped a hand into that underwear. His heart raced as he felt a soft bulge on top of the pubis that was much thicker than when he was a boy. Then he moved his fingers further.

“Nn! Fwaahh!! Ah, ahh... I-it isn't there... My dick is really gone!”

The area where his penis had been felt smooth and sank down further into the crotch. There was of course no sign of the wrinkled balls either. He instinctually lifted his hips up and gasped at the ticklish tingling as he pressed his fingers harder against the strange sensation.

His fingers easily sank into the vertical crevice up to the first joint.

“Fwaaaaah! Aghhhhhh!!”

To keep himself from shouting too loudly, he bit his blanket.

(What is this!? Ahhh, amazing. My whole body...is tingling... It's like electricity is racing through me. No, it's more than that. Something much, much hotter...is coming from deep inside... Fwah. My hips are lifting up on their own!! M-my tits were amazing, but this...my p-pussy is amazing too!)

Inside the crevice, he found sensitive flesh that filled his mind with blinding light when he touched it. Flower petals of thin flesh wrapped around his fingers. As he stirred them up, a sticky liquid produced an obscenely wet sound.

“Ahhhhhhahahahhhh. I-I’m wet! I’m wet!! Hyaah!”

Simply moving his finger up and down a little was enough for his mind to flash maddeningly in and out.

While his penis had grown harder the more he touched it, these feminine lips grew softer and grew soaked with overflowing love juices. The pleasure seemed to rise without end.

As a teenage boy who was very curious about the opposite sex, he fully lost himself in exploring his new body.

(Fwaaah. This...this thing feels so good...and it’s mine. This is...my pussy. It’s mine! Fwaaah. My fingers are sinking in. Ahh, there!!)

When he focused on the fact that this female sex organ was a part of his body, he thought the perverted sense of arousal would drive him insane. Before he knew it, he had spread his legs shamelessly wide and had found the narrow hole at the bottom of the female crevice his fingers were digging through.

(In...here...ah...)

It was opening and closing and love juices dripped from it like drool. If he stuck a finger in there, he might feel even greater pleasure. But...

(The first time...h-hurts for girls, doesn’t it? But I’m a boy... And I haven’t even done it as a boy. But...)

Fear quickly rose within him. The narrow entrance opened and closed as if asking him to stick his finger inside, but he stopped at just touching the entrance. He still felt a throbbing that made him twist his hips around, so he moved his fingertips elsewhere.

This time, he slid his fingers to the top of the wet crevice. They approached a stiff object covered by a hood of flesh that throbbed as it begged to be touched.

It more or less felt like his erect penis from when he was a boy. It was smaller than the tip of his pinky finger, but the instant he carelessly touched it, pleasure exploded inside him.

“Kfwaaaaaaaaahh!! Ahh, ahhhh! Ah, ah, ahhh!! Something’s...about to...ee... I’m...cumming...nnnnnhaaaaaaaaaaaaa!”

While still unaccustomed to his sensitive female body, he had built up the sweet sensation inside him by teasing his new feminine lips and then he had touched the concentrated pleasure nerves of the clitoris. He easily climaxed.

He thrust his crotch shamelessly high and something sprayed from the vagina that had been forced to wait.

“Hyaaah... Amazing... The female...body...ah...feels...too good...nnah...”

Unlike a boy’s quickly extinguished orgasm, the pleasure did not fade and Ryou greedily sought the pleasures of his female body throughout the night.

Chapter the Second: The Oni that Steals Bodies

Ryou masturbated with his female body throughout the night.

How many times had he cum? As the number had grown, he had grown accustomed to the pleasure that rapidly grew sky high and he had grasped the process needed to reach orgasm. He knew all of the pleasurable parts of his girl's body.

He had suppressed the moans by biting down on his blanket, his consciousness had nearly slipped from his grasp more times than he could count, and he had passed out with his entire body convulsing by the time the sky began to brighten.

Yet once morning came, he woke up earlier than usual.

(———!! Th-they're gone! And...it's back. I'm...a boy again.)

He quickly checked his chest and crotch and was relieved by the familiar sensations he found, but he also regretted not being able to experience that dazzling pleasure any more.

(That...wasn't a dream, was it?)

His sheets were so soaked with love juices he almost thought he had wet the bed.

The sweet feminine smell of sex could not be passed off as sweat and his male

body reacted to it. When he realized those erotic juices had come from his own female body, the swelling at his crotch grew even harder.

(I barely slept last night. If I wear myself out any more and fall back asleep, I'll be late.)

Even so, he stuck a hand in his nectar-soaked boxers and grabbed his erect penis. The sensation seemed lacking compared to the feminine pleasure, but it still provided a throbbing arousal different from that of a vagina.

(But...I can still shoot off one load, right?)

He prepared to stroke his manhood that had grown ferociously hard and thick as he recalled the pleasure he had felt with his girl's body.

But...

"Morning, Ryou-chan. Time to get up!"

Someone threw the door open without knocking.

"Ah! Y-Yume!!"

He frantically pulled his hand from his boxers when he heard her cheerful voice. He just barely made it, but he did not think she had seen. He pulled up the light summer blanket to hide his swollen crotch.

He had woken up early, but a fair bit of time had passed without him noticing.

“Ha ha. This is rare. You’re already up. You usually won’t wake up even when I shake you. Hurry up and get dressed. Breakfast is already ready~.”

That had been close. If he stayed in bed, she might just jump on top of him, so he quickly got up. Even so, his cousin sat down by the pillow with the feminine roundness and natural charm of her body contained within a school uniform.

The navy blazer with red ribbon was pushed out almost to bursting by her giant breasts which bounced to demonstrate their extraordinary softness and mass.

Her short strawberry-colored skirt fluttered up enough to see her pink panties.

His heart pounded at how defenseless she was acting even if he was her cousin and her peaceful and carefree face moved in close.

“D-do you need something!?”

“Hmm. I thought she looked like you, but I guess not. I had a bad dream last night and I thought the girl who saved me looked a lot like you.”

His heart leaped up into his throat. He tried to turn away, but Yume only moved her face in closer as the twintails of her wavy chestnut hair swayed. The intent gaze concerned the boy.

“Hmm. You do have a girly face, but you’re definitely a boy.”

Her breath tickled at him and their lips would touch if she leaned in any further. But before that happened, her ample breasts were going to press against his upper arm.

“Th-that’s enough nonsense for this morning! N-now, I need to get dressed, so leave! We’ll be late!”

“Oh, right. Sorry. I’ll be helping your mom downstairs.”

Even as he cruelly drove her away, she gave her usual full-faced smile and jogged out of the room. Ryou wiped the sweat from his brow as he heard her footsteps heading down the stairs.

“She thought it was a dream... Well, that is a lot like her.”

He had asked his parents, aunt, and uncle not to tell Yume that he had turned into a girl as Onikiri-hime. He had not expected her to find out, but he was glad to see she was not pursuing the issue any further.

“But she still had to mention the girly face that I’m so bothered about...”

A feminine face could have some charm if it came with the right kind of beauty, but his only looked boring compared to the dignified look when he was a girl.

He was fairly tall, but all of his nutrients must have gone to his height because

he had a slender build with skinny arms and legs. He had once been forced to wear a skirt as punishment for losing a game, but it had suited him a little too well and created something of an unpleasant atmosphere.

“But I’m back to being a boy now, so I guess it doesn’t matter.”

He put the navy blazer and gray slacks of his uniform on that slender body, tied his red necktie, and started downstairs where he could hear Yume and his mother chatting.

Yume would eat breakfast early at her own home and then help Ryou’s mother. She seemed to like watching him eat.

He did not want to lose this time with her, but he still wished she would use more of her busy morning time on herself or just sleep a little longer.

He also wondered how she felt about him. They were cousins and had lived next door since they were born, but did she feel anything more than that?

He wanted to ask, but he could not. When he thought about not receiving the answer he hoped for or about destroying their current relationship, he could not work up the courage.

Yume walked to school alongside him with a cheerful smile that was oblivious to that inner conflict.

“So your room was partially destroyed and you slept right through it?”

“Not much can wake me up once I fall asleep. My dad apparently carried me to the guest room, but I had no idea and was shocked to find myself in another room when I woke up.”

She had been told there was a powerful earthquake overnight and that it had made a mess of her room and only her room. It was an incredibly forced explanation, but she did not doubt it in the slightest.

That was just the kind of girl she was. If someone else told her there was not an earthquake the night before, they could just tell her the epicenter had been right below her room's floor so it had only shaken her room.

She would believe it. It was just who she was.

(At this rate, is she going to completely forget about the “dream” in two or three days' time?)

He could not keep his eyes off of her adorable smile as he thought.

(But...I can't believe we have powers like the main family...)

Ryou's expression clouded over as he recalled what his and Yume's parents had told him the night before.

He had heard before that the main Ichijou family had the power to control Oni and exorcise monsters. Around when he and Yume had been born, a great number of the undead had apparently arrived from overseas and the main family had driven them out. He had been taken there for a visit just once when he was younger. He remembered people with a uniquely frightening aura sitting

silently in a large old-fashioned house.

A tremor ran through him as those long-forgotten memories rushed back. Goose bumps rose on his arms.

Yume had been with him then, so he glanced over at her, wondering if she remembered. But then a powerful slap struck his back.

“Why are you zoning out like an old man so early in the morning!? Did you forget to eat breakfast!?”

“Nwaaah!”

An energetic voice reached him on the way to school.

The unrestrained voice caused his ears to ring and he turned around with a grimace.

“Morning, Kimino-chan. Ryou-chan did eat breakfast. Um, he had two eggs, bacon, a salad, miso soup with daikon, and...”

“Yuuumeee!! Morning! You’re as cute as ever. You’re so soft and your tits are so big! Now, let’s see how much they’ve grown since yesterday!!”

“Ah! Th-that tickles, Kimino-chan.”

A slender body with muscles built from swimming energetically circled around

front and gave Yume a good morning hug. The boyish and lively face gave an attentive smile and solidly grabbed Yume's weighty breasts in both hands.

She was Sakatani Kimino.

She was childhood friends with Ryou and Yume and she was currently a classmate.

The other students stopped to watch.



Even if it was over the clothes, it was quite shocking to see a girl so boldly grabbing another girl's breasts.

After a gasp of surprise, Ryou swung a somewhat powerful karate chop down toward the back of the reddish semi-short hair of the girl teasing Yume.

“Give it a rest, you idiot! We’re in public!!”

Undeterred by the attack, she spun her healthy body around.

“Heh heh heh. Jealous, are we? You want a nice feel of Yume’s alluring breasts too, don’t you? They’re so big, so soft, and so wonderful!”

She moved triumphantly toward him.

(Y-Yume’s tits...)

He indomitably held his ground against her strange intensity and he desperately feigned calm on his blushing face. He kept his cousin’s giant breasts in the corner of his eye and for some reason recalled the feeling of his own breasts that he had teased so thoroughly while he had a girl’s body the night before.

“D-don’t be silly. I don’t want to-...”

“Ahh~ Kimino-chan...”

He trailed off when he saw his cousin blushing and covering her voluminous chest with her hands after escaping her childhood friend’s grasp. He was afraid she would mistakenly think he did not want to touch her breasts in particular.

That was when Kimino proudly spoke up while pushing out the meager but well-shaped bulges inside her blouse.

“Oh, I see. Ichijou Ryou-kun, are you more into beautifully-shaped breasts that fit just right in the hand?”

A boy could not help but stare at a large pair of breasts, but it was also hard to resist these smaller ones when they were within arm’s reach. Those modest mounds on her slim and well-trained body were obviously a trap, but he was still drawn to them.

He subconsciously gulped, and then...

“Okay, that’s enough of teasing Ryou. Let’s go, Yume.”

Kimino turned her back as if to say “that’s all folks” and headed for school lest they be late.

“Eh? Oh, r-right... We’ll be going on ahead, Ryou-chan.”

As her childhood friend returned to normal and tugged on her hand, Yume left while looking worried about her cousin. Her body had been weakened during the attack the night before and this had done a fair bit of psychological damage.

(Ha ha ha... That stupid girl... Dammit, who needs a flat chest anyway...?)

The looks of pity from the other students pained him.

He kept his sour grapes in his heart because he was afraid of what would happen if she heard him and he weakly walked down the path to school.

“Gym for first period? Whoever came up with this schedule is insane.”

Only the students with morning sports practice had any energy. Ryou nodded at the complaint of his equally unathletic classmate. The girls class also had gym and they had apparently been tasked with endurance running. The boys could hear the loud booing from the girls.

Kimino looked dejected and he gave her a look of triumph to get back at her for earlier, but she raised her middle finger in response. That girl was far too crude.

Next to her, every contour of Yume’s ample chest was indecently evident inside her gym shirt. Her plump bare legs and her large butt making its presence known inside her bloomers produced a charm that kept all the boys glancing her way.

The twintail girl waved over with an oblivious and defenseless smile. He mouthed “don’t push yourself too hard” and she nodded.

His cheeks started to relax at that adorable behavior of an obedient little creature, but...

“Comfy eye contact with your busty cousin first thing in the morning? I’m jealous, Ichijou~.”

An uttered curse reached him from behind and a thick arm grabbed him around the waist.

“Wha-!? Kasa!!”

“Heh heh heh. Only a fool lets me sneak up behind them. This is divine punishment for getting your own love comedy. Eat my Adam Suplex!”

Ryou was completely caught from behind and could not break free.

He would soon be thrown onto the thick mat for the running high jump. It would not hurt, but his pride as a boy refused to let himself be thrown.

He lowered his hips and the resistance caused his gym shirt to slip up and the arm around his waist slid up to his chest. And as soon as they touched his nipples...

“Kyaaaah!!”

It felt like an electric shock.

He could not hold in the girly scream and he crouched down on the spot.

(What was th-that...?)

“H-hey, you all right?”

“Um, yes... You just rubbed me weird and it surprised me.”

As Ryou curled up and held his chest, his classmate looked worried he had gone too far. The boy held out a helping hand as Ryou tried to feign calm and stand up. And once he took that hand...

“Hyawah!!”

This time, his heart started beating oddly fast. He felt weirdly disturbed by the solid grasp of his friend’s fingers and thick masculine palm, so he backed away.

He lost balance and his slender body fell back onto its butt.

“H-hey, Ichijou?”

“S-sorry. I didn’t sleep much last night, so I’m feeling kind of faint. I-I think I’ll go lie down in the infirmary a bit.”

He answered his worried-looking classmate and stood up before the boy could touch him.

He said he was fine and rejected the offer to go with him. He controlled his impatient legs and pretended to be sick so he could head to the infirmary.

(What was that feeling? It felt as sensitive as when I was a girl...)

The faint smell of disinfectant stung at his nose as he threw himself onto the

infirmary bed and stared up at the white ceiling. He no longer felt that way. He hesitantly touched his own nipples, but it only tickled a little and the maddening explosive sensation from his girl's body was absent.

(Is that still lingering with me in some weird way? I can't do any kind of wrestling like this.)

Boys generally did not touch each other like girls did, but he was still worried it would affect his friendships in some strange way.

(Is another Oni going to attack Yume? If so, will I turn into a girl...into Onikiri-hime again?)

He intended to protect Yume no matter what happened, but if possible, he wanted to avoid doing anything as frightening as fighting those Oni. And gaining a girl's body would bring problems of its own.

He closed his eyes as his worries spun through his head and sleepiness quickly set in.

He dozed off while listening to the distant voices of his classmates in the schoolyard, but then the infirmary door opened.

"Are you okay, Yume? You need to watch your step."

"I know. Sorry, Kimino-chan. I just started feeling faint all of a sudden."

He threw open the partition curtain when he heard two familiar voices.

“Yume! What’s the matter!? Did you trip!?”

“Hweh, Ryou-chan!? What’s the matter? Are you sick? You need to lie down.”

“You’re the one that needs to lie down. C’mon!”

Worried for her cousin who got up from the infirmary bed, Yume walked unsteadily over, but her childhood friend pushed her into the adjacent empty bed.

“Can you believe this girl? She collapsed right as the endurance run began. Are you getting your sleep? ...Actually, I guess it’s impossible for you to not get enough sleep.”

She would start dozing off by about nine at night and would be asleep on the floor half an hour later. And once she fell asleep, she would not wake until morning.

This childhood friend had known the girl’s incredible sleeping habits for a long time, so she got Yume to crawl under the blanket. Yume looked embarrassed, but her eyelids were already heavily closed.

Her poor health was almost certainly due to the events of the previous night. A violent Oni had awoken her from her slumber, attacked her, and devoured her spiritual power. However, Kimino would not believe that and it would only worry her further if she did.

“I’ve been feeling a little tired lately too, so I think I’ll join you there. We can get some nice shutey-...that was fast! She’s already asleep...”

The childhood friend’s eyes widened at Yume’s abnormal ability to fall sleep. She then sighed and sat down on Ryou’s bed.

“Hey, I’d kind of like to get some sleep too.”

Her long and healthily toned legs sprawled carelessly out from her bloomers.

When that energetic girl rudely spread her legs, it did not look indecent. Instead, her lively charm drew the boy’s eye. Unsure where to look, he peeked over at Yume’s sleeping face. Kimino spoke mischievously to him as he let Yume’s happy expression soothe him.

“Go right ahead! I don’t mind if you go to sleep. How about you rest your head in my lap while you’re at it? Or would you have sweeter dreams resting your head on Yume’s chest?♪”

It looked like he would have to give up on getting any sleep. Plus, it got on his nerves how she always teased him. Since Yume was asleep, he decided to fight back for once and rolled over to place his head on his childhood friend’s bare lap.

“Hyah!! Ry-Ryou...”

“Yes, I think I’ll take you up on that offer. Wake me up once the class is over.”

In her uniform, her thighs would have been covered by her skirt, but they were bare now and he felt their warmth below the back of his head. He did not want her to see his rapidly reddening face, so he rolled onto his side. That brought the crotch of her navy blue bloomers into view.

(Wh-whoops! I turned the wrong way!!)

He ended up staring at the mound of her pubis pushing out the fabric and he completely lost his chance to roll back over. He was certain she would slap him and he braced himself, but...

“O-okay. I-I’ll wake you up...once the bell rings...”

She replied in a barely audible voice. He gulped and prepared to sit up, but her hand stopped him by gently touching his hair.

“Kimi...no...?”

She was acting different from normal.

She had a way of meddling and would sometimes tease him in sexual ways to see his look of surprise, but she had grown oddly obedient. He wondered if this was the lead-up to some kind of teasing, but then she spoke in a quiet, scratchy voice.

“H-hey, Ryou. Is my l-lap...comfortable?”

The flexible and feminine softness of her thighs was more than just

comfortable. After rolling over, his ear and cheek were pressed against her smooth skin and it filled him with excitement.

However, resting his head on a girl's lap for the first time had left him far too aroused to sleep. A crotch wearing bloomers sat right before his eyes and his gaze was glued to the faint vertical line visible through the fabric.

He was close enough for his breath to reach her, so he tried to suppress his heavy breathing while having difficulty finding an answer to her question. Meanwhile, she asked him again while softly rubbing his hair.

"C'mon...tell me... I want to know what you think... It's the least you can do... after I let you do this..."

"Y-yeah... It's comfortable..."

His voice was scratchy and he gulped.

"I see... Then I'll tear that head off so it can sit in my lap forever."

Kimino's voice suddenly transformed into something horrific. This was fundamentally different from the tone she always used to tease him. He felt a chill at the blatant malice in her voice. He quickly tried to get up, but the fingers in his hair grasped his head and pressed it to her lap so hard he thought his head would burst.

"Gwaaah! Ki...mino...!?"

He was shocked, but he somehow managed to turn his head enough to see her face out of the corner of his eye.

Some hint of his childhood friend's boyish face remained, but her eyes were bloodshot and her smile was filled with violent joy.

Sharp fangs poked from the corners of her mouth and two horns had grown from her head, so she was undoubtedly an Oni.

"What...? Kimi...no! Kimino!!"

Her feminine curves were overwhelmed by bulging muscles like a bodybuilder who had gone too far. Her body's height and thickness grew more than two sizes larger and her gym shirt tore to reveal the bulges that might have been breasts or pecs.

The bloomers alone remained to hide her crotch, but the fabric was bulging to the point of bursting. The muscular butt could not hope to fit, so the back dug deep into her butt like a thong.

She did not seem at all embarrassed and she continued holding down Ryou's head with enough monstrous strength to strain his skull. She also sent a sticky look all across Yume's sleeping body.

Ryou was shaken by a hopeless sense of despair. An icy chill ran down his spine and his vision grew dark.

Oni were spiritual beings, so they apparently tended to take physical form by possessing people. That person would undergo a hideous transformation and

gain inhuman strength.

(Why did this...happen to Kimino!? Don't tell me it was because she was with us!)

The Oni had tried to attack Yume and Kimino was the only other one there.

They could not possess Ryou. After all...

“Kwaaaahh!!”

The boy's body emitted a bluish-white light as the Oni held his head down.

He groaned at the sensation of his body's structure changing from within and the change showed itself on the surface.

His chest rapidly swelled out into seductively ripe fruits that pushed out his PE shirt.

His shorts also grew tight as new soft flesh grew on his butt. Just like in his around-the-house clothing the night before, the shorts dug into his crotch and filled him with a throbbing that made him fidget.

His waist grew thin and his bodylines gained supple curves.

His eyes grew sharp and angled, giving him a cold beauty, and his hair grew into a long black ponytail.

Ichijou Ryou visibly transformed into Onikiri-hime who gained the power to slay Oni in order to protect Oninagusamu-hime, the chosen sacrifice of the Oni who hated the Oni Controllers.

The power to control Oni was only held by women and the same was true of the power to slay them.

He had been born a boy, so his sex was forced to change.

(Kh... I'm turning into a girl again...)

He did not have time for confusion or embarrassment.

He had to protect Yume from the Oni's villainy.

(But...Kimino!!)

The Oni attacking them now was the childhood friend who had played with them since they were little.

(What do I do? I can't hurt Kimino! But Yume's in danger.)

He could not attack. He managed to break free of the hand squeezing his head and he rolled himself and the Oni from the bed to get as far away from Yume as he could.

“Gh!”

His back slammed into the floor and the Oni straddled him as he groaned and gasped for breath.

“Ahh!! G-get off of me!”

“Curse your interference, Onikiri-hime. I’ll eat you first so I can take my time devouring Oninagusamu-hime! And aren’t you even going to attack? What a weak guardian!!”

It had to know the reason why and it gave him a look of blatant scorn.

“Still, you are overflowing with spiritual power. You alone might be enough to fill my stomach.”

The Oni in Kimino’s body licked its lips above the “girl” on “her” back and sucked at one of the breasts through the gym shirt. Its pursed lips sucked at the erect and throbbing nipple.

“Hyaah! N-no!! Stop tha-...hwaaah! Don’t suck at it! I’m a guy! I...how could this be happening...ahhhh!!”

“Geh heh heh. Spiritual power is practically gushing from this tip.”

The small bead exploded with such hot sensitivity that he thought his mind was being sucked from him.

The obscene vacuum noise of bubbling saliva tickled at the skin and he could not suppress the tremor that ran through his entire body. The tongue rolled around the nipple as if to help the spiritual power out and an almost painful throbbing filled the entire breast.

(Ahhh, what is this!? Something's filling me...deep in my stomach... Oh, no... At this rate, I'll cum...)

The girl's body was reacting to the pleasure.

He was unable to attack his childhood friend even in Oni form, so he could only submit himself to the teasing and tremble seductively on the floor while uttering shrill moans. He was breathing as heavily as after a full-speed sprint and his entire body was soaked with a sweet feminine-smelling sweat, but the Oni's lips finally left his breast.

(Ahhh!! It's already ov-...no, I mean it's finally over...)

Shocked by the desire in the back of his mind for it to continue, he focused on the opposing feeling of relief. He was wriggling his body and shaking his breasts, but he insisted to himself that did not come from a desire for it to continue. Then the Oni's face moved lower than the breasts and instead buried itself in his crotch.

“Wait! No!! Not here! Fwaaaaaahaaaaa~~~~!!”

A hot breath blew on the crotch.

The shorts dug even further into his crotch and the Oni's tongue stuck into

the feminine slit through them.

(Kh hh. My underwear...is digging into my slit!! If you lick me there...!)

The Oni licked from the bottom to the top of the pubis and he felt a joy fill his crotch that made him want to press his hips up against the tongue.

As that sweet sensation dyed his mind, the clitoris throbbed madly from the cramped stimulus. He felt the vagina loosening and opening as hot sex nectar flowed out.

“Keh heh heh heh... Just a little lick and these filthy juices are already flowing? What a horny Onikiri-hime.”

“If you do that...anyone would...fwaah, ah hh!!”

Sweet moans spilled from his lips as he was ruled by pleasure incomparable to that of his boy's body.

His arms and leg went limp and he could not even try to escape.

“Maybe so, but you loosen up way too easily! Your pussy's already soaked!”

“Ahhh, no!! Ah, ah, ah, ahhhhh!”

The shorts and boxers were dripping with saliva on the outside and love juices on the inside, but the Oni slid them both to the side, exposing Ryou's crotch. A

silly moan spilled from his lips at the way the fabric rubbed as it was dislodged and at the release from the tight confinement.

“It’s completely loosened and opened up. Keh heh heh heh. You must want something in there pretty bad.”

As fingers with pointed nails pulled back the outer lips, a tremor ran down Ryou’s spine.

“Hyah...ahhh!!”

The Oni stirred up the thin inner lips and the flesh within, so a sweet sensation rushed up to his head.

The stickiness of the love juices raised the pleasure even further.

He subconsciously arched his back and forced up his giant lovely breasts. The shirt was soaked with sweat and the nipples stood visibly erect as if begging for the pleasure from earlier.

However, the Oni’s lips sucked at the vulva with its vagina and urethra exposed.

“Fweeeh, eh, ehhhh. Ahh, hwaahhhh! Fwaaaaahhh!!”

Even the love juices deep inside the vagina were mercilessly sucked out. The tongue forced apart the sensitive slit as it dug into the vagina and rolled around the clitoris.

“Hyah!! Ahh! Not...there...ahh, that’s too rough!! I’m going insane...my mind is going to break! Fwehhh. No...fwaaaaahhhh!!”

The hood was pulled back from that most sensitive bead and it was licked so hard it was crushed under the pressure.

The pleasure hit him like physical blows and the next stimulus would explode inside him before the previous one had faded.

(Kh, hh, ahhh! If you...lick me...there...I’ll go...crazy!)

His heart was pounding so hard he thought it would burst and he had trouble breathing.

Waves of pleasure shook his entire body and sweet moans surged from his mouth.

“Ahh, your spiritual power is quite delectable. I think I’ll force out some more.”

Spiritual power apparently flowed out when he felt pleasure.

Having it eaten only increased the sluggishness of his body. The Oni that had taken his childhood friend’s body stuck its finger into Ryou’s vagina to suck out even more of his power.

“Hyah! Ahhh!! No, don’t stick it...in!”

The previous pleasure had completely loosened up the hole, so the fingertip easily slipped inside. A shock ran through his hips and sapped his body of strength. This was a crisis, yet his breasts bounced around.

This was the second time he had become a girl. He had so little experience with this body that whenever anything pleasurable happened, he could not suppress the desire for more. He knew he should not, but he thrust his hips out to shamefully beg for more.

(Ahh, I'm acting like a horny slut. Fwaaaahhh~~)

However, that further built up the masochistic arousal inside him.

He intentionally insulted himself in his thoughts while his lower body convulsed.

"How can you say that when your pussy's this wet? You're even pushing your hips back up against my hand. Here, I'll push it in even deeper!"

"Ah, ahhh, ahhhhhh!! I-it's going in...hyaaaaaaaaaaah!"

When masturbating the night before, he had been too afraid to stick a finger in here. He had felt like experiencing that pleasure would cross the point of no return between boy and girl.

And the sweetness that exploded inside his vagina told him he had been exactly right.

The sticky vaginal walls were forced open he felt an overwhelming presence moving deep within his body. And yet this was just a single finger.

What if it were a penis instead? As that sudden question came to mind, he realized he was thinking like a girl and he burned with embarrassment.

(E-eeee! The finger's...inside me. It's stirring me up!! Ahh, amazing! How can a finger inside you...feel so good!! Ahhh, I can't stand it!)

Even so, his mind was ruled by the masochism of someone else having their way with his girl's vagina.

As the vaginal walls tightened they did not push the foreign object out. In fact, they tightened down on it to increase the sensation of contact. The honey pot deep inside continued to throb as it produced more and more love juices that provided an obscenely wet noise to the fingering.

He was worried that the rough treatment would break his hymen.

(Do I...have a hymen? I've never had sex... Wait, why am I thinking about this?)

He was a boy and yet he was worried about his hymen.

His female sexuality ruled his thoughts and drowned out his self-consciousness as a boy.

As unease rose within him, the Oni's playfully wriggling finger found a point of slight indentation inside the vagina and roughly scraped at it.

"Ahhh!! Fwah, not...there! Ahhhh, stop...ahhhhh!!"

An even more powerful sensation directly shook Ryou's womb.

(Hyaaaah! What...is this? It's...too good. It's rising up...within me!!)

The fingertip had been stirring up the vagina sometimes roughly and sometimes gently, but now it focused on a single point and applied pressure at a set rhythm.

The sexuality within Ryou's female body had risen plenty already, but that brought it up to dangerous levels.

"Ah, ah...ahuhh! No, you're kidding...fwaah, why? Ahh, something's... something's coming...fwaaah, help...me...ah, no..."

The throbbing of his womb was incredible. Goose bumps covered his skin as it trembled in anticipation.

His eyes widened as his face twisted into an expression that may have been agony or may have been a smile. His butt tensed up in preparation.

"Hmph! Now cum, Onikiri-hime!"

With an unexpectedly strong attack on that pleasure spot, the Oni also lightly flicked Ryou's clitoris with its tongue tip.

“Hyah!? No, ahhhh, no, here...here it comes...I'm cummming!!”

Light exploded in the back of his mind and his consciousness flashed in and out.

The intense pleasure from the clitoris and vagina raced across his entire body.

A wrenching longing filled his womb and intense convulsions washed across him.

“I'm...cumming. Fwaaaaaah! Ahhh!! Hyah, fwaaaaahhhh~~~!”

His entire body shook and his crotch thrust up as high as it would go. Climax fluids squirted out like he was pissing himself and soaked Kimino's possessed face.

(Ah...ah, ahh...vaginal...orgasm...is way too...good...)

His hazy mind was still flashing in and out as he gave himself over to the pleasure.

If it felt this good, he wished he had put his own finger in the night before.

He blankly recalled that this state was exactly what he had been afraid of, but

he let himself bask in the tingling pleasure of the throbbing vagina and womb that made the entire girl's body feel great.

“Hah hah! Now this is some amazing spiritual power!! There's so much and it's so thick! And to think I still get to devour Oninagusamu-hime after eating this!!”

The Oni rejoiced in the overflowing spiritual power while viewing Ryou's sexual state.

The thick pleasure showed no sign of fading, so his entire body had gone limp and he could not move a single finger.

His heart alone was beating like an alarm bell and steamy sexual sweat seeped out onto his skin.

He felt like he would simply die as he soaked in the orgasmic pleasure.

And yet that thought sounded wonderful to him at the moment.

Once the Oni finished devouring his spiritual power, his life would be snuffed out.

“Yawn... Huh? It's that cool girl who saved me in my dream...”

Yume sleepily crawled along the neighboring bed to reach the collapsed genderbent boy.

“What!? Oninagusamu-hime!!”

She had been fast asleep, so when had she woken up? Ryou had not sensed her presence and she was already nearly to his side. She had no idea this was her cousin turned into a girl to protect her and she peered into that lovely face that had grown slack from orgasm.

The Oni had been caught off guard too and looked utterly shocked.

The monster stopped feeding on Ryou’s spiritual power and tried to attack.

“Yawn~ Such pretty boobs... She’s so cool...”

But she unintentionally dodged the Oni’s claws. She seemed to still be half-asleep and she buried her face in the chest of Ryou’s gym shirt that revealed the shape of his giant breasts so perfectly.

“Boobies...nyah...♪”

“Ahh! Ah, wh-what...is this!? I’m filling with...strength!!”

Yume’s lips moved right to one of the nipples and lovingly sucked on it.

His girl’s body had begun releasing all of its spiritual power when he climaxed, but vitality rapidly filled him anew.

“Oh...ahhhhhhhh!! W-wow...! Ah!! Ahhhhhh!”

He had been too limp to move a finger, but he stood up from the bed as if he had grown wings. At the same time, he had Yume roll behind him where he could protect her.

(Power flowed into me from Yume? I didn't just recover! This power is even greater than when I started!!)

He held his arm up and an Oni-slaying sword with a glittering crimson blade appeared in it.

"C-curse you, Onikiri-hime! I thought I had sucked out all your spiritual power!"

The shocked Oni quickly flared up with anger. They were at point-blank range and the Oni's body was much, much larger.

It tried to crush Ryou with its sharp claws and fangs.

He caught the attack on the back of the sword.

"Kh!"

He was sent flying back to slam into the infirmary wall, but he flipped around and kicked off the wall.

He held the great sword at the ready as his genderbent body flew through the air with catlike flexibility.

He flipped upside down, kicked off the ceiling to build up his momentum, and swung the blade down toward the Oni.

His breasts bounced enough to hit his chin, so they were just in the way.

“Gwoh!!”

The Oni flipped out of the way with nimbleness unimaginable from its size.

As Ryou’s attack missed and was thrown off his balance, the Oni sent a sharp kick toward the side of his head.

He dodged and swung up the blade for a counterattack.

“Are you sure you want to do that? You’ll hurt your friend!”

“———!! Kh!”

The Oni had possessed Kimino’s body, so he could not attack. He could not hurt her.

He stopped the blade just before lopping off the leg and stuck to simply dodging the kick.

(What do I do? How do I save Kimino and defeat this thing!?)

He had also held back at the last second with the attack from kicking off the ceiling.

He could not carelessly attack when the enemy was a hostage. What was he supposed to do?

He tried to figure something out as he pointed the tip of the blade at the thinly smiling Oni.

And as soon as he clung to the hilt of that magic blade...

“———!! Ah...”

Knowledge flowed into the back of his mind.

(What is...this...?)

This Oni-slaying blade had cut down countless Oni that attacked in their desire for Oninagusamu-hime.

It bore the name Zanshou and the strategies used by generations of guardians were passed onto Ryou.

“Impure Oni that yearns to devour Oninagusamu-hime. Have a taste of my Zanshou and perish!!”

There was no hesitation in those slanted eyes.

Onikiri-hime glared at the Oni with a dignified look overflowing with fighting spirit.

“What!? Cut me down and you will damage this body’s owner as well!! Are you sure you want that? ...Kwoh!”

When the Oni saw that threats would get it nowhere, it made an attack.

It rushed in with sharp claws raised and fangs bared.

Ryou pulled the sword back next to his face, lowered his hips, and aimed the tip.

“Tseiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!!”

Ryou’s powerful stomp shook the infirmary.

Before the Oni could grab him, he made a powerful thrust toward the chest.

Just before the tip sank in, he pulled it back.

“Gah!? Ah, ah, ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

The hideous form immediately fell to its knees.

“I-impossible!! My body...my bodyyyyyyyyyy!”

Its body shook violently as a black miasma flowed out. The body quickly transformed back into Ryou’s childhood friend. She had been pierced through the chest, but there was not a scratch on her.

“That is not your body! That is Kimino’s body!!”

He made a full horizontal swing of the blade aimed at the swirling miasma.



“Gyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

As the blood-red blade sliced through, the Oni's true form of black smoke let out a death cry and vanished.

"I-I defeated...the Oni... I can't believe it possessed Kimino... But that was a close one. If Yume hadn't given me that power... Oh, and it's all gone now that I've fought. But..."

The strange atmosphere had left the infirmary, so it was once more a still space that smelled of disinfectant. As the bell rang to indicate the end of the class period, the surging energy and the Oni-slaying sword both vanished.

"And...I'm really sleepy... Is that because I didn't get any sleep last night and I didn't get any here either?"

But the drowsiness was too powerful. It had settled down during the fight, but the never-ending pleasure of orgasm and the lethargy that followed rapidly returned.

"I can...get some rest...until second period starts...right?"

He did not think he could remain conscious any longer and all strength left his body.

Yume had fallen asleep again and Kimino had not regained consciousness after returning from her Oni form. Ryou collapsed onto the bed alongside them and was soon producing the steady breathing of sleep.

Chapter the Third: I am a Girl

Ryou's cousin remained asleep with a carefree look on her face and showed no sign of waking.

Their childhood friend lay on the next bed over wearing only her bloomers.

Her shirt had burst when she transformed into an Oni, so her somewhat small breasts were exposed. He wanted to get her dressed, but there was nothing he could do.

There was nothing he could do about his own state of dress either.

He did his best not to look at her immodestly exposed body and placed the blanket over her.

(Really, now! What is going on with my body!?)

He had defeated the Oni trying to attack Yume.

It had been possessing Kimino, but she was back to normal and unharmed.

The maddening pleasure toying with his body had settled down after a quick nap and the overflowing energy he had used to defeat the Oni had calmed. He was supposed to have returned to his male body after that, but he remained a girl.

(I can't let my classmates see me like this.)

His only choice was to sneak out of the school and return home.

He still wore his gym clothes. He had wanted to change, but his uniform was in the classroom.

If he went to get it, he would have to expose his girl's form to the class. And if they found out he had a girl's body now, who knows what they would do to him.

(They might go beyond just feeling up my tits...)

"C-c'mon, Ichijou!! Just the tip!! We're friends, aren't we!?"

"Uhyah! They're so soft! You've got some really nice-feeling tits here!! I can touch your a-ass too, can't I?"

His vision grew dark as he imagined how his classmates would probably treat him.

He wanted to believe they would not do that, though.

Modoribashi Academy split the classes between boys and girls.

They were free to commingle during the breaks between classes and afterschool, but he did not like the thought of that filthy classroom of only boys.

If he set foot in there as a girl, he knew it would not end well.

And so he rushed home.

It was blatantly suspicious for a schoolgirl to be wandering around town in a gym outfit during school hours, so he pretended to be running an off-campus marathon for gym class. The gym clothes were soaked with a sexual sweat and the orgasmic fluids, but that actually helped as it would make it look like he had worked up a sweat while running.

(I need to get home quickly, but I can really feel everyone's eyes on me. I can't seem to relax.)

His parents would have asked the main Ichijou family, headquarters of the Oni Controllers, about this, so they might know why he was still a girl and they might know how to fix it.

That thought sped up his pace. He was not wearing a bra below the gym shirt, so the breasts were free to bounce around so fiercely he thought they would burst free of the fabric.

There seemed to be a lot of people around for some reason and their eyes all focused on the two mounds bouncing so seductively on the running girl's chest.

(My chest is what everyone's looking at!?)

It took him a while to realize that.

As his feet kicked off the ground, the two giant breasts would bounce up and down.

Once he was focused on it, the movement embarrassed him. On top of that, the inside of the shirt rubbed painfully against his nipples.

“Wow. Look at the size of those tits. But aren’t they bouncing a little too much? That’s so sexy.”

“Is that girl not wearing a bra? I’m glad I was here to see this!!”

“Why is she running around here in gym clothes? Actually, I don’t care. I just need to take as many photos as I can.”

The voices of the passersby brought his embarrassment to the limit.

(Khhhh!! Don’t look, dammit!)

He could make some pretty good guesses just what fantasies were playing out in those men’s minds as they looked at his girl’s body.

He restrained the urge to shout at them and sped up even further even though it made his breasts bounce around all the more. He just wanted to get home as soon as possible.

When he finally made it home, his dignified face was a deep red from the looks of all the passersby.

The embarrassment had made him sweat even more than the running and the gym clothes were even more soaked. He changed into a familiar T-shirt and cargo pants and was finally able to relax.

He sighed while drinking some cold barley tea his mother brought him.

He suddenly realized his parents had been oddly kind since he turned into a girl. They were probably just trying to help him get through this trying time, but they did seem to be pampering him a little much.

They had mostly left him to his own devices when he was a boy. He had actually preferred that, so the sudden change felt a little annoying.

“You mean you don’t know when I’ll turn back into a boy?”

“That’s right. The most likely explanation is that your ability to sense evil energy had grown too sensitive, so you’re sensing an Oni that has yet to materialize and keeping your body ready to fight. The members of the main family can control their spiritual power, but those of us in the branch family haven’t been trained to do that.”

They had apparently asked the main family what the deal was. Ryou could only sigh in disappointment at his father’s explanation.

(So I’ll be stuck like this for a while?)

How had this happened to him? And how could Yume be the target of the Oni as Oninagusamu-hime?

They were both from the branch family line that was supposed to have long ago lost their spiritual power and ability to control Oni. His parents only ever visited the main family for New Year's and Ryou had not gone along for years.

(Yume apparently goes with her parents every year, but the main family is so creepy...)

He recalled the uncomfortable atmosphere he had felt the last time he was there.

Until now, Oninagusamu-hime and Onikiri-hime had always come from the main family line, so they had been able to use their ability to control the Oni.

If they had been children of the main family, they may have been able to handle this just fine.

(The main family maintains their spiritual power by marrying within the bloodline, so if Yume and I were born to the main family, would we have been... married as cousins?)

He would be delighted to marry her, but he might not feel so great about it if it was forced on them as their familial duty. He felt like he understood why his ancestors in the branch family had chosen to leave the main family for a life of freedom, even if it meant losing their ability to control Oni.

(I just hope Yume and I turn back to normal soon...)

Someone from the main family was supposed to arrive to investigate the oddity and provide instructions, but the main family was busy with a variety of things and it would take some time before someone showed up.

“I told your teacher you left straight from the infirmary because you weren’t feeling well. And it seems Yume-chan and Kimino-chan are fine.”

As he was lost in thought while listening to his father tell him what the main family said, his mother returned after calling the school.

Ryou had of course been worried about Yume, but he had also been worried about his childhood friend who he had left half-naked in the infirmary. The “girl” breathed a sigh of relief and “her” mother leaned in close with a concerning look of enjoyment.

“By the way, Ryou-chan. You’re gonna need some clothes, aren’t you?”

At first, he did not understand. He had plenty of clothes and he was not interested in dressing up. He was also a little weirded out by the “chan” she added to his name. She had never called him that when he was a boy.

“To be honest, I’ve always wanted a daughter. Looking like that, you could be just as cute as Yume.”

(What in the hell are you talking about, you sorry excuse for a father?)

He immediately wanted to murder his father, but he also grasped what his mother had meant.

“By clothes...do you mean...girl’s clothes?”

“What else would she mean!?”

“What else would I mean♪!?”

The couple immediately replied in perfect unison.

“You always looked so dull as a boy, but those sharp angled eyes make you look so dignified as a girl~ I can’t wait to figure out what outfit looks best on you. We need to buy some underwear too. You take after me with those giant boobs, so you need a proper bra♪”

Yume and his mother both had large chests. They seemed to be a large-breasted bloodline. Not that that mattered now.

“N-not a chance! I-I’m not wearing girl’s clothes!! I’m a boy! I-I never want to wear girl’s underwear!! What I have is good enough!”

The physical transformation was enough of a shock, so he was not sure he could maintain his sanity if he also had to wear women’s clothing. He stormed out of the living room, leaving his cheerful parents behind.

“Ryou-chan?”

“I’m going to the bathroom! Don’t follow me!!”

His mother pursued him with a puzzled tilt of the head, so he gave her a threatening glare and fled to somewhere he could be alone.

“Honestly. This isn’t just fun and games... It’s a huge problem for me!”

He unzipped the cargo pants. He seemed to have drunk too much tea after running because the urge to pee rapidly rose within him. He brought his fingers to his crotch to deal with that, but then he realized something.

“I-it’s not there!? Oh, right... I’m a girl...”

He wanted to pee standing up, but he lacked the penis needed to guide the urine. As he stood there in confusion, the urge to pee only grew.

“How do I do this as a girl!? I sit down...right? But, wow. I really have to pee!”

He had not been ready for this at all, so he panicked a little. And perhaps due to the difference in bodily structure, he had far less resistance to the urge than as a boy. This panicked him further. At this rate, he was going to pee himself.

“Y-you’re kidding, right!? No, I can’t get the button undone.”

He was already rubbing his inner thighs together to bear with the tension in his lower stomach. He could tell the stream was going to burst forth as soon as he relaxed in the slightest.

He only needed to unbutton the pants, pull them down, and sit on the toilet,

but he was too panicked to do even that.

“Oh, no...Why...why can't I get them off!?”

He struggled with the pants while wiggling his butt with his legs bent. He finally managed to get the button through the small hole in the thick fabric and started lowering the cargo pants, but...

“———!! Ah, ahhh, ahhhh~~~~~!”

He may have prematurely relaxed because a warm liquid flowed from the loosely closed urethra.

“N-no...I...didn't make it...”

His entire body relaxed at the indescribable sense of release.

The great pressure in his lower stomach was released and it felt good enough to send a tremor through him.

At the same time, he felt so pathetic he wanted to cry.

He was in high school and yet he had just pissed himself.

Plus, he could not stop it once it had started. The stream flowing from his bladder passed through the short urethra and soon leaked out.

With his legs bent and pants half-lowered, the urine flowed from his crotch, down his leg, and into a large puddle on the floor. Its warmth brought despair. The way the wet cargo pants stuck to his leg only made him feel more pathetic.

(Uuh... A girl's body can't hold it in at all...)

The long, long urination finally ended and he was overcome with lethargy.

He just about fell down onto the pee-soaked floor, but...

"Ryou-chan, are you okay? Can you go to the bathroom on your own? Oh, my!!"

He had apparently forgotten to lock the door, so his mother, worried that he was taking so long, opened it.

"You idiot! Wh-why would you just open the door like that? ...At least... knock..."

He wanted to die. Having his mother see him soaked in pee like this was the worst. He wanted to act tough, but he felt so pathetic tears welled up in his eyes.

He was fairly certain any attempt to speak would end in sobbing, so he did not even try. She told him to wait a moment, headed for another room, and soon came back.

On the way, she made sure Ryou's father stayed away when he started

approaching to see what was going on.

“They say girls have a lot harder time holding it in, so it must be completely different for you know. I should have warned you. Sorry.”

She swiftly removed his half-lowered cargo pants and neatly wiped off his piss-soaked lower body with a towel.

“Go take a shower to clean yourself off. I’ll have a change of clothes ready for you.”

He felt like he had been transported back to his younger years as he was sent off to the bath.

Her next task was likely to clean up the bathroom floor covered in her “daughter’s” pee.

He felt bad, but he wordlessly walked to the bath, removed his T-shirt, and turned the shower’s faucet.

He trembled at the cold water, but the powerful spray gradually grew warmer and helped soothe his depressed feelings.

(When will I turn back into a boy? I’m not sure I can keep going as a girl.)

When he hung his head, he could not help but stare at the weighty mounds that the water droplets were bouncing off of. He sighed at the thought of his coming life as a girl.

When Ryou woke up in the morning, he never wanted to leave the bed.

Despite his apparent depression, he had ended up spending all night masturbating.

Remembering peeing himself and having his mother clean up after him brought on an odd arousal that allowed him to cum countless times, so he was truly hopeless.

“I may have a girl’s body, but I’m actually a guy. I can’t help it if I’m really horny.”

The endless lust of a high school boy combined with that sensitive and perfectly-proportioned girl’s body was the ultimate drug. No one could resist that.

He muttered an excuse to himself, made up his mind, and got up.

Yume always showed up to wake him, but she was not here today. According to her mother, she had headed to school on her own.

(That’s unavoidable for a while. I can’t walk to school with her when I look like this.)

After taking his shower, his mother had brought him to buy some clothes.

He had been unable to resist so soon after letting her see something so

embarrassing and he did not want to remember how she had used him as her dress-up doll. She had even put him in a dress he did not think he would ever have a chance to wear and even some highly revealing and risqué outfits. She had refused to listen to anything he said and had chosen all of the clothes on her own.

He put on the plainest and most modest white underwear using the method she had taught him before.

“Th-this feels weird.”

Without the penis and balls getting in the way, the fabric of the panties clung tightly to the crotch. His butt had more volume than when he had been a boy yet there was far less fabric than his boxers. The well-shaped and soft mounds were contained tightly within.

The biggest change from being a boy was the feeling of the sizable mounds on his chest being so gently enveloped.

“I’m a guy, yet I’m wearing a bra... This is so weird...”

More than just weird, the previously unrestrained mounds were contained in a lovely bell shape, which increased their charm by a level or two. The cleavage was much more pronounced, so anyone – boy or girl – who peeked at that chest would be unable to look away.

As a former boy, the pressure on the chest felt strange, but he appreciated the reduction in the unpleasant weight on his shoulders and bouncing of the breasts every time he moved.

Before putting it on, he had thought boy's underwear would be fine, but he was forced to admit that girl's underwear was quite comfortable as it eliminated the pain of the nipples rubbing against the shirt and the stiffer fabric of the boxers rubbing against the sensitive parts of the crotch.

"I can't just stick with the boy's uniform either..."

As he started realizing just how different his body had become, he put on the new uniform. The blouse and blazer were not all that different, but the frills on the sleeves were quite girly. He tied a red ribbon around the neck instead of a tie. It emphasized the size of the chest, so it was a little embarrassing. He then put a strawberry-colored checked skirt on when he normally would have worn gray slacks.

"I-isn't this...a little too short?"

He was pretty sure people would be able to see the panties below if he bent over or lifted a leg a little.

He checked in the mirror and was dumbfounded at what he found.

"———!! Th-that's...me?"

He saw a cool-looking beautiful girl with angled eyes who was wrinkling her brow in embarrassed confusion. The tall frame had large breasts and a large butt, but the waist was slender. He could only stare in awe, even though this was him. The smooth white thighs showed up well between the black over-knee socks and skirt.

“Z-Zettai Ryouiki... This is pretty sexy, even though it’s just the normal girl’s uniform. And the skirt really is short!!”

His long legs made the normal-length skirt look all the shorter. He had looked pretty boring as a boy, so he was confused to find how eye-catchingly beautiful he was after genderbending.

Modoribashi Academy was run by the main Ichijou family and both the board chairman and principal were part of the family. It had been simple to get genderbent Ryou admitted into the girl’s class as a different person so he could most easily protect Oninagusamu-hime in his role as Onikiri-hime.

He had hoped to remain fairly inconspicuous and secretly live his school life as a girl until he had his boy’s body back, but he was certain he would stand out like this.

A premonition of troubles to come filled Ryou’s chest with worries.

“Before beginning homeroom, I would like to introduce a newcomer to Class 1-Cherry Blossom.”

The glasses girl teacher who stepped into the girls class was supposedly in her thirties, yet she looked no older than middle school and the students spread rumors that she never aged. Her name was Tamai Nanako and she was commonly known as Tama-chan-sensei.

Immediately, ear-splitting cries of joy erupted and overpowered their target.

“Wow~ She’s so cool and beautiful.”

“She’s tall and her arms and legs are so long. She’s like a model. I wonder if she’s good at sports. What club is she gonna join?”

“She looks like the cool taciturn type. I wonder if she’ll let me call her Onee-sama!!”

The cries of praise only made Ryou feel uncomfortable. He furrowed his brow as the girls’ eyes swept across his entire body, but that only made those with an odd fetish shout “Ahh, I want her to insult me while looking at me like that!”

When he took a furtive glance toward the window, Yume raised her head, looking a little upset, and stared in surprise when she saw him. He quickly looked away.

She was probably feeling down after not being able to walk to school with him like normal. She had only been told Ryou had suddenly come down with something and had to spend some time recovering.

(I’d be too embarrassed if she found out I’m a girl now and she’d definitely feel bad if she found out it was to protect her from the Oni. This was the only way.)

After pulling himself together, he waited for the students to quiet down and he opened his mouth.

“I transferred into this school starting today. My name is Ichijou Ryo-...”

He very nearly gave his real name, so he quickly cleared his throat to hide it. That only gathered further attention, so he gave the girl's name he and his parents had come up with the day before. It was only an alternate reading of his real name, but it completely changed the impression of the name.

“My name is Ichijou Haruka. Nice to meet all of you.”

Once he bowed, the students began speaking amongst themselves.

“Ichijou? Is she Yume-chi's relative?”

“She does look like her. But maybe not that much?”

Focus shifted to his cousin and Yume looked confused herself.

“Ichijou Haruka-san is apparently the twin sister of Ichijou Ryou-kun from the boys Bear class.”

Tama-chan-sensei answered the students' questions using the information the principal had given her. While the girls classes were named after flowers, giving them an elegant feel, the boys classes were named after tough animals like bears or bulls, which seemed kind of awful.

“The twins were raised separately due to certain circumstances, but since the brother is recovering from a sudden illness at a relative's house, the sister returned to her parents in his place. She will also be attending school here. Oh, and that would make her Ichijou Yume-san's cousin.”

Applause of comprehension and rejoicing erupted from the students.

The entire class (including the teacher) seemed to have bought the explanation they had made up in a single night, so Ryou...no, the “girl” named Ichijou Haruka breathed a sigh of relief with a dignified look on her face.

“As for your seat, um, you’d probably feel more comfortable next to your cousin. And it looks like Ichijou-san wants to help you out.”

The young-looking glasses girl teacher smiled bitterly toward Yume who was leaning forward with her eyes wide.

The next row over shifted back one seat to open up the seat to Yume’s right.

“Um... You’re Ryou-chan’s sister?”

“Y-yes. Nice to meet you, Yume.”

Haruka smiled while worried that Yume would realize who she really was, but her cousin’s innocent features only grew red.

(I-is she blushing? Yume’s so damn cute.)

The way Yume lowered her head and gave Haruka an upturned look made her want to hug the girl. Haruka’s female form gave her harsher features and her expression did not change as much as before. She was worried Yume would be afraid, but it seemed she had managed to smile.

“I never knew Ryou-chan had a twin sister.”

“Yes, well, I was left with the main family shortly after birth and was raised there. It was something of a secret...”

Even if they were relatives, the main Ichijou family dealt in the paranormal and did not let the branch family line know about their internal affairs. And the branch family lived in normal society, so they did not try to set foot in the realm of the paranormal outside of unforeseen situations like this. This excuse would normally never work, but their relationship with the head family allowed it to work here.

And besides that, Yume never doubted anyone. Haruka had supposedly been raised in secret away from her parents, so Yume gave her a sympathetic look.

“You almost never get to see your twin brother, so you must be worried that he’s sick. Oh, I know! How about we go visit him after school today!? He’s in the hospital, right? I wonder which one.”

“Um, uh... Ryou is being treated at the main family... His life is not in danger, but he said not to visit him to make sure you didn’t catch what he has...”

“Eh...? I-I see. Then I guess we can’t do that. At least I know he’ll be fine with the main family. But I wonder if he’s feeling lonely. He almost never went there.”

Haruka should have known Yume would ask about this, but she had not thought about it at all. Fortunately, she managed to come up with an excuse on

the fly.

(If this keeps up, I won't be able to deceive her forever...)

It pained her to know Yume was worried. She knew more than ever that she had to return to her male form as soon as possible and she also had trouble relaxing with all the curious looks pouring down on her within the classroom of nothing but girls.

Before too long, class came to an end and a short break period began. All of the girls in the class rushed toward Haruka. Plus, they were all changing for gym class, so they had all stripped down to their underwear.

(Wow, that girl has huge tits! Oh, crap. If I stare like this, she'll get mad... No, wait. I'm a girl now.)

Haruka had seen these girls every day and this was a chance to see the bodies hidden below their uniforms. She was curious yet unsure where to look, so she lowered her blushing head.

Even so, the girls remained in their immodest state of undress, defenselessly pressed their soft bodies toward the new girl who was actually a boy, and happily teased each other.

The girls of this school had always been relatively energetic, but this told Haruka that they still made sure to act somewhat ladylike in front of the boys.

Surrounded by a sweet aroma and with stripping girls no matter where she looked, Haruka thought she was going to get a nosebleed.

(I-I never knew there were so many different kinds of underwear... And they all have different body types... I can't believe I can be here without them getting mad... Yet I'm really a boy...)

This situation would have been unthinkable back when she was a boring boy. If she bragged about it to the boys after returning to her original class, they would likely shed tears of blood.

But as Haruka entered a dreamlike state, the girls surrounding her only grew more energetic.

"Hey, hey. Where did you live before?" "You're even more beautiful up close! Your skin's so white~ How do you take care of it?" "Eh? You're cousins, but this is the first time you've met!?" "So Ichijou-kun from the boys class is your twin? You don't look anything alike~" "Actually, what did he look like? He didn't leave much of an impression on me."

Their energetic high-pitched voices hurt her ears as they all asked questions at once. They refused to wait their turn, so she could not pick out any single question. Even so, the comments insulting her male self rang clear in her ears, causing her heart to wither.

"Hey, if you don't get changed soon, the break will end. Here, I'll help you out♪"

As Haruka sat in an overwhelmed stupor, still in her uniform, a girl with a mischievous smile caught her with a surprise attack. Her buttons were swiftly undone and her uniform's coat skillfully stripped away.

“Wah!! Wh-what are you doing!?”

Her cry of surprise was drowned out by shrill shrieks.

“Kyah! She’s even better with her clothes off!! She’s got giant boobs! They’re just huge!”

“Her figure is too good. ...I’m jealous!!”

“She’s tall and her breasts are big. I’ve got to see how those things feel. Ey!!”

“Hey, no fair! Me too!! I’ll just hug her!”

“Ahh!! Stop that! Don’t touch me there...hwah!!”

Haruka had become a toy. Her blouse and skirt were also stripped off with incredible skill, leaving her body exposed to the girls’ eyes in nothing but a white bra, white panties, and over-knee socks.



Seeing those girls in their underwear had been embarrassing enough, but having them see her as a girl in nothing but her underwear was about as embarrassing as it could get.

Also, her visibly reddening body was touched all over, providing a ticklish and pleasant sensation.

(Ah, wh-why is this girl groping my tits!? Hyah! Don't stick your finger there! Ahh, no! My body's so sensitive, so if you touch me like that...!!)

Heat filled her lower stomach and a restless throbbing spread from there.

This was no laughing matter. The girls likely intended it as some slight teasing, but if she started moaning, they would immediately treat her like a pervert.

(Wh-what do I do? I can't just drive them away. Th-this is bad. Nn, this girl's elbow...is hitting my nipple. Fwah, why is that one pushing her knee against my crotch and pressing in right where it feels s-so good!?)

Her breathing grew heavy and her eyes grew unfocused and damp. It was only a matter of time before a sweet voice escaped her lips. And since she was in her underwear, how could she hide the stain that was bound to form from the damp feeling growing inside her panties?

When she lowered her blushing face, it only led her classmates to call her cute all the more. But just as she was thinking of growing more forceful by breaking free and running off...

"C'mon, give it a rest already! She clearly doesn't know what to do!!"

A loud cry rose above the other voices and instantly silenced the other girls.

A strong tug on the hand pulled Haruka from the swarm of girls and she found a girl with boyish determination on her face.

(Kimino...)

It was the childhood friend that she had been possessed by an Oni just the day before. Haruka was glad to see her safe and doing well.

Yume's eyes were widened in worry next to her.

The two had already finished changing into their gym outfits and Haruka was disappointed she had missed the chance to see them changing.

"A beautiful transfer student isn't worth getting that excited about. And she can't exactly change when you're doing that. If you don't hurry up, we'll all be late."

Their classmates came back to their senses once Kimino scolded them, so they awkwardly apologized and sadly resumed changing.

Haruka breathed a sigh of relief and quickly put on her gym outfit in order to hide her underwear.

She had an oddly hard time relaxing with the skin-tight fabric revealing the shape of her breasts so clearly.

She had never worn bloomers before, so she was surprised by how tightly

they wrapped around her crotch and squeezed at the base of her legs. It bothered her how oddly comfortable it was.

She felt her butt being squeezed out, so she pulled up the fabric with a fingertip to force her flesh back inside.

As she fidgeted restlessly, her childhood friend spoke to her while giving those wonderful proportions a look of envy.

“Sorry about that~ No one was trying to be mean.”

“Um, right. I...uh, well, I-I was just a little surprised. Thanks for saving me, Kimino.”

Speaking like she did as a boy would probably be fine, but she was afraid that someone would notice if she sounded too much like Ryou. That was why her mother had taught her to speak more like a girl. It felt weird to her, but no one else seemed to notice.

The fact that everyone saw her as a girl made her feel a little pathetic.

“You’re welcome. ...Huh? Did I tell you my name?”

Whoops. Haruka had been so focused on the way she was speaking that she had accidentally used her childhood friend’s name like she was still Ryou.

“Oh, um, you seemed so much like the person I heard about from Ryou. You’re Sakatani Kimino, right?”

“F-from Ryou!? Ryou was talking about me...? Wh-what did he say!?”

At times like this, Haruka was glad her confusion did not show on her expressionless face. As soon as she thought she had smoothed things over, Kimino suddenly grew flustered.

“Kimono-chan?”

Haruka wasn't sure what to do with Kimino moving in so close, but that childhood friend came back to her senses when Yume called out to her.

“Oh, s-sorry. Um...I was just wondering if Ryou was saying bad things about me. Ah ha ha. ...Now, let's get to the schoolyard.”

After a confused excuse, Kimino left the classroom with her face beet red.

They still had a little time until class, so Haruka and the others stopped by the bathroom. She did not need to pee all that much, but after the disaster at home the day before, she wanted to deal with it before that happened again.

(But...I really feel like I'm doing something wrong here...)

Inside a stall in the girl's bathroom, Haruka's heart pounded from a forbidden sensation of discomfort.

There was of course nothing wrong with this since she had a girl's body at the moment. In fact, using the boy's bathroom would be an even bigger problem.

Still, this was an inviolable sanctuary to that “girl” who was really a boy.

To make matters worse, her cousin and childhood friend were relieving themselves in the two neighboring stalls.

(Uuh... Why do I feel so guilty!? Don't picture what's going on beyond those walls!!)

She had to build her resolve and pee here. She lowered her bloomers and panties to her knees and sat on the toilet. According to some embarrassing advice from her mother, she needed to be careful because it might scatter about since she was not used to this.

(O-oh, right. She said to flush the toilet so you can't hear it.)

She had thought that sounded wasteful at first, but now that the time had come, she could understand it all too well. Having anyone else hear her peeing would be too embarrassing.

She flushed the toilet, relaxed her body, and focused on the sphincter.

“Nn...”

The warm spray readily surged from her crotch. Without the sensation of it gradually passing through the penis, it felt oddly like it was directly flowing out from the inside of her body, so it was almost anticlimactic.

“Ahhh~~”

Still, the force of the urine tickled at the folds of her slit and she sighed at the pleasant feeling.

(Peeing as a girl feels kind of good... I could get oddly used to this, but I need to make sure I don't piss myself again.)

She had not needed to go that badly, so she finished quickly.

(A girl has to wipe, right?)

Two or three shakes was enough for a boy, but without a penis, a girl's crotch ended up wet with scattered urine.

"Nn..."

She wiped gently with toilet paper and the rough stimulus on her flower petals brought a tremor to her tailbone. If she had not been in the school bathroom, the pleasure would have led her to masturbate right then and there. She casually looked down at the toilet paper and saw a sticky string of a clear liquid that obviously was not urine.

(Sigh... This body is just too sensitive...)

The thought of Yume and Kimino finding out only brought out more sticky heat deep inside her crotch.

Confused by the uncontrollable sexuality of her female body, she left the girl's

bathroom and found the other two waiting for her. She blushed at the embarrassment of using the bathroom together as girls were wont to do. As the three of them walked to the schoolyard, they heard the voices of the boys from behind them.

“Wow! She really is beautiful!!”

“Is she really Ichijou’s twin? She looks nothing like him!! That SOB’s been hiding this pretty sister, hasn’t he!?”

Their stupid faces gave Haruka a headache. They were the ones she had always hung out with as Ryou. And yet...

(Did they always look that stupid? They look pathetic. And...what’s with that sticky look in their eyes? Why are they staring at me like that!?)

She was confused by her friends’ odd behavior. They seemed like different people altogether. They were like starving beasts and she did not dare let her guard down. Caution naturally built up inside her.

She wrinkled her brow in a look of astonishment, but they did not hesitate to blatantly leer at her chest, thighs, and crotch.

(———!! Wait! Don’t tell me...they’re looking at me as a g-girl! They’re looking at my body...with dirty looks in their eyes...!)

She was shocked when she realized what their gazes meant.

Her former friends were viewing her as a woman...as a target of desire.

And only after becoming a girl could she tell just how blatantly lustful and unpleasant their eyes were.

(I-is this how guys...look at girls?)

Had she looked at Yume and Kimino like this? That thought brought on intense self-loathing.

“What’s with all of you?” asked Kimono. “Ohhhh, I get it. You heard the rumors about Ryou’s twin sister, so you came to check her out.”

“Ha ha. Well, Haruka-chan is beautiful,” added Yume. “And she looks a lot like Ryou-chan.”

“No, they don’t look anything alike. Ryou was a rusted blunt weapon while she’s a finely-honed katana.”

“Oh, so her name’s Haruka? Hey, Haruka-san, how about you come join us for karaoke afterschool today?”

Haruka backed away with goose bumps covering her skin, but Kimino and Yume seemed completely fine.

Yet even as they spoke with the boys, those lustful eyes were stealing glances at their chests and bloomers.

Plus, it seemed the two girls were aware of it.

After cowering back like a cautious animal, Haruka glared sharply at the boys while hiding behind Kimino and Yume.

However, they paid no heed to the look of rejection and Watanabe, her best friend back in the boys class, gave an intense look in return.

(Wh-what's with Watanabe?)

The veins bulged out on his temples and his face grew so red it looked like it would erupt. Afraid he was angry about something, Haruka grew even more cautious, but the red of his face only grew as he quickly stole a glance at her chest from close range. Then he looked straight into her eyes with such ferocity that everyone fell silent.

“Haruka-san! I am Watanabe Tsunayoshi!! This is what they call love at first sight! To the point that I want you as my wife! I will make you a happy woman!! So please go out with me!”

He grabbed her hands and held them tight in his sweaty palms.

With displeasure rising inside her, she could only describe him with the clichéd term “creepy”.

Goose bumps completely covered her body now.

(I just...had a boy...confess to me... A boy... But I'm a boy... Watanabe...a boy...

just said he wants me...as his wife...?)

Everyone else was going nuts, but she could not hear any of it with the blood rushing to her head.

Since she froze up and did not respond, Watanabe moved his face in close.

That face was flushed and sweaty and he was breathing heavily through his nose.

“Gyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaassssssssssss!!”

After a bizarre cry, Haruka broke free of his hands.

She gathered all her strength into a right hook that mercilessly struck Watanabe in the face.

Then she ran away with just as much force.

“Kh... An excellent punch. I’ve fallen for you...even more...”

After bouncing down the hallway and rolling thrice due to the intensity of the punch, the back of his head slammed into the floor.

After asking a girl to date him without realizing that she was actually a boy (and his best friend at that), the boy coughed up some blood, muttered a few satisfied words, and passed out on the spot.

Chapter the Fourth: Sexual Oni in the Water's Depths

"Good morning. Rise and shine. Breakfast is ready."

"Nn, Yume...? Just give me five more minutes..."

When the girl entered the room without knocking and called out gently, the bed's occupant replied with a yawn.

"Ha ha. Haruka-chan, you're acting just like Ryou-chan again."

Those words woke Haruka up in a flash.

After becoming a girl, she was supposed to be a different person, but she had sleepily reacted like she had as a boy.

She frantically got up.

"You really are twins. Since you're using his room, it barely feels like Ryou-chan is gone at all. You look a lot like him, so it's kind of like he turned into a girl."

"I-is it?"

Four days had passed since she became a girl, but it was still a confusing ordeal. Saying anything unnecessary could end up digging her own grave, so she said as little as possible here.

“But you seem more like an older sister. You’re so calm. Ryou-chan would always panic and hide under the covers when I came to wake him.”

That was because he could not let the girl he liked see his morning wood.

However, Haruka remained silent because she could not exactly explain that in her girl form.

What Ryou had been thinking had always shown on his face, but Haruka’s expressions did not change very much.

Her personality had become a little stronger and more aggressive to help fight the Oni and her face had grown more beautiful and dignified. No one would think she was the same person as that gentle-faced boy. However, Yume seemed to see the points in common since they had been together since they were little.

“Anyway, Haruka-chan, you really have a nice body. You’re so tall and cool. And your boobs are just the perfect shape~”

Her cousin sat down on the side of the bed and peered down at her chest.

“Fweh!?”

As a boy, she had worn a T-shirt and a track suit bottom for pajamas, but that had been too tight thanks to her large genderbent chest and her mother had chosen some looser pajamas for her. The buttons had apparently come undone

in her sleep, so her braless breasts spilled out into view.

She had also apparently removed her pajama bottoms in her sleep, so she only wore panties on her lower body. Her supple bare legs were sprawled out and her crotch was spread wide due to her remaining male instincts.

She felt just as awkward as when her morning wood was almost found as a boy, so she quickly gathered her legs on top of the blanket.

“Y-you’re, um, boobs are pretty b-big too, Yume!”

She frantically pulled her top closed and shouted back as the girl she liked stared at her youthful and perky bare breasts.

Just like as a boy, she grew flustered in front of her.

“Hmm. But mine aren’t shaped as nice as yours. And I wish I was as tall as you.”

Yume sighed as she unbuttoned her top and began jiggling her breasts in her hands.

(Wh-what are you doing!? Don’t show your tits to me! I’m a...guy...)

She had never behaved like this in front of Ryou, but she was much more defenseless in front of another girl. Haruka was shocked by this unknown side of her cousin.

(B-but yours look a lot softer...and they're bigger. And you're so soft, fluffy, and cute. Your height is perfect the way it is!!)

Yume would have loved to hear her say that out loud, but that girl with a boy's mind was too embarrassed to do so.

Haruka blushed and her heart raced as her eyes were hopelessly glued to those soft mounds bouncing from the movements of her cousin's fingers. In her boy's body, the penis would have long since been erect, but she felt a warm nectar seeping out of her crotch instead.

It felt strange to have her heart race and her pussy grow wet for another girl.

(But at least you can't tell from outside like you can with a guy. Oh, but I'm only wearing panties down there right now... What if it makes a stain? And what if Yume sees the stain?)

After masturbating, she had realized that her girl's body produced quite a lot of vaginal fluids.

When she grew even slightly horny, the crotch of her panties would be soaking wet in no time and the stain would show through on the outside.

Focusing on it only hastened the release of love juices. As she restlessly lifted her fidgeting butt from the bed, Yume let go of her breasts and buttoned up her uniform as if nothing had happened.

"You know what? I had a kind of scary dream a few days back. I don't really remember what it was about though."

Yume started speaking out of the blue as if she had suddenly thought of it. Kimino would do the same thing, so it seemed girls in general would say things without warning like this. It was a difficult thing for a boy to understand.

As Haruka listened, she checked to see if her panties were noticeably wet.

“I was attacked by something scary and was in danger, but a strong girl saved me. And she looked just like you, Haruka-chan. She was so pretty and cool.”

“I-is that so?”

That was when she had first become Onikiri-hime and saved Yume as Oninagusamu-hime. She had told Haruka about this when she was still Ryou the next day. She had only asked a quick question about it then, but Haruka sensed some kind of special feelings in her cousin’s voice now.

“So I was really shocked when you transferred into our class. And then it turned out you’re Ryou-chan’s sister. I hope you stay with us forever even after Ryou-chan gets better and comes back.”

Yume had been told Ryou and Haruka were twins who had been raised separately from birth due to issues related to the main Ichijou family. The plan was for Haruka to “return to the main family” once she turned back into a boy.

However, this truly kind girl was delighted that she had returned to live with her family here and wanted her to stay afterwards.

The girl who was actually Ryou felt a painful twinge of guilt in her heart as she deceived Yume's love-filled smile.

Should she reveal it or should she keep it hidden? Revealing the truth would get rid of this gloomy feeling, but having the girl she liked know she had become a girl was simply too embarrassing. Plus, revealing the reason why would mean telling Yume the destiny she bore.

She knew she could not keep this hidden forever.

The Oni were sure to attack again. If she was put in danger over and over, Yume would realize all too well that she was the target of those hideous things.

Haruka wanted to find a less shocking way to tell her that she was Oninagusamu-hime before that happened.

She walked to school alongside Yume with that conflict in her heart.

(But once Yume knows, I'm guessing she'll find out too. And once she does, I'm pretty sure everyone in school will know I'm a girl now.)

The energetic Sakatani Kimino met up with them on their way to school.

She had always teased Ryou and done quite a bit of damage, but she apparently had enough sense not to be so mischievous when it came to a girl who had only just transferred in.

Still, she seemed curious since Haruka was supposed to be Ryou's twin sister.

“Hey, hey, Haruka. Oh, can I call you just Haruka? I called Ryou just Ryou.”

“Oh, yes. I-I’ll just call you Kimino.”

Haruka had trouble using girly language, so she mostly gave up trying. Speaking the same as always only seemed to increase her dignified aura, so it fit right in. Her childhood friend seemed to like it because she moved closer with a friendly smile.

“Haruka, you’ve got a great body and you’re pretty muscular too. Do you play any sports?”

“No, not really.”

She was not exactly proud of it, but she had not played any kind of sports as a boy. Her body as Onikiri-hime contained the power needed to overwhelm even an Oni, but she could not exactly tell Kimino that.

She and her parents had come up with a general profile for “Ichijou Haruka”, but they had not thought about details like that.

“Really? Then how about you try swimming? I bet you could get a great time.”

Haruka had expected this. Unlike Yume and Ryou, Haruka looked quite athletic, so Kimino was trying to get her to join the swim team she belonged to.

Haruka was unaware, but talk of the beautiful transfer student with a great

body had spread through the entire school.

With her angled eyes and sometimes even boyishly cool looks, she was gaining quite a few fans among the girls as well as the boys, so any team that got her to join would gather a lot of attention.

Haruka was unsure what to do about this childhood friend's invitation. If she joined the swim team, she could not protect Yume during that time. Getting Yume to join too was an option, but that cousin was so hopelessly unathletic that she would probably drown in the shower before even getting to the pool.

As Ryou, Haruka had never beaten Kimino in an argument or in physical strength, so she had always ended up doing what that childhood friend said.

"Come to think of it, Kimino-chan, you're a part of that pool opening event they're having today, aren't you? I'll be rooting for you."

Just as she was trying to figure out how to refuse her pushy childhood friend's request, a cheerful voice provided some help.

"Ha ha. Thanks, Yume♪ Our student council president sure loves planning these weird events, doesn't she? Well, at least it keeps things interesting. Okay, I've gotta win this thing for you, Yume!"

Kimino's interest immediately shifted to that gentle and soothing girl.

Haruka gave Yume a look of thanks and received the most wonderful smile in reply. It made her heart race.

“Haruka-chan, you look good at sports, so how about you join in? You only just transferred in, so I bet you could make a ton of friends like this~”

“Eh?”

Her relaxed expression instantly tensed up. She realized that bright-faced and gentle girl would never be sensible enough to nonchalantly help out her cousin who was troubled by her childhood friend’s forceful invitation.

The conversation had simply reminded her of the event.

Ryou had never once won when Kimino insisted he do something.

So now, as Haruka, “she” could only nod and smile back at Yume’s innocent smile of anticipation.

Barely anyone left afterschool. Instead the entire student body changed into swimsuits and gathered by the pool. The frivolous managers – that is, the main Ichijou family – had pumped a massive amount of their personal money into building the giant pool covered by a dome that could be opened when the weather was nice.

The construction had begun while Ryou and the others were in middle school and it had only finished just the other day, so that pool (far too luxurious for a school) was opening for the first time today.

“Wow~ There are a ton of different pools inside the building. It’s like an

amusement park!”

“That’s thanks to you, Yume~ We only got this great pool because you asked your grandmother for us. I’ll make sure to practice a whole bunch and get a great time at the next tournament!!”

Unlike Ryou, Yume had visited the main Ichijou family rather frequently. Their grandmother was the head of the family and she seemed to like Yume because she had built this ridiculously huge facility when Yume had said her friend on the swim team was having trouble due to the small pool.

Before, they had had a single twenty-five meter water lane that was shared by the middle and high school. That was enough for classes, but it was inconvenient for the swim team.

Kimino had wanted to make the swim team more active as a way of saying thanks, so she had tried to get the seemingly athletic and attention-gathering Haruka to join.

“If you wanna know! Who’s the strongest in the water! Then quit yer yappin’ and let’s do this!”

Student Council President Kitaminami Hideko’s powerful voice reverberated below the domed ceiling that trapped a lot of heat and a thundering cheer answered her.

“Breakin’ the what!?”

“The laaaaaaaaaaawwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww!!”

The students immediately answered her metal god questions.

Each time, a power chord interlude played at deafening volume.

It was a star-killing pool festival. Just like in a nostalgic TV show, a stage had been built by the pool, but instead of an idol, the light music club's band stood there.

And while they did have bands that played pop and anime music, three layers of high-power stacked amps were lined up like a wall for the melodic death metal band Diva Satanica that produced an air of intimidation with their two bass drums and countless tom-toms. They were all dressed in hardcore black outfits and they gave bestial roars as they began to play.

On that same stage, the student council president had just as much energy as the band as she continued hyping up the students.

Her striking body had a nice contrast between the slender waist and the weighty breasts and butt and it was forced into a school swimsuit a size too small to intentionally let her mature flesh bulge obscenely out.

The beads of her nipples were visible through the navy blue fabric and the tight fit caused the high-leg crotch to dig in enough to clearly see the vertical line of her slit. The boys in swimsuits were rushing at her while looking on the verge of an explosive nosebleed. She kept them back with the whip she held and pushed up her military hat bearing a Hakenkreuz.

A daring smile appeared on her forceful-looking face and the boys bowed

down before her. Those actually hit by the whip passed out from intense joy, so the EMTs had to carry them out.

“Students!! To celebrate the completion of the Grand Pool, Modoribashi Academy’s High School Student Council brings you the First Mixed-Sex Pool Cavalry Tournament!! (Be on the lookout for some wardrobe malfunctions♪)”

Just for show, she raised her pinky while holding the microphone.

She lifted the whip high in her other hand and a great cheer broke out.

(That student council president is as crazy as ever...)

They had heard all about her activities even when they were in middle school. During their high school entrance ceremony, she had shown up to celebrate and taken complete command of the scene. Haruka looked up at that third year in a daze and both Yume and Kimino were raising their fists and celebrating with the president.

“Now for the rules! If you fall off the horse or have your headband taken, you lose. Injuring your opponent or doing anything dangerous like aiming for a weak point will be judged a foul. The last team remaining will win our prize of a ten thousand yen gift card for the cafeteria and a free two-day, one-night stay at an inn with a mixed-sex open-air hot spring!! Let’s all play this fair and square! That’s all!”

The students had thought this was just a form of recreation, so their excitement peaked when they heard about this unexpectedly luxurious prize. Some who had previously decided only to watch quickly formed teams and

entered themselves.

“Y-you can’t do that~ This is an official school event, so you can’t give out such an expensive prize!!”

Amid the commotion, Tamai Nanako-sensei (the school-side supervisor) frantically ran over to the student council president.

Since this was the pool, she too was wearing a swimsuit, but the ultramarine color and modest design made it not much different from a school swimsuit. And with her childlike body-type and face, she looked like a middle school girl younger than the students.

“Kitaminami-san, that isn’t what you promised! Don’t you remember all the trouble after you added prizes to all the events at last year’s athletics festival!? I only gave you permission for this because you promised you wouldn’t do that again!”

“Ha ha ha. But didn’t that make that athletics festival way more exciting than any in recent memory, Tama-chan-sensei? With this new pool opening, it’s the student council’s duty to make it into a grand event!!”

“Th-that isn’t the issue!! And how many times do I have to tell you not to call me Tama-chan?”

“How’d your date with Shuu-nii go?”

“———!! Wh-wh-wh-wh-wh-what are you talking about!? A date!? W-we only went to see a movie together!! But Kitaminami-kun tried to go into that

weird...indecent movie theater!”

“But I heard you two ate a meal together afterwards~ In another few months, I might just be calling you my sister-in-law~”

“Eek~”

The entire conversation was picked up by the microphone and played for the entire student body gathered at the pool. There had been rumors that Tama-chan-sensei was dating President Kitaminami’s much older brother.

After being teased to the point of tears, the childlike glasses-wearing teacher fled the pool. All of the students watched her with a warm smile while figuring she would be her sister-in-law’s toy even after wedding her boyfriend.

Meanwhile, Haruka was glaring at some boys lined up in front of her.

The pool cavalry battle generally took the form of a girl riding on top of the “horse” formed by boys. Those boys had joined at the last minute to be Haruka’s horse. They were Watanabe Tsunayoshi, the one who had so passionately confessed his love for her before, Usui, and Urabe. In other words, they were her classmates from back when she was Ryou.

“We’re willing to fight to the death for you, Haruka-chan!”

“Then commit kagebara before we begin! If you take a trip to heaven when the match ends, this will be all the more moving!!”

It had not been long since she became a girl, but it felt like forever since she had spent time with them and she responded as she would have as a boy.

“Nwohh! Let’s win this and visit that hot spring with Haruka-chan!!”

“You can take a bath in a puddle instead!! And then go turn yourself into the police. They’ll have a special suite all ready for you!”

She enjoyed this sense that nothing had changed.

“Deh heh heh. I can feel it! I feel such joy as I’m whipped by a beautiful girl as her useless horse!”

“...”

She had nothing to say to Watanabe, so she just smacked him on the head.

“Oh! That’s Ryou’s twin sister for you!”

“She’s reacting just like he did! That’s some nice DNA!!”

“And she’s got these nice tits he never did! ...Eh heh. Talk about easy on the eyes.”

Haruka’s unexpected reactions had elicited the same friendly behavior they had shown Ryou, but even so, their treatment of her was fundamentally different from that of their male classmate.

(They're looking at...my swimsuit! They're looking at my t-tits... Sexually!!)

It was still a shock to find them viewing her as a target of lust.

Just as she had done to Yume and Kimino when she was a boy, their bloodshot eyes were surreptitiously staring at the chest and crotch of her swimsuit. Watanabe was blatantly letting his gaze crawl all along her body, which just made her uncomfortable.

As a boy, wearing a swimsuit had been a simple thing, but the girl's swimsuit clung skintight to her upper body and lower body. She was not used to how tight it felt.

To make matters worse, her body was more developed than the other girls, so the swimsuit applied pressure to the large mounds of her breasts and it felt almost oppressive. It may have been due to the fact that she had yet to break in this brand-new swimsuit, but her well-developed flesh would not be contained by the tight fabric and boldly bulged out at the sides and chest.

When she looked down, she noticed her cleavage was extremely pronounced, so she was afraid the boys her own height would be looking at it.

(I love big tits, but I never thought they would feel like such a hindrance on my own chest. ...I wonder if Yume trips so much because of hers. And her tits really do stand out in a swimsuit.)

When she stole a peak of the jiggling breasts of her cousin who was chatting with Kimino nearby, the blood rushed to her head.

It was only natural since she was a girl now, but she had changed in the same locker room as Yume. Feeling guilty, she had tried her best not to look, but after stripping defenselessly nude, the girl had walked up to her with her bare breasts jiggling like extra-large servings of pudding and she had pressed those ample mounds against Haruka's swimsuit.

"Fweh~ Your boobs are so perfectly shaped, Haruka-chan. They're so cool."

She had stared at the bulges of Haruka's chest without knowing this was actually genderbent Ryou. Kimino had yelled "Quit acting so spoiled, you busty girl! Share some of that size with me!" while holding Yume back, but that had only caused those weighty mounds to bounce all the more violently in front of Haruka's face and she had nearly gotten a nosebleed. Her face flushed again now that she recalled that scene in the locker room.

Her healthily plump butt also bulged out from the edge of the swimsuit if she so much as walked, so it was pretty uncomfortable. Plus, the size of her butt pulled on the fabric enough that it dug into her crotch a fair bit.

(This isn't good... When it's digging into my slit, I can't fix it in front of people... And it's going to turn me on if it keeps rubbing there like this... What do the other girls do?)

Wearing a school swimsuit for the first time, Haruka fidgeted with a mixture of confusion and embarrassment on her face. The boys immediately picked up on that obscene atmosphere and further heat filled the eyes leering at her.

"Wh-why are you giving me those dirty looks! Look the other way, idiots!!"

Unaware that her words were only stimulating the boys' lust, she glared sourly at them and scolded them a little weakly.

"Kh... Now I want you as my wife even more! No, I must have you as my wife! Ichijou Haruka-san! I won't ask that you let me impregnate you just yet! We can start off just fucking!! Please have sex with me!"

"Calm down, Watanabe! Don't you mean 'I won't ask that we be lovers. We can start off just as friends'!?"

"And quit trying to get in ahead of us! I too wish to be kept as Haruka-sama's servant as she insults me with that cold look in her eyes!!"

Two boys held back and tried to calm down Watanabe who was so horny he just about jumped at her.

They were fun to hang out with when it was between guys, but they were just annoying now that she was a girl. She had somehow ended up on a team with them, but she considered backing out of the game now. She started wearily moving away from them, but...

"Ha~ru~ka♪"

A cheerful girl stood in her way.

Her breasts were not as weighty as Yume's or Haruka's, but there was a healthy charm to the modest bulges of that body that had been trained in the

swimming club.

Unlike the other students, she wore a racing swimsuit that showed off her bodylines even more distinctly. Haruka gulped and could not help but stare at Kimino's alluring crotch which was barely covered the indecently high leg of her swimsuit. She gave the smile she always gave when plotting something against Ryou.

Haruka put her guard up when she remembered how often she had fallen victim to that as a boy.

"It's just about time~ How about we make this a competition between the two of us?"

"A competition? I-I..."

She tried to say she was not about to go along with that kind of farce, but Kimino spoke up before she could.

"You want to win, don't you? I mean, it is a two-day, one-night hot spring trip. I think I'll invite Yume~"

Haruka had meant to refuse no matter what her childhood friend said.

"A hot spring...with Yume!?"

But her heart was shaken by the idea of an overnight trip with her lovely cousin.

She could never have hoped for that as a boy, but that problem vanished now that they were both girls. And if they visited the bath together and stayed in the same room, she knew it would be fun through and through.

“Good luck, you two~ Both of you are so cool~ Sigh~ It hasn’t even started and I’m already excited.”

They received expectant looks from the gentle girl who always took the spectator role since she was devastatingly bad at anything related to moving around. As Ryou, Haruka had been bad at sports, had always failed to live up to Yume’s expectations, and had been jealous of Kimino, but things might be different now that she had a body meant to slay Oni.

She had intended to change out of this tight and oddly embarrassing swimsuit and then head home, but motivation suddenly welled up inside her. She turned back toward Watanabe and the other boys. The boys of the swim team who would be Kimino’s horse were showing off their muscular bodies and looking down on those other boys.

“Heh. Look at these puny little boys. Do you really think you can face us looking like that?”

“What a pain. You all aren’t even fit to get in the water!”

“Go home and suck on your mama’s milk, kiddies. Ha ha ha ha ha!!”

They let their white teeth sparkle from their suntanned bodies while threatening Watanabe’s group like pro wrestlers. It felt like they were going to

stir up a giant typhoon.

That behavior irked Haruka too, so she exchanged a glance with her three boys. The muddy evil had left their eyes and they gave her the looks of fighting men.

“Let’s win this.”

“Right.” “Of course.” “I don’t see how we can lose, buhi.”

They immediately responded to Haruka’s encouragement. They were acting as they had back when she was Ryou, so they actually felt reliable as the time to fight approached.

But despite her determination, she felt a bit of regret once she actually mounted her “horse”.

Watanabe was in front, Usui on the right, and Urabe on the left. Haruka placed her feet on the stirrups created by their tightly clasped hands and she balanced herself with her hands on her friend’s shoulders.

This setup caused other parts of her body to touch them.

Her inner thighs were pressed against their upper arms. If she lost her balance at all, her crotch would touch them, so it was an extremely precarious situation. And if she lowered her body even a little, her butt would reach their shoulders.

She had no choice but to lean forward, but that squished the large artillery

shell shape of her beautiful breasts against the back of Watanabe's head. He just about passed out from joy.

(I just can't seem to relax with any kind of physical contact with guys... It's like my skin has gotten oddly sensitive since I turned into a girl. I can really feel them touching me...)

She knew she was focusing on it too much, but the troublesome feeling left her mentally shaken. The boys also noticed the sensation of the beautiful transfer student's fine skin. They whispered quiet comments like "She's so graceful, smooth, and warm~" or "Fwah~ Her butt's touching me. It's so wonderfully plump~". Whether intentionally or subconsciously, they pressed up against her even more.

"Take this seriously! C'mon, it's starting!!"

"Okay~♪"

"Eh heh heh. Haruka-sama's mad at me."

She lightly hit them on the head, but they unfortunately actually sounded happy about it.

(If Yume had been riding me when I was a boy, I might have touched her like this. But...)

"Okay. It's about time to start! Five, four, three..."

She understood how the boy's felt, but she was left reeling by her girl side.

Meanwhile, the student council president's countdown finished and a pistol sound played to begin the pool cavalry battle.

Since quite a few new participants had been drawn by the unexpectedly luxurious prize, the main pool was crowded despite being fifty meters long and wide. And since most of the teams had formed on the spot, they did not work well together and a lot of them self-destructed.

Meanwhile, two teams raced around like lightning, defeating enemy after enemy.

Needless to say, they were the Kimino Team and the Haruka Team.

The boys making Kimino's horse were all from the swim team. Despite the restriction of the water, they moved just as well as on the surface to sidestep charging foes or easily corner fleeing prey.

On top of the horse, Kimino displayed impressive balance as she moved her slender and fit body around to steal enemy headbands without letting that enemy so much as touch her.

"Nee hee hee. No one stands a chance against us in the water. This is going to be a lot easier than I thought."

She was confident, but she never got careless. She dodged charging enemies, waited until they lost their balance, and shoved them down into the water.

On the opposite end of the large pool, Haruka's group was pulling off an equally one-sided battle. Their mobility in the water was not as impressive as

the swim team's, but Haruka's horse was made up of regulars from the basketball team, the karate team, and the anime research club.

They searched out two teams caught in a deadlock and blew them away with a tackle full of sumo spirit. If the horse managed to hold their ground, Watanabe would take advantage of the water holding them in place and finish them off with a judo tripping technique.

And if they doubted that logical and effective method would work on a certain opponent, it was Haruka's turn.

"Enough of those cheap tricks! We aren't letting you have that hot spring trip!!"

A second year team with a strong-willed girl in charge challenged them head-on.

The horse was likely entirely made up of sports team members. They moved quickly in the water and they used their large frames to charge in.

Haruka's horse would easily crumble from a direct hit, but...

"Keep going straight! Gooooo!"

Haruka ordered Watanabe to take them in head-on.

"Nwohhhhhhh!!"

When she clung to his back and pressed her large perky breasts against him, that boy who loved her went crazy. His face grew so red she thought blood would erupt from his nose and he charged at the upperclassmen with a frightening look on his face.

“Wh-what!?”

Overwhelmed by his threatening aura, their opponent briefly faltered. Haruka used that opening to extend her slender body. She bent her body as if throwing it out over the water and she shot out like a rocket to grab the headband from outside their opponent’s range. Her momentum threatened to take her right off the horse, but she twisted her body to forcefully change direction.

She placed a hand on Watanabe’s head and swung her long legs high. Her well-developed and flexible breasts bounced so much they nearly popped right out of her swimsuit as she side-flipped back on top of the three-man horse.

The students watching from the poolside cheered at her superhuman feat.

The upperclassman whose headband had been taken and the surrounding teams were completely taken aback.

“Let’s take them all out! Charge!!”

The three boys shouted their agreement with her valiant command and they rushed to battle even faster than before. It was like Haruka had filled them with new power.

The boys pressed up against the beautiful girl to make sure she did not fall off.

A tremor ran through her as their heads touched her pelvis.

Their shoulders dug into her soft butt and their upper arms pressed tightly against her inner thighs.

(Khh...hhh...)

Her heart throbbed as they rubbed against her using the pool water as lubricant.

Ever since turning into a girl, she had felt reluctance to having boys touch her.

“Ohhhhhh!”

Even so, she sternly widened her sharp eyes and gave a war cry.

“Eek! R-retreat!!”

“Sh-she’s gonna kill us!”

With the horse compactly pressed against Haruka, it picked up speed.

Their opponents were already afraid of the dignified girl’s superhuman movements, so they began fleeing in utter panic.

(I’m gonna kill you? What kind of person do they think I am? Still, this is our chance!!)

When looking at herself in the mirror, she did indeed see a somewhat unapproachable atmosphere that had been missing as a boy. She was pretty sure she might have been afraid if a girl looking like that had threatened and chased after her.

With that on her mind, she attacked the fleeing horse-riders and stole their defenseless headbands.

“Kyah~! Haruka-sama!!”

“Amazing~!! Oh, she just took out another one!”

The girls raised shrill cheers as she bravely beat up the boys.

(Th-the girls are cheering for me!? All right!)

She had the body of a girl, but her boy’s heart grew elated at this previously unthinkable moment of bliss. As fighting spirit welled up inside her, she stood up on the horse with a forward leaning posture that stuck her butt up behind her.

“Gooooo!!”

She ordered her horse toward another horse with its back defenselessly exposed.

“Ohhhhh!”

Watanabe and the others charged as if her motivation were contagious.

“Haruka-sama’s so cool!!”

“Get them!! Gooooo~~~!”

The girls’ cheers gave them even more energy.

The target noticed and quickly tried to turn around, but it was too late.

“Got you! Hahhhhhh!!”

Haruka almost leaped forward as she reached a hand toward the girl on the horse.

“———!! Ahn♪ Just take me~”

When she saw the dignified and tensely beautiful face approaching, the enemy girl held her own head forward with an enchanted look in her eyes.

After snatching away the headband, Haruka’s team ran off toward their next opponent.

“Sigh... Haruka-sama...had her way with me...”

The horse had come to a puzzled standstill and the defeated girl blushed happily and watched Haruka's dignified back with passionate eyes.

(We might actually be able to win this thing! I can go to a hot spring with Yume!!)

Her genderbent body allowed for actions that would have been impossible before and those had made victory truly easy. By stepping onto Watanabe's shoulders, placing a hand on his head, and stretching her body forward, she stole headband after headband from distances she never could have reached normally.

The enemy sometimes changed course and made a desperate attack, but she kept her headband out of their reach by leaning back as far as possible with her weighty breasts bouncing up in front of her. She would then kick up her slender foot and accurately grab their headband with her toes.

"Heh. Not bad. You're Ichijou Haruka, right? You remind me of me in my heyday!"

Even the student council president praised her. But her heyday doing what?

Despite Haruka's intense actions, she used her incredible balance to ensure her weight did not shift too drastically for the boys supporting her and her own horse did not self-destruct.

The pool had become a battlefield and the light music club band was filling the gaps with surging waves of music on the special stage. The bent guitar and bass playing over the high-gain amp at full boost had become one as they

played out a high-speed riff that sounded like flesh and bone being chopped apart by a machete.

The beautiful vocalist Angela Gotou looked far too cute to be producing the bestial death voice that roared over the intensely-fast two-bass blast beat. The lead guitarist Michael Amamoto produced a weeping melody from his Flying V that wrapped around the vocalist's roar.

On the lower left of the film research club's live footage of the cavalry battle, a small box showed Angela raising her middle finger and roaring out lyrics that were utterly incomprehensible when one was not used to it.

Haruka's team continued defeating their enemies. But eventually, Mikino's team appeared before them while earning victories of their own at lightning speed.

"Hahhhh!!"

"You're mine!"

The groups trapped between those two teams did not even have a chance to fight back as they were quickly exterminated and taken out of the game.

"So you really were the last ones left. I had a feeling you weren't the average opponent from the moment you entered the game. ...It's on, Haruka!!"

"I'm not about to lose either!! Let's do this, Kimino!"

The roaring vocals were not the best background music, so President Kitaminami Hideko took over for Angela Gotou.

“The future of the planet~♪ Is floating so nicely~♪”

The breasts barely contained by her swimsuit bounced as she danced with perfect choreography.

It was a song from a magical girl anime, but since the accompaniment was a death metal band, the instruments were tuned four levels too low and the cords were a half-tone too low, creating a doom-filled performance.

The music made it sound like something was going to rise from the water as the two teams clashed head-on.

The two horses collided and Watanabe’s group faltered since the swim team had the advantage in the water.

“That’s mine!!”

The cheerful girl stretched out her fit body to take advantage of this chance.

“Kh!”

Haruka avoided the approaching arm and leaned her body as far back as she could to help the horse regain its balance. Kimino’s fingers missed the headband, so they ended up grabbing the ponytail girl’s massive mounds that were bouncing up from the intense action.

“Hyawah!!”

The unexpected stimulus sent a jolt of electricity racing from Haruka’s chest to her brain.

Fingers desperate for victory dug into the beautiful spheres, mercilessly molded their shape, and caused more of the soft flesh to overflow from the cramped confines of the school swimsuit.

Meanwhile, the genderbent girl had thrust a hand out in counterattack even as she leaned back. It veered off course, slipped in through the side of the racing swimsuit, and directly grabbed Kimino’s breast.

“Ah!”

“Ahhh!!”

The childhood friend’s back gave a jump and a lovely blush came over her grimacing face.

(W-wow! Th-this is Kimino’s breast!! I’m touching it...directly! It’s small...but...so soft...)

The mound was modest in size, but it still felt like it would collapse if she treated it too roughly.

In fact, its small size gave it more elasticity and she could feel it bulging back

around her fingertips.

Both girls blushed with sweet looks on their faces at the mutual groping, but then they came back to their senses and pulled their hands back.

“Hyah!”

“Ahh!!”

That action pulled off the shoulders traps and their wet swimsuits fell away.

Haruka’s breasts had been about to pop out anyway, so they burst from their cramped restraints.

“Ohhhh! Hell yes!!”

“They really are too big! That school swimsuit just couldn’t contain them!”

“But that’s great! This is just great!!”

Haruka glared at the comments she heard, but she quickly lowered her head when she saw the countless male gazes focused her way.

“Wow. Did you see that look? I think my heart skipped a beat.”

“Sh-she’s so cute... I think I’m in love!!”

The gap between her fierce look and her following embarrassment only turned the boys on even more. In fact, quite a few of the girls felt their hearts racing at Haruka's behavior.

Due to the lack of anything to hold it up, Kimino's swimsuit slipped down from her smaller mounds.

"Look at that modest size and healthy beauty~!"

"This is pretty sexy too..."

"I wish she was wearing a school swimsuit instead of that racing one!!"

"You moron!! It's the racing swimsuit that shows off her fit body!"

Her smaller breasts produced just as many cheers as Haruka's.

Sparks flew as the school swimsuit faction just about got into a fight with the racing swimsuit faction.

They both frantically covered their breasts with an arm, but that still left most of them exposed.

The students were going nuts at this unexpected double wardrobe malfunction.

“Tits! Tits!! Tits! Tiiiiits!!!”

Whoever had started it, a tits chant began and grew louder and louder. The bass drum kept the rhythm while the student council president and Angela used their microphones to lead the chant.

The crowd produced enough noise to rival the melodic death band’s performance and the entire student body focused their eyes on those four breasts.

(Ah, one arm isn’t hiding anything! But if I use both arms...)

Kimino would attack. She too was using a single arm to cover both breasts, so she could use the other arm to snatch Haruka’s headband.

Haruka was covering the nipples, but moving around would shift her arm out of place and bring them into view. And her breasts were so large that both arms would not be enough to fully hide them, so one arm really was just barely enough.

Then again, she was actually a boy, so why should she care if people saw her chest?

She tried to convince herself of that, but it was still too embarrassing.

Did that mean she was gaining a girl’s thought patterns as well?

That was the last thing she would want as Ryou, but then she noticed that the

boys making up Kimino's horse had their eyes fixated on her breasts.

(Th-those guys...!! Don't tell me...!?)

She checked her own horse and saw that they were looking forward at Kimino's bare chest.

However, her own horse's eyes were not nearly as intense as the other's.

Kimino's horse was about to get a nosebleed as they stared at those giant bare breasts with only the nipples covered.

Since Haruka had originally been a boy, she knew how they felt. Her breasts were a weapon. And a much more powerful one than Kimino's smaller breasts.

(It's embarrassing...but I can stand this much. Take this.)

She lifted her arm a little so they had an excellent view of her underboob from below.

"Gooo! Charge!!"

At the same time, she commanded her own horse.

"———!! Ohhhhhh!"

Watanabe and the others came back to their senses and performed a tackle.

“Ah, you idiots. Why are you zoning out!? Kyah!!”

The swim team members were so fixated on Haruka’s breasts that they were caught off guard and lost their balance.

Kimino was sent flying.

“You’re mine!”

“N-no! Ahhhhhh!!”

Haruka’s hand shot out and snatched her childhood friend’s headband.

Kimino fell into the water with a tremendous splash and the end of the battle was signaled with a giant pillar of fire from the stage in a bit of pyrotechnics that had to be against fire regulations.

“That’s all folks! The winner is Ichijou Haruka’s team!!”

After the president named her the victory, Haruka tossed aside Kimino’s headband and a thundering cheer burst out. Meanwhile, she jumped into the water to quickly fix her swimsuit and get her giant breasts back inside.

The students who had watched the intense battle from the poolside were so excited they jumped into the water and gathered around. If she had been any slower, she would have been in serious trouble.

“Ahh, ahh. I almost had it too, but your bigger boobs gave you the win.”

Her childhood friend looked frustrated but cheerful as she fixed her swimsuit.

“Kimino...Nn!?”

Just as she faced her to praise her efforts, a weird swell of water wrapped around her body.

(Wh-what?)

She initially thought she was imagining things or that it was due to everyone approaching her through the water at once, but she realized something really was wrong when the water wriggled with definite intent and groped her butt.

Watanabe and the others were shouting “We’re the best!”, “Ohh!! A hot spring trip with Haruka-chan!!”, or “An overnight trip at a mixed-sex open-air hot spring!” and they were soon caught among the celebrating spectators, so they could not have touched her butt.

“I lost~ Haruka, that was some amazing movement. Do you do some kind of martial arts? Or maybe gymnastics?”

“N-no, not really...fweh~”

She tried to give a noncommittal answer to Kimino’s questions about her superhuman abilities, but then something tickled along her side.

“What’s the matter?”

Haruka had made an odd cry and gone a little limp at the ticklish sensation, so her childhood friend tilted her head.

“It’s noth-...hyah! Nn...ahh...!!”

She tried to say it was nothing, but this time something groped and squeezed at her breasts, eliciting a seductive moan.

“Are you okay? You don’t look too good.”

“I’m...fine...”

(This is definitely odd... This water...is messing with...my body...)

Meanwhile, it pinched and kneaded her nipples. She held back a sweet moan and tried to hide it behind her relatively unchanging expression.

“Hee!!”

But as the water moved with a mind of its own, it lifted the fabric plastered to Haruka’s skin and slipped below the school swimsuit. She gasped at the itchy feeling of it stroking across every inch of her bare skin. She used her tensed eyes to look around, but the other students seemed just fine.

She was the only target.

(Could this be...an Oni!?)

She quickly searched for Yume and spotted her approaching from the poolside using an awkward doggy paddle, but she was not making much progress due to her terribly unathletic nature.

Nothing seemed to be attacking her, so Haruka breathed a sigh of relief.

Yume had to be their real target, but they must have decided to eliminate the troublesome protector first. The water wriggling within her school swimsuit grew even bolder.

“Nn...hhhhh!”

The attack on her nipples had been intense enough over the swimsuit, so now that the water rolled them around directly, she had to clench her teeth to hold back the cry.

At the same time, the groping of her breasts as a whole grew more varied.

The water squeezed at the base of the mounds.

But a moment later, it gently loosened them up with a pleasant rhythm along the flesh.

“Congratulations, Ichijou-san! You were so cool!!”

“Fweh... Thank...y-...nn...”

“I was moved!! You were so pretty dancing atop the water like that!”

“I...didn’t do...anything that...amaz...ah, ahh...ing...”

She tried to feign calm as people gathered around to celebrate her victory, but some sensual moans escaped into her voice. She was terribly worried they would all notice her breasts seeming to bounce around within the water due to the groping movement.

“Hee!”

A sudden stimulation reached her already aroused nipples, so her entire body shook.

“Ah, I just have...the h-hiccups... Ah ha...ah ha ha... Fwah!!”

The surrounding people began wonder about the noises she was making. She tried to explain it away, but then a pecking sensation reached her the flower petals of her pussy lips and her knees nearly gave out.

“Are you okay? Your face is pretty red. If you’re tired, maybe you should get out of the pool.”

A nearby girl was worried for her and Haruka really did want to do just that, but when she tried to respond, a powerful pressure reached her nipples and her voice died in her throat.

“~~~~~”

Even if she had forced her voice out, it only would have been an indecent moan, so she had no choice but to bite her lip and shake her head.

The pressure on her nipples let up once she did.

The more she wanted to explain away what was happening, the more her cheeks flushed and the more her sharp expressionless face grew defenselessly slack.

Her angled eyes grew damp and everyone nearby could not look away from the alluring charm there.

(I can't...stand any more of this. My tits...feel too good... I can't hold back...my voice...)

She could not concentrate knowing that powerful stimulation could assault her again at any time.

“Congratulations, Ichijou Haruka-san!! Quite a show for someone who only just transferred in!”

At the worst possible time, a member of the journalism club showed up with

waterproofed equipment for an interview with the victor.

The obscene water below her swimsuit seemed to decide this was the perfect moment because its slippery sensation rubbed all over her stomach while rushing toward her crotch.

(Ah, ahhhh!! No... Not...there!)

She quickly pressed her thighs together to close off her crotch, but it was a futile attempt when the water could freely change its width and shape.

As it shook her butt just like her breasts, she could feel the itching sensation loosening up her urethra. She had made sure to use the bathroom before changing into her swimsuit, but the pool had cooled her down.

She was afraid she might pee right here in the pool.

“Oh? You aren’t looking too good. Are you okay?”

Despite the worried question, the reporter was clearly intent on continuing the interview.

Haruka wanted to refuse since she had nothing to say.

(Kh...ah, ahhhhh...Not my...pee hole....ahhhhh!)



But as soon as she opened her mouth, the wriggling water forced open her small urethra.

No matter how hard she tried to fight it, the urine was going to leak out.

(I...can't let myself...pee while everyone's watching!! Fwah...no...not...there!)

As she trembled from that frightening premonition, the water tickled at her anus in a surprise attack. The water seemed to soak into and loosen each individual wrinkle.

The water would react to the movements of her heart and cruelly change its mode of attack, so there was nothing she could do.

Just a bit of urine seeped out.

It was nowhere near enough for anyone to notice, but it still upset her.

(But there are so many other students around here...!)

Her old classmates from the boys class were here, her beloved Yume was here, and Kimino was here.

For some reason, the guilt of peeing in that water sent a tremor of arousal up her spine.

Along with some more pee, some sexual fluids flowed from her vagina.

(Fwah, I just peed some more... And my pussy's getting wet... Wh-what do I do?)

Thinking about it only made it worse. Putting it into clear words in her mind brought a dangerous throbbing to her womb.

“You have some really nice proportions there! Do you mind telling me your measurements~?”

The reporter girl started off with a question blatantly unrelated to the cavalry battle, but it had to be the one everyone most wanted the answer to.

“I don’t...know that... I’ve never...measured...nkh...myself...ahhh!!”

Her ability to think had dropped too far to just drive the girl away. Plus, she had no idea how to answer this question as a girl, so she answered entirely honestly.

“Then you measure her, Miss Reporter!”

“Give us a special report on Haruka-san’s measurements~!”

The boys shouted their suggestions.

(Ehh? M-measure...my breast size...!?)

If she was asked now, she might not be able to say no. And the measuring would involve touching her here and there, so what would happen to her? Her measurements would be revealed as she writhed in pleasure in front of all those students.

(Fwah... No...that would be...too embarrassing.)

However, her breasts seemed to press out against her swimsuit as if to look even a millimeter larger. At the same time, the sweet throbbing grew.

“Too bad. I don’t have anything to measure her with, so that’ll have to wait until later~ Now, onto the next question.”

Haruka let out a heated sigh filled with a perverted mixture of relief and disappointment. And just as she thought she had overcome that crisis, her pussy lips were spread open from within.

“Ah...hee!”

She just about collapsed.

“Ah ha ha. Don’t act so scared. I’m not gonna ask anything weird~”

Haruka had a hard time believing that since this girl had asked for her measurements right off the bat. The reporter had mistaken her moans for fear, but Haruka did not have it in her to respond and her damp eyes began to wander.

“Is it just me...or is Haruka-san acting weird?”

“Now that you mention it... I thought she was just tired after the cavalry battle, but it looks like it’s something else.”

“That expression looks oddly sexy...or rather, sexual.”

The surroundings students grew suspicious of the expression she made as the wriggling water toyed with her vulva.

(Ah, ahh... My expression...is sexual? Everyone's...watching? They're...starting to notice!?)

She felt certain their many eyes would reveal her obscene arousal.

Even if she tried to hide it, putting up with the pleasure only made the look on her face all the more indecent.

(Hyah! It's...inside my slit. Don't rub me there. Ahh, and everyone's... watching.)

The wet caress of the flesh inside her hidden slit instantly enveloped her crotch with heat. Her body grew visibly limp and she could barely keep her head above water.

(Wah, ah, ahhh!! Don't...spread those! Ahh, and don't rub at the inside!!)

The water grabbed at the inner lips and spread them to either side, so the cold water covered the entire sensitive organ. It was not a bad feeling. The sweetness in her chest forced a seductive sigh from her lips.

“By the way, do you have a boyfriend? With looks like that, you must've been

pretty popular at your last school~”

“I don’t... And I don’t want one... Not a boy...”

“Oh? Th-then, Haruka-san, are you more into girls!?”

Her rational mind was near collapse.

She did her best to answer so the others would not realize what was happening to her.

However, her answer ended up being a little too honest.

If she was asked “You’re really a boy, aren’t you?”, she probably would have agreed without thinking.

The water stirred up her sexual slit and began focusing its attacks on the most sensitive parts.

(Hyah! It’s going inside!! Khh... You’re kidding... Not there!)

With the thickness of a pinky finger, the water slipped into the shallow part of her vagina and worked at loosening up that stiff virgin hole. With an alternating rhythm, it began the exact same thing at the rear hole.

This would have produced a pleasantly sticky noise out of the water. Love juices immediately flowed from deep inside her vagina, inviting the intruder

deeper inside.

(Hyah...ahh...ah... This is...going to drive me...insane...ahh...)

The water was its own lubricant, but once her stickier bodily fluids joined it, the rubbing sensation felt twice as good.

“Um, are you okay? Was that a hard question to answer?”

The reporter seemed worried when Haruka did not answer.

“Nn, no, it isn’t...that...but...no comment...”

(What do I do? ...They’re bound to find out! They’re going to notice I’m overwhelmed with pleasure because my pussy’s being toyed with!)

She had somehow managed to answer, but even she could tell her voice was shrill in a decidedly horny way.

She could no longer pass this off as anything else. What did everyone think of her as they saw her and heard her like this? Just imagining it was maddeningly embarrassing.

Narrow intruders were alternately sticking just a bit into her virgin vagina and anus to stir up the entrance. Each time, a powerful throb came from deep in her lower stomach and it took all her willpower to hold back the shrill moan that threatened to escape.

If this tantalizing stimulus continued for too long, she was afraid she would start wanting it to go deeper.

(Ahh, everyone's watching, but I'm shaking my hips! They're moving!! No, it's too embarrassing!)

She twisted her hips to shake off the sensation enveloping her lower body, but it was nowhere near enough to force it away. In fact, it only drew everyone's eyes to her butt, which only increased the throbbing.

(It just keeps...rubbing inside my slit... Hyah! It's pulling back the lips again!! Why just the hole's entrance...!? I'm going crazy deeper inside!)

If a nice thick bit of water had started fucking her deep in her vagina, she would have been unable to restrain her horniness in front everyone, but it remained at a level where she was stuck on the borderline between controlling herself or not. She could only clench her teeth and endure this sensual crisis.

"Hey, if you're feeling bad, I can take you to the infirmary."

Noticing Haruka's abnormal behavior, Kimino whispered worriedly in her ear.

The ticklish sensation squeezed at her womb and more love juices flowed out to wet her vulva.

"The...infirm...ary...?"

There were beds there, so she could masturbate as much as she wanted. And

if Kimino came with her...

She got scared as soon as that idea came to mind.

“Nn... Thanks, but...no. I’m fine...Kimino...”

“R-really?”

She was pretty sure she would actually do it if she went, so she shook her head in refusal. She gave her worried childhood friend a smile, but it unintentionally became the come-hither look of a flirting woman.

The groping of her breasts continued unabated and the tense mounds had been softened up below the school swimsuit. The nipples, conversely, had become much harder and the erect beads were plainly visible through the thick fabric. Even if they were underwater, the closer people had to have noticed her nipples were erect. The eyes glued to them drove her crazy.

Was the water itself an Oni or was the Oni elsewhere as it controlled the water to sweetly conquer the genderbent boy’s female body? This “girl” who had so recently become Onikiri-hime was too confused by the presences of the approaching students to tell.

The water peeled back her clitoral hood and touched the clitoris directly.

“—————!! Hyah...ah...ah...!”

She just barely held back a scream, but she could not stop her eyes from

widening and her jaw from falling slack with drool dripping out. Her twitching spine arched back and her crotch convulsed.

An eruption of love juices mixed with the pool water. She could only hope no one had noticed.

(Eh? Ahh... Not that...most sensitive...bead! No...)

The back of her mind was stirred up by a spiral of pleasure far greater than before.

A tiny hand made of water grabbed the erect clitoris and rhythmically stroked it from base to tip like giving a handjob to a penis.

“Hyahn! Hh...ahhh!!”

A blinding flash of light struck her brain cells. Her consciousness flashed in and out from the extreme pleasure.

“See, you are acting weird, Haruka. Let’s go to the infirmary!”

Her legs went limp and she nearly collapsed inside the water, but Kimino quickly supported her hips.

(The infirmary...? Doing it between girls with Kimino in the infirmary...? Ahh... that sounds great.)

The delight of that girl's slender but reliable arms sent a further tremor through her body and produced even more love juices.

(Ahh, a whole bunch more sex juices...are coming out. My juices...are mixing with the pool water. I want to pee too... Pee in the pool...)

Kimino drove off the reporter since Haruka did not seem to be feeling good, Haruka clung to the girl's shoulders, pressed her breasts against the girl as the water continued groping them, and gasped for breath.

"H-Haruka-san's way too sexual..."

"She's got the same look I see in porn videos..."

"This is making me feel funny too..."

They did not know what was happening, but they could tell she looked incredibly sexual. Her state of carnality caused all the boys to lean forward to hide the bulges in their swimsuits.

(I'm...sexual...? Ahh, they're all getting horny watching me... I'm a sexual girl, so they're all getting horny!! Fwah! Ah, ahh!!)

Even some of the girls seemed to be getting wet because they were blushing and their hips were fidgeting.

Seeing that only produced a feedback loop of arousal and the wriggling water only grew more intense.

(Hee...ahh...no. It won't stop...stroking my clit. Fwaaah. Not the hole...quit just toying with the entrance... I'm gonna...fwahhh! My tits...my nipples. I'm gonna go crazy!! Fwah, I can't hold back...my voice any longer!)

Too many parts of her body felt amazing. A girl's pleasure was strong in the first place, but this "girl" had only changed sex recently and did not know how to handle it. There was nothing she could do with so many places under attack at once. At this rate, she was going to writhe in pleasure and moan obscenely in front of the entire student body.

(Kh...fwah...I...can't hold it in...any longer!!)

The sphincter she had kept desperately shut finally gave in and she could not contain the urine in her bladder.

The wriggling water kept the urethra wide open and a jet of warm liquid flowed out.

(Fwaaaaah~~~ What do I do, what do I do!? I'm peeing! I'm peeing!! Ahhhh, hnn... Ah, ahhhh, it won't stop!)

Her urethra was much shorter than as a boy and her ability to hold it in was much weaker.

She tried fighting it, but her effort only increased the force of the flow and a pale lemon color mixed into the pool water as it passed through her school swimsuit.

(Heee! I'm peeing... I'm peeing in the poooooool!!)

"Kh...hh..."

The release of urination rapidly increased the heat in her crotch and she nearly collapsed from the sense of lethargy.

The sweet sensation of her spread pussy lips and teased vagina combined with the pleasure of urination and confused her rational mind.

(Ah...ahh...if this keeps up...I'll...I'll cum...)

She did not think she could last much longer.

She would reach climax without revealing the Oni's identity.

"Huh? The pool feels a little warmer over here... And the color..."

Meanwhile, someone finally noticed.

(Hee!!)

A nearby boy tilted his head, stared into the water, and gradually turned his eyes toward Haruka's crotch. He was going to see the lemon color of the urine still flowing from the crotch of her school swimsuit.

She would be mocked throughout the school as the filthy girl who had peed in

the pool right after winning the cavalry battle.

(Noooo. But I can't stop peeing!)

But at the last second, some violent splashing stirred up the pee-filled water as if to erase the evidence that would guide Haruka to disaster.

“Congratulations, Haruka-chan!! You were so cool! And you were really brave, Kimino-chan!! I love both of you!”

The terrible swimmer and goddess of fortune arrived with a smile as sweet as candy. She praised them both for their battle and jumped over to embrace both of them at once.

(Ahhh...Yu...me... You saved...me... Nn...ahahhhhh!!)

Yume's giant soft breasts bounced defenselessly as she jumped over and then pressed tightly against Haruka's breasts that had melted from the water's torment.

Yume's pleasantly plump skin pressed perfectly against Haruka's carnally aroused skin.

Relieved by Yume's appearance, Haruka had let her guard down, so this unexpected stimulus created a sudden explosion of pleasure.

A preliminary burst of orgasmic juices squirted out with the last of the urine.

(Fwaaaah! No, I'm cumming!! Yume made me cuuuuum!)

The obscene water pinched at her clitoris and nipples and roughly rolled them around.

It also scratched at the entrance of her vagina and anus, as if trying to pull them back.

A flash of light burst in her mind and her entire body shook.

Her womb rapidly tightened and her vagina and anus followed suit.

A hot surge flowed from deep within her body.

“Ah, ahhh.....!! Ahhh! Ahhhhhh!!”

It was a miracle she managed to keep her voice as quiet as she did.

She clung to Yume while pretending to be hugging the girl back and she pressed her lips against the girl's neck to restrain her voice.

“Ha wa wa... Haruka-chan just kissed me♪”

Her cousin's delight at that fact was what pushed her mind over the edge.

(Nnah! I-I'm cumming!! Haaaafwaaaaaaahhhh!)

It was fortunate she was in the water because everyone would have heard the obscenely wet sounds squirting from her crotch otherwise.

The sensation of that feminine spray caused her crotch to throb and brought her to orgasm.

(Ahh... I came in front of everyone...)

That obscene water had teased her without even giving her a chance to catch her breath, but it vanished in an instant.

She never even figured out if that was an Oni.

The arousal of that intense battle stayed with her, as she gasped for breath, brought erections or love juices to the crowd around her with the horny look of orgasm on her face, and collapsed limply into her cousin and childhood friend's arms.

Chapter the Fifth - Approaching Crisis

After the event ended in the most exciting way, the students left the pool satisfied. Some worked at their club activities as usual and some just went home.

Haruka and Kimino, the stars of the pool cavalry tournament, walked home with Yume like normal.

“Are you okay, Haruka? You didn’t look too good.”

Her body had returned to normal after the waves of orgasm had receded, but her childhood friend was still worried about her.

“Yes, I’m perfectly fine. More importantly, Kimino, is your leg okay?”

“Does it still hurt? The teacher said she’d drive you home, so you shouldn’t force yourself.”

Yume was also as concerned about Kimino as she would be about herself.

“I’m fine, I’m fine. I had it looked at and they said it was nothing much. And I’m kind of afraid to have Tama-chan-sensei drive me.”

She acted tough, but her energetic face grimaced a little with each step she took. When she had tried to hold her ground and not fall from her horse as Haruka’s horse had charged her in the end, she seemed to have twisted her leg weirdly.

Haruka wanted to lend her a shoulder, but with their height difference, Kimino could only cling to her arm for support.

She watched her step as she walked while her short reddish hair touched Haruka's shoulder and her lively body pressed against Haruka's arm. The warmth and softness of the girl's body embarrassed Haruka a little.

"You've always pushed yourself too hard, Kimino."

When they were little, Haruka had similarly helped the girl home after she had jumped from the top of the park's jungle gym and hurt her leg. This reminded her of that, so she commented on it.

"Hweh? Haruka-chan? What do you mean always?"

"Ryou told me before!"

She tended to start acting like Ichijou Ryou when around these two. And yet these were the two she least wanted to know about her genderbending and the two with the greatest risk of catching on.

"Oh, that makes sense. But you and Ryou-chan must have kept in touch a lot. I guess it couldn't be helped what with the main family's rules and all, but I didn't know about you at all~ I never met you when I visited over there... And Ryou-chan never told me anything about it..."

Their doubt immediately vanished. Yume would occasionally visit the main

Ichijou family, so she seemed a little sad they had never told her about who was supposed to be her closest relative there.

“Wh-what else did Ryou say about me!? I-I doubt it was anything good, though... He can be so useless sometimes!!”

Kimino seemed to think Ryou had been badmouthing her to his twin sister because she started questioning Haruka with an oddly flushed and sulky look.

“Oh, um... We didn’t speak all that often... I just heard a quick mention her and there is all...”

Saying too much created a greater risk of making a mistake. The idea that Ichijou Haruka was Ichijou Ryou’s twin sister who had been living with the main family had been thought up overnight with her parents. The more excuses she made, the less sense it would make.

“Oh, okay~ Yeah, I only see the main family’s Akira-chan and Shinobu-kun at New Year’s each year.”

Kimino seemed upset at the lack of a clear answer, but Yume accepted it because she was used to her relatives keeping a lot of secrets. She also mentioned the cousins that Ryou had never met but she had previously said she had made friends with.

“Oh, right. There’s a new kind of sweet that goes on sale today, so let’s buy some and eat it together.”

Yume suddenly spoke up as they passed in front of a convenience store.

That cousin had a weakness for sweets, so she always knew about all the new products. Her happy face softened further and she started jogging, but she came to a rapid stop.

Haruka looked over and saw five or six unruly looking men sitting on the dirty ground by the convenience store entrance. They were chatting in vulgar, slurring voices and they were surrounded by empty bread packaging, cigarette butts, and other trash.

“———!! It’s them...”

Kimino’s face immediately grew harsh.

“Um, the sweets can wait until tomorrow...”

Yume’s face also tensed and she hesitantly turned back.

“Hey! What’re you ignorin’ us for, Yuuumeeee-chan!?”

An unpleasantly sticky voice reached her back.

Her plump body trembled and came to a stop. Her normally cute and cheerfully smiling face had gone pale and she looked on the verge of tears.

A man with his head (including eyebrows) shaved wearily stood up while smirking at the girl’s behavior.

His pants hung so low, most of his boxers were visible.

He had the word “Boner” tattooed on his upper arm, so he was a lost cause in more ways than one.

“Hmm~ You’re with a pretty hot friend today. Introduce us already, Kimino-chan.”

The next man had piercings all over his ears and his hair was dyed a speckled purple and yellow after being cut in what could only be a completely random pattern. He spoke up with a raspy voice that was painful to listen to.

The others lazily got up and approached the three girls.

“Are these friends of yours?” asked Haruka when she heard their familiar speech.

“Of course not!!” answered Kimino. “When I went shopping with Yume the day before yesterday, they hit on us by the station. They heard us using each other’s names and started using them like we were friends. They wouldn’t go away, so I shouted and made a fuss until a police officer showed up and saved us.”

“That happened!? Why didn’t you tell me-...I-I mean, tell your parents?”

Haruka had not known at all that her precious cousin and childhood friend had run into that kind of trouble. Anger welled up inside her.

“Because it was just the once. Nothing actually happened, so we didn’t want to worry anyone. I didn’t think we’d ever see them again. Especially not here of all places...”

“You weren’t very nice back then, y’know?” said one of the men. “We just called out to you because we wanted to have a good time. Do you know how hard it was to lose the cops after that?”

“It wasn’t easy figuring out you’re Modoribashi Academy students either. But it looks like it was worth it. That’s what got us this emotional reunion, after all.”

This was no coincidence. The men had been waiting for Yume and Kimino on their path home from school.

The energetic girl had been glaring fiercely at the men, but worry came over her face now.

“Kimino-chan... H-Haruka-chan...”

Meanwhile, Yume’s legs seemed paralyzed with fear. She had tears in her eyes and her voice was trembling.

“Don’t worry. Let’s go.”

Haruka supported Kimino and placed her other arm around her cousin’s shoulder. That seemed to allow Yume to move again. She clung to Haruka’s uniform with her cute hands and matched Haruka’s pace as they began walking.

Ryou would not have been able to act so resolutely, but after facing inhuman Oni, Haruka had nothing to fear from human delinquents.

She started away as quickly as she could while helping along her childhood friend who was slowed by her injury.

“Oh, c’mon now. Let’s have some fun today at least. We need to have loooooots of fun to make up for last time.”

The men easily circled ahead of them.

“After what you did when all we did was talk to you, you don’t get to say no!”

The dangerous-looking men threatened them with callous looks in their eyes.

“Ohh~ The new girl’s pretty cute. What’s your name? You don’t have anything better to do right now, right? So come sing some karaoke with us. Just some karaoke.”

A gaudily-dressed long-haired man who reeked of cheap cologne refused to let them past.

“Or if you don’t like all the noise, we could go to a quieter sort of private room.”

They were completely surrounded. An oddly muscular man in a tank top loudly chewed gum while leering all over their bodies. The other men did the

same. Haruka felt the hair on her neck stand on end as their sticky gazes focused in on her breasts, butt, and crotch.

(Kh... Guys are giving me...dirty looks again... It really creeps me out.)

On top of that, those gazes were also directed at the fleshy body of the cousin she had loved since she was little and the healthy body of her precious childhood friend. The men were clearly imagining what those bodies looked like below the uniforms.

Having the boys of her class leer at her had been bad enough, so being made the target of these men's lust made her hate men all the more.

"Out of the way! We don't have time for the likes of you!!"

She placed her anger in her voice and the men in front of her backed away from her force of will. She slipped through that slight gap while covering for Yume and Kimino. She sped up her pace while glancing back at the men who had been caught off guard. Her cousin followed as did her childhood friend who clenched her teeth from the pain in her leg.

"Hold it, you bitch!!"

But the delinquents quickly came back to their senses and rushed after them without even trying to hide their anger.

One with a dirty, acne-covered face grabbed at Kimino who was dragging her leg.

“Run away!!”

Just before he could grab her, Haruka pushed her cousin and childhood friend forward.

“Haruka-chan!?” “Haruka!”

The two looked back in surprise and she used her eyes to tell them to get going.

“Hahhhhh!!”

The man who had failed to grab Kimino teetered forward and she slammed a backhand blow into his face with her back still turned.

“Ghah!”

Her fist broke his nose and warm blood flowed out.

She felt an odd elation at the sensation on the back of her hand.

“Damn you!!”

“You biiiiiitch!”

The men raged at the sight of their friend collapsed in pain.

But when Haruka looked back and they got a look at her face, they gasped in fear.

“How dare you frighten Yume and Kimino!!”

Gravity seemed to have vanished around her because she took a light step and her slender body flew high into the sky.

Her skirt fluttered up, revealing her panties below.

The men’s eyes quickly gathered on the pure white fabric containing her plump butt.

She showed no embarrassment over the concentrated fire of gazes.

“Seiiii!”

A long leg wrapped in a black knee sock kicked up at the lead man’s jaw.

“Gwoh!!”

She extended the length of her extraordinary jump by using the curled-up man’s shoulder as a foothold.

The others were unable to react to her rapid movements.

They stood motionless with sleazy smiles of joy at harassing girls.

A bald head stared dumbly up at her leap and an accelerated knee slammed right into his face.

More dangerous joy raced up Haruka's spine when she felt something breaking.

She landed with her arms spread out to the sides like wings and her fingers grasped the hair of the men on either side of her.

"Hn!"

"Gwah!" "Gheh!!"

She pulled their heads together with all her might and they collapsed unconscious to the ground.

"D-damn you!!" "You...bitch!"

The others finally reacted.

They were shocked that this girl had taken out four of their group so quickly, but they were also seething with anger.

"Don't you fuck with us! Looks like you need a good raping!!"

She ducked below one man's fist and stepped forward while crouched down.

"Gbahhh!"

After an elbow strike to the solar plexus, he held his gut and passed out.

"Hah!!"

Haruka ignored how high her skirt fluttered up as she sent a leg up directly behind her.

"Ghehh!"

Her heel sank into the crotch of a man who had approached from behind to grab her.

He writhed around in serious pain, but she gave a mocking laugh.

(Not my problem. I'm a girl.)

They seemed to be moving in slow motion.

She had no martial arts experience and she never been in a real fight.

"Ghah!!"

But her body naturally reacted to the attacking men and she sent out the appropriate attacks.

“Owwwww!”

She beat down the insolent delinquents with the body of Onikiri-hime that she had gained to protect Yume, aka Oninagusamu-hime.

“Goddammit! This girl’s strong!!”

“What was with that punch? That wasn’t a girl’s strength. Is she hiding a weapon or something?”

Even when more than one attacked at once, she made swift movements and led them to hit each other instead. Some were clearly afraid of her overwhelming strength that made a one-on-one fight hopeless.

Spirit filled her beautiful and dignified face that did not even have a drop of her opponents’ blood on it.

“Swear to me you will never mess with Yume and Kimino again! Promise me and I will leave it at this!!”

The men were angered by the intensity of her voice, but none of them dared speak back or attack her after she beat down around ten of them in no time at all.

However...

“Hey! Get away from me!!”

“Kimino-chan!! Kyah!”

She could not believe what she heard behind her.

“———!! Yume! Kimino!”

She looked back in surprise and saw those two being held by two men she had thought had fled.

“Wh-why?”

“Because...we thought something bad was going to happen to you because of us... Ahh, I’m sorry, Haruka-chan...”

“S-sorry... But I couldn’t leave you alone with them...”

Given Yume and Kimino’s personalities, this should not have been a surprise.

The energetic girl could normally have easily defeated one of the delinquents, but the man had her arms pinned behind her thanks to her hurt leg.

Yume was a stranger to all forms of violence, so she was too afraid to move with just her wrist in one of the men’s grasp.

“Keh heh. Now these are some nice tits. What are they feeding schoolgirls these days?”

The man’s other hand did not hesitate to grope those alluringly large breasts.

“Eek! Noooo!!”

She tried to run away, but the man used both arms to hold her from behind.

His fingers dug into the two mounds and roughly squeezed the soft flesh.

“Stop...that...ahh...”

He licked along the back of her neck and breathed his disgusting breath on her.

Her youthful face grew pale and tears spilled from her eyes.

“You bastard!! Get away from Yume!”

Haruka’s entire body bristled with anger. The enemy was not an Oni this time, but Onikiri-hime released killer intent since Oninagusamu-hime was in danger. She started to rush toward the insolent man toying with Yume’s body.

“Not so fast. Unless you want to see me slice up this girl’s face.”

But she looked back in surprise when a glib and vulgar voice came from Kimino's direction.

An entirely hopeless sort of tall blond man pressed the tip of a sharp knife blade against her childhood friend's throat while another man held her arms behind her.

"Eek!! Ah, ahhhh...."

Fear filled Kimino's normally brave face and a scratchy cry escaped her throat.

The blond man's expression twisted disturbingly to express his absolute joy at that reaction.

He appeared to be their leader.

He seemed to be the smartest of the bunch, but that likely meant he would be the hardest to deal with.

"S-stop!"

He thought nothing of hurting someone, even if it was a young girl.

A cruel smile appeared on his lizard-like face when he heard Haruka's frantic shout.

"Then how about you calm down? Put up a fight, and Miss Titties over there

will be in trouble too.”

“Ah...stop...that...eek!”

A knife was pressed against Yume’s peach-like cheek and she cried as the man continued groping her breasts to his heart’s content.

“Kh...”

If it was just one, Haruka might have been able to charge in and save them with a single attack.

But the other one would definitely fall victim to the sharp blade if she did that here.

She clenched her teeth in frustration and anger as she lowered her fists.

“Heh heh~ That’s what you get, you violent bitch.”

“Now calm down or you’ll have to start calling your cute friends Scarface.”

Two men quickly grabbed her on either side.

Their disturbing touch and sleazy smiles brought goose bumps to her skin. They fondled her breasts just like with Yume’s. It was horribly frustrating and unpleasant, yet as their fingers dug into and kneaded the mounds of flesh, a sweet throbbing rose from deep within. She hated her own body for it.

“Now, then. This isn’t the best spot, so how about you come with us?”

The lizard-faced man pointed over with his chin while enjoying the look on Haruka’s face as she bit her lip to bear with the humiliation.

Kimino had curled up from the pain in her leg, so she was dragged to her feet as the men took the three girls into the convenience store.

“Hey, you’re causing a lot of trouble, you know?”

The clerk said that with a smile as the chime rang.

(He’s with them!?)

Even if they were afraid of the delinquents, it had seemed odd that the police had not been called when girls were being attacked in front of the store in broad daylight. Haruka often used this store, but she did not recognize this clerk. There was no one else inside the store either.

“This bitch got a little feisty. She’s got a weird weapon hidden somewhere, so it hurts like hell when she hits you, goddammit!”

That was how they interpreted Onikiri-hime’s superhuman strength.

The men who had seen hell from Haruka’s attacks gave her spiteful looks and cursed.

“We’ll be using the back. We’ll send someone out to take your place soon, so wait a while longer.”

After telling the clerk that, the men took Haruka and the others through an employees only door as if they owned the place. They had likely used that clerk’s shift to abduct girls in front of the store and take them back there.

“Get on in there.”

The girls were shoved into a storeroom where drinks and food were stacked up in cardboard boxes.

Haruka kept her balance after being shoved and the men surrounded her in the center of the room. Their eyes poured down on her and kept her from calming down.

“You didn’t hold back at all, did you?”

The blond lizard-faced man, who had the most overpowering presence of the group, placed an unpleasant smile on his cruel face.

“Only because you’re so persistent.”

“Oh? All we did was invite you for some karaoke, but you started beating the shit out of us. Isn’t that a little harsh?”

“You got what you deserved! You messed with Yume and Kimino before too!!

And now you dragged us back here!! What are you planning to do with us!?”

They still had knives to the throats of her cousin and childhood friend as they felt up the girls’ bodies with their obscene fingers, so Haruka had a bad feeling about this.

“You’ve gotta take responsibility for hurting us. You gave us an unpleasant time, so how about you make up for it by giving us a good time?”

The men were trying to do exactly what that bad feeling had suggested.

The lizard-faced man’s twisted smile grew even more unpleasant.

“Don’t joke. Who would do anything like that with-...ahh!”

A brave girl tried to argue back, but she groaned in pain when one of the men lightly kicked her injured leg.

“Kimino-chan!! Eek!! Nooo!!”

The plump girl’s worry for her childhood friend was cut off when her checked skirt was pulled up and a hand felt up her crotch over her pink panties. Other hands continued groping her breasts all the while.

Her normally cheerful face tensed in disgust and she twisted her body.

“Stop...”

“If you want us to, then you’d better satisfy us yourself. Oh, but first could you hand over that weapon you’re hiding? We can’t have you getting violent again!”

“I don’t have anything like that! Now get away from Yume and Kimino!!”

A single girl could not hope to defeat more than ten experienced streetfighters, so they suspected her power as Onikiri-hime was actually a hidden weapon.

“Ohh? So you’re gonna deny it, are you? Then we’ll just have to do a nice thorough body search to find it!”

The lizard-face gave a muffled laugh at Haruka’s words.

He was the only one that said anything and the others followed his lead by laughing vulgarly and leering at the girls with sticky and unpleasant eyes.

“———!! I told you! I don’t have a weapon!! Look!”

She held her hands up so the suspicious man could see, but he only scoffed.

“You think that proves anything? You could still be hiding something under your clothes!! So strip.”

“Eh...?”

“I’m saying to take off all your clothes to prove you’re not hiding anything!!”

“Wha-...!?”

He made it sound like nothing, but Haruka was speechless.

(Strip...here?)

Sticky smiles faced her from every direction. She shuddered while feeling like something was contaminating her skin even through her uniform.

As a boy, she would have stripped without a second thought. Being seen by Yume and Kimino would have been embarrassing, but they would have shut their eyes. Then the men could have searched for a weapon to their heart’s content.

But she currently had a girl’s body that was so beautiful even she could be charmed by it. How could she expose that nude body in front of these delinquents?

“Would you rather we searched this girl first?”

As she hesitated, the blond lizard-face grabbed roughly at Yume’s uniform.

“Kyah! Ahh, noo...”

He tore off the red ribbon on her chest and the blouse's front buttons burst off.

Her voluminous breasts spilled out with so much force they nearly popped out of her pink bra. The men whistled and sullied those well-developed milk-white mounds with their vulgar eyes.

A man held her hands behind her, so she could not hide her body. She simply sobbed while shaking her chestnut-brown twintails.

"S-stop that! Don't do that to Yume!! Y-you can check me first instead!"

Kimino gave a brave shout even as her face paled from pain and fear.

The lizard-face grinned toward the short-haired girl.

"Okay, I'll strip! I just have to strip and prove I don't have a weapon, right!? So keep your hands off Yume and Kimino!"

When those precious girls were going through that, it was no time to let her embarrassment get the better of her.

(I'm a boy! I might have a girl's body, but I'm a boy. So there's nothing embarrassing about having guys see me naked!!)

Haruka tried to convince herself of that. And before the lizard-face could respond, she removed her uniform's ribbon and quickly stripped off the navy blue blazer.

Her breasts maintained their beautiful artillery shell shape despite their great size and that shape was perfectly revealed by her white blouse.

“Hya ha! Those tits are huge!”

“Quite stalling and take it all off!!”

A vulgar commotion ran through the men as they watched.

(This is nothing. This doesn't matter at all.)

After hesitating over what to remove next, she started with the skirt. The short strawberry tartan fabric had given a glimpse of the zettai ryouiki above her black knee socks, but it fell away after she undid the side zipper and unbuttoned it.



“Eh heh heh he heh. I love this!”

“Look how short that skirt is. You were dying to show off your body from the beginning, weren’t you!?”

The commotion grew.

The bright white of her long, tight, and yet nicely plump thighs struck a vivid contrast with the black knee socks.

The bottom of her blouse made a futile attempt to hide her pure white panties. Her butt could not be contained by the small fabric as it swelled out with great intensity.

“You’ve got a pretty nice ass there. Khh, I just want to suck on it!!”

Those behind her could not see the bulges of her breasts, so they had to make their own crude comments. Their comments did not delight her in the slightest. They were simply humiliating.

Her crotch no longer had the bulge of a penis, so it was nice and smooth. A small mound pushed out at the panties between her pubis and her butt.

“Hya ha! Look that that puffy vulva!”

“Are her panties just way too small? Look how much they’re digging in there.”

“I’ve never seen a pussy show off its slit so much.”

The vertical line of her secret slit was perfectly visible in the fabric meant to protect the soft and fleshy vulva and the men's eyes all focused on it.

(They're staring there with such dirty looks. Kh... This is because I have a girl's body now.)

Someone a little more civilized would have had the decency to stay quiet as they looked, but these hopeless men kept shouting "slit" and "pussy". The fact that Yume and Kimino could hear made Haruka so embarrassed she wanted to die.

"Uuh... I'm a boy... I'm a boy, so this doesn't matter..."

She used that self-suggestion while using her trembling hands to unbutton and remove her blouse.

Her weighty breasts had been displaying their great size while keeping themselves mostly hidden, but those lovely spheres were now exposed while about to burst from their pure white bra.

"Damn those tits are huge!"

The men grew so excited she felt she was in danger.

"Y-you can see I don't have anything now, right? So..."

She was so embarrassed she wrapped an arm around her chest to hide her breasts, but that only squashed them and emphasized the cleavage all the

more. The voices only grew more intense.

The lizard-faced man observed her body in just her underwear and knee socks.

“Ahh? You haven’t taken it all off yet! You’ve gotta be hiding something between those gigantic tits or between those ass cheeks! If you don’t have anything, then prove it!!”

“Wha-!?”

This was ridiculous, but the entire thing had been so from the beginning. If she refused, Yume and Kimino would be stripped instead. The men still had their hands on those girl’s skirts and blouses so they could tear them away at a moment’s notice.

(Damn...it... I have to show these guys...my tits?)

When she reached for her back and leaned forward, the whistling and jeers grew louder.

Her mother had trained her until she could put on a bra herself, so she easily undid the hook and the springiness contained inside launched the white fabric away.

The somewhat flushed mounds bounced freely to the left and right.

They were too large to fit in her hands, but they maintained their lovely bell

shape despite that weight. The tips insolently pointed a little upwards and the pink beads of the nipples stood out from there.

“Damn, look at those giant tits jiggle!”

“Turn around and let us see!”

“Hey, stand straight up! Give us a good look at those titanic titties!!”

She did not listen to anything or think about anything. If she focused on it, she would freeze up.

While still leaning forward with her giant breasts hanging down, she lowered her panties.

“Nn...”

She moaned softly at the rubbing sensation of the fabric pulling free of her pussy lips.

She squeezed her lips shut so the men would not notice and she lowered the small piece of fabric to her ankles.

Her black-haired ponytail swayed as she raised her head.

Her cheeks were red with humiliation, but her angled eyes glared straight at the lizard-face.

“That’s enough, isn’t it!? You can see I don’t have a weapon anywhere!!”

“Show us between that giant ass and those huge tits.”

“Kh!”

They were of course well aware she was not hiding anything. They just wanted to torment the girl who had defied them. Complaining would only delight them further.

She used the stoic face she had gained from the genderbending to feign calm as she grabbed her breasts and spread them to either side, showing the cleavage between.

The fresh air felt nice and cool on that stuffy area.

The jeering voices quieted down a little as they turned their serious eyes toward the space between those two mounds.

(Nn... What...?)

Their relentless gazes filled her with an odd feeling.

She tried to think as little as possible and used entirely mechanical movements as she turned around, stuck her butt out toward the lizard-faced man, and spread her butt just like with her breasts.

“Oh? You’ve got a pretty little asshole, don’t you?”

(How should I know? I’ve never seen it.)

She had toyed with the front hole a fair bit since genderbending, but she had never actually looked at it.

“Your pussy’s nice and pink too. It hasn’t been messed with much. You a virgin?”

The man’s focus turned to that front hole. His comment drew everyone else’s eyes there and Haruka simply could not relax.

“Then again, it’s already wet. Are you getting turned on having us look at you?”

“———!! O-of course...not!”

She only felt embarrassed and frustrated. No girl would get turned on by this. She might really be a boy, but that alone she was certain of.

And yet the disturbance deep in her lower stomach only grew.

She reflexively tensed up and they all saw her vagina and anus tighten.

“Hah hah! Bullseye, huh!?”

“Are your pussy and asshole feeling lonely!?”

Was she really wet? Her crotch was throbbing with too much heat to tell. She would have to touch it herself to find out, but that would be a very bad idea right now.

“We’ve gotten nice and hard seeing your lewd body, so could you take responsibility by sucking us off!?”

Haruka was still puzzled by the unfamiliar sensations of her female body, but the lizard-face made an absurd request.

She looked back in shock and found his thick item was already exposed and rock hard.

“I would never do that!! I-I’m...”

She was a boy, so this was no joke. This alone she could never obey.

The very thought of performing oral sex on a man made her want to vomit.

“If you won’t, then we’ll have to get these two to do it.”

Unsurprisingly, when Haruka gave them a look of rejection, the men targeted Yume and Kimino instead.

They had the two girls kneel down and stuck their grotesque thick erections in front of their faces.

“Eek!”

“Stop!!”

They both turned away in disgust and raised trembling shouts.

Other men held their shoulders so they could not escape.

The glistening red copper-colored heads approached the girls’ lips almost to the point of touching them.

“Okay! I’ll...I’ll do it!! So get away from them!”

Haruka could not let them make Yume and Kimino do this.

“Haruka...-chan...”

“Haruka...”

She forced a stiff smile toward the worried girls and more or less collapsed to her knees. The lizard-face walked right up to her and shoved his solid rod toward her face. The others circled around her and looked at her face as if making sure they did not miss the entertainment.

(These are...nothing like mine...)

They were still penises, but they were far thicker and longer than Ryou's had been.

They were also a hideous red copper color and they had several veins bulging out, so they almost seemed filled with rage. They bent back at a sharp angle and the line down the underside was clearly visible.

The heads swelled out thickly and they almost looked like venomous snakes raising their heads to strike. Copious amounts of precum flowed endlessly out, so the entire length of the erections glistened obscenely. Their overwhelming form made her feel more fear as a girl than inferiority as a boy.

(Th-they're too big... Will...will they actually fit...?)

She was worried whether they would fit between her small, feminine lips and the men did not overlook that slight fear. One man sadistically twisted his narrow eyes that looked like they had been sliced in with a knife.

"C'mon, start sucking."

If she did not obey, the men would turn to the other two girls. She glared up at the man while bringing her face to his erection and a stench like rotten fish assaulted her. He must not have washed the head because it had a layer of whitish filth. There was also dirty smegma just below the head.

(Gh! I have to put something so dirty in my mouth!?)

She thought she was going to go insane and she could not bear this, but the thought of Yume or Kimino having to suck this instead was even worse.

“Damn...it!”

Her voice shook with frustration and disgust as she made up her mind and brought the lizard-faced man’s filthy penis into her mouth.

“———!! Nnh!! Gh, mwehh!!”

A raw saltiness, a numbing acidity, and a bitterness immediately spread through her mouth along with a rotten smell. She desperately suppressed the urge to vomit as the smegma dissolved into the precum and saliva and reached her tongue.

The rod was quite thick and completely filled Haruka’s red lips. Unable to spit out the filth in her mouth and unable to breath, she was forced to swallow it.

“Fgh...”

Her mind grew hazy and she nearly passed out a few times.

(Ah, ahhh... I have a...man’s penis in my mouth! And I’m a boy!!)

Even if she tried to make herself understand the circumstances, her instincts would not accept it. The hot and throbbing thickness in her mouth was so much harder and yet elastic than her own as Ryou.

It completely filled her mouth. The roof of her mouth and the insides of her cheeks all touched the manhood and felt its manly throbbing.

“Khah! I love it! Her mouth feels so tight around my dick!!”

The small size of her mouth brought pleasure to the lizard-face. He grabbed her ponytail to hold her in place.

He trembled in arousal as he began thrusting into Haruka’s mouth.

“Mfh! Hyah! Don’t...move... Abbbh!”

The flesh umbrella scraped at the inside of her mouth and the shape of the head was visible as it bulged out at her cheeks. He was trying to savor the sensation of her sticky flesh, so he was not moving all that fast. Still, he would sometimes penetrate deep into her throat and she would choke.

(A man...is raping my mouth!! And I’m a boy!)

But in Ryou’s body, this would have been even more unbearable. Despite the situation, a hot throbbing spread from the depths of her lower stomach and softened the disgust.

(Is it because this is girl’s body? N-no... This can’t be turning me on!!)

She did not want to admit that this was making her feel good.

She tightened her lips in confusion, but that only brought more pleasure to the lizard-face and he thrust his hips even more. The dignified beauty's lips twisted in a look of humiliation as the thick penis thrust in and out of them.

The other men got worked up watching that, so they began stroking their own penises.

She had to end this soon. She really was going to go insane if it continued any longer.

(I need to...make them cum...)

After cumming, a man's lust rapidly faded. That idea came to her since "she" was originally a boy. And after going so far, this was not much of a step further.

Her drool and the precum mixed together with a vulgar sound as Haruka sent her tongue crawling along the red copper flesh that had only grown even more brazenly swollen.

"Fwoh!? Oh, ohhh! Yes!! A-ah... See? You can do it if you try. That feels great. Oh, there!"

The lizard-face immediately began moaning in pleasure.

"Nn...nmh...fgh...ah..."

She weakly tickled the underside with her tongue tip and sometimes went in

stronger as a surprise attack.

When the erection twitched in pleasure, she would teasingly stop and begin licking below the head instead. She only had to think about what would have felt good when she had been a boy and then do that to the penis in her mouth.

“Hwahhh!! Wow, that feels great!”

She further tightened her already small lips and the man gasped as a tremor ran down his back. She could tell he was almost there.

“D-damn... She looks so mean, but she’s started sucking it herself.”

Yume looked shocked by the other men’s comments, but this was not the time to worry about that.

“St-stroke my dick too! C’mon!!”

The other men jealously stuck their erections out too.

“Nfh!! Ah...mh, nn!”

She continued using her tongue to pleasure the one in her mouth and she started stroking one with each hand as asked.



“Nwoh! G-goddamn!!”

“Hwah!! This girl...she knows her way around a dick!”

The men trembled in joy as she stroked the underside with her thumb while moving her hand with pleasant snaps of the wrist. The others all began stroking their own erections while rubbing them against Haruka’s naked body.

(Cum! Just cum already!!)

She stroked a manhood in each hand while using her tongue to tickle the tip of the penis in her mouth.

“Hmnh! Ahh, ngh, amh.”

Indecent sounds left her tightly shut lips as she swallowed the precum and licked the penis from the base to the tip. The lizard-face groaned as his thick rod swelled out.

“Nnaaah, ah, ahh, hahhh!!”

Her cool and lovely face relaxed obscenely when she realized how close he was to cumming.

Her white skin was sticky with precum and the smell was amazing.

(Ahh... So many dicks... It’s so disgusting...)

A great many penis heads rubbed against her naked body and her hips

twisted from the hot throbbing filling them.

“She sure complained, but it looks like she was just a horny slut that loves sucking dick!”

“Sucking that hard, you’ve gotta be trying to suck out all my cum! You’re just gulping down the precum too!!”

The men mocked her, but she oddly felt like they were cheering her on.

The wet sound of the precum as she stroked the erections brought never-ending excitement to the feminine instincts that had started to grow in her genderbent body.

When those sounds reached a crescendo, they would erupt with the juices needed to impregnate her womb.

Her lower stomach had been throbbing incessantly and her crotch was filled with heat.

She had not noticed, but a sweet feminine scent wafted from her entire body and her expression had entirely melted.

Anyone who saw her tongue wriggling around to induce ejaculation would only have seen a horny cock-starved slut. She was entirely oblivious to Yume’s worried look.

(Ahhh... Now cum. Release all that cum from your dicks. ...Ahhn!!)

She took the entire solid rod into her mouth and even used her throat to squeeze down on it.

“Kh, fhh!! I’m...cumming!”

The lizard-face’s body tensed up. An intense tremor ran through him and his manhood grew even more erect.

“Ahee!! It’s cumming! Your dick juice...is finally...fwehhhh~~~~!!”

An unbelievable amount of semen erupted into her mouth.

“Fwah! Abhh!! Nbh! Gbbbbhahahhhh~~~~”

(Eek! Ah, ahh... I’m...!! There’s so much...in my mouth! It’s so dirty...but...it kind of...tastes good...fwah!!)

A fierce shock shook her mind back into focus.

Her obscene female sexuality and her male mind were in conflict.

Her mouth was filled with an unpleasantly sticky, raw, and bitter fluid. It stuck to her tongue and teeth and she doubted washing out her mouth would get rid of the disgusting sensation.

Nevertheless, the unclean flavor caused a tightening deep within her lower

stomach and sent a great heat seeping out from her vagina.

“Ohh!! I’m c-cumming too!!” “Ohhh! Me too!”

Great quantities of semen flowed out from her penis-filled lips and her eyes opened wide in a blank look. Intense tremors ran through the other men when they saw her like that.

“Fwahhhh!! Ah, ah, ah, ahhhh! Cum, cum, so much cum...ahhhh!! Fwah, ah, ahhh! Nn, ahh, hahhhh~~~!!”

The manhoods in her hands and the penises rubbing against her skin fired their own semen all at once, so Haruka’s naked body was covered with the milky liquid.

It stickily clung to her glossy black hair and dripped down her fine skin.

All the cum covering her face joined the filthy fluid in her mouth to fill her nose with a smell that sapped her of strength.

(This is...amazing! Fwah, I’m covered in so much cum... I’m going to go crazy... I’m going to go insane... Nhahh!)

Her mind was infected by the milky liquid and she could not think properly.

As a boy, she should have felt unimaginable disgust at having men spray her with their filthy fluids, but her current body was made to breed with men.

The satisfyingly thick juices brought joy and her womb throbbed violently.

She filled her lungs with the thickening unclean aroma and started to feel faint.

When she groaned and fell to all fours, some of the milky liquid coating her face dripped to the floor.

Plenty of semen had gathered between her weighty breasts and more dripped down from the tips of her nipples.

(Fwah...these filthy juices... Ahh, I'm a boy...but this is turning me on.)

The throbbing of her body grew until it was going to drive her mad. Her feminine side was reacting to the baptism of impregnation fluid.

But as the dizzying high passed, the part of her brain that remained male gradually came back to its senses. That quickly brought back the disgust and she felt confused by how delighted her body was with the milky liquid.

"You really know how to use your tongue. I was planning to enjoy it for a good long time, but I came in no time. Now make sure to swallow all my cum. Don't you spit it out. I shot it out just for you after all!"

"Fweh...? Hyah...ah..."

The filthy and thick liquid coated her taste buds with a sweet bitterness.

“If you do spit it out, I’ll have that girl slurp it up from the floor.”

He pointed to Yume with a sleazy smile.

Haruka could of course not allow her beloved cousin to taste this toxic fluid.

(But...if I do it...now...a-ah...)

Her male side was rapidly suppressing her feminine throbbing, but she might still be able to endure it.

The thick liquid was growing more disgusting by the second, so she made up her mind and sent it to the back of her throat before she fully came to her senses.

“Uuh...gh... Mh...g-gulp, gulp, gulp.”

The thick stickiness was hard to swallow because it clung to her throat.

(Ahh, I was right... This is disgusting!)

That sensation made it all the more unpleasant.

It drove her crazy how her every breath was infected by the smell of semen.

The flavor that had seemed sweet a moment before had rapidly grown so disgusting she felt the urge to vomit.

It was weirdly bitter and salty, so it was just awful.

“Gulp! Nn...fwahhh!!”

Still, she looked up toward heaven with tears in her eyes and swallowed all of the milky liquid in her mouth, even if she gagged a few times along the way.

“Ueh...ugh...gfh...ah, ahh...”

Even after swallowing it, the disgust did not go away.

She groaned, belched, and felt a rotten smell pressing into her nose.

Her breath smelled like nothing but cum now.

Tears fell incessantly from her eyes.

“That’s...enough, right? Free us... Let Yume and Kimino go...”

She gasped for breath and pleaded with the men while gathering up her stripped-off uniform and standing on unsteady legs. The lizard-face laughed with his exposed manhood still erect despite ejaculating.

“Why ruin this perfect mood? Let’s have some more fun. I mean, after sucking my dick, drinking my cum, and having your body soaked with even more cum, your pussy’s absolutely dripping.”

“Wha-!?”

She accidentally dropped her uniform onto the semen-splattered floor.

He reached for her crotch and his fingertips touched a warm and sticky liquid.

“Kwah! Get your filthy hand...away from there!!”

A tremor ran down her spine when he touched the sensitive flesh of her vulva. A sweet breath escaped her lips.

“See? I just touched your pussy a little and look how wet you are.”

She looked to his fingertips and saw a thread of sticky love juices stretching back from them. Her face grew warm.

“And your nipples are so hard. You might as well be begging me to stick my dick in your pussy and fuck you hard!”

All the men laughed and pointed their erections her way. They then asked which one she wanted inside her first.

“Kh...”

She only felt disgust at being treated like a woman.

And yet her female body was showing clear lust after tasting that penis and

having her entire body covered in semen.

“Oh, Ryou. You were a boy not long ago, but you’re already such a slutty girl.”

As the men laughed and mocked her, a dignified girl’s voice sent ice down Haruka’s spine. Plus, the voice knew that Ichijou Haruka was Ryou’s genderbent form.

She slowly looked back to where the other two girls had been threatened with rape until Haruka had protected them with her own body. The boyish girl next to Yume twisted her face evilly.

She crossed her arms in front of her slim chest and calmly walked up to Haruka.

The men who had been so violent to her before now kneeled obediently in a line behind her.

“K-Kimi...no...?”

Haruka stared at the scene in disbelief.

A warning of danger rapidly swelled up deep in her chest.

Chapter the Sixth: Rasetsu the Oni God

Haruka's brain did not even try to understand the reality before her eyes.

"Kimino...?"

She put on the usual smile and called to her childhood friend who stood in her way with arms crossed and a haughtily evil smile on her face.

This girl had been with Yume and Ryou like a sister since they were little. She was bright and straightforward and she had never done anything bad in her life. Yet now that childhood friend was acting like she was the leader of these delinquents who were indisputable human garbage.

Those men had been spewing filthy language and committing atrocities as they saw fit, but now they kneeled obediently behind Kimino.

What had happened to her?

When had she started working with people like that?

Haruka had not the slightest clue.

The shock had dulled her mind to the point that the questions just endlessly circled around her head.

Why had Kimino had those men attack Yume?

For what reason had she put Haruka through this ordeal?

How had she known Haruka was Ichijou Ryou's genderbent form?

That had been a secret even from Yume.

Only Haruka's parents, her aunt and uncle, the main Ichijou family, and the school headmaster knew.

"You look confused."

Kimino seemed to have read Haruka's mind and she smiled with a cold look in her eyes.

This cruelly thin smile only raised the corners of her mouth.

Kimino had never smiled like that.

Her smile had always had a charm that led one to forgive her even after the cruelest joke.

However, this girl who looked just like that childhood friend had no emotion at all in her smile.

"Who are you? What happened to the real Kimino!? It can't be!"

The worst case scenario briefly came to mind.

“Oh, c’mon, Ryou. I am the real Kimino.”

As Haruka wrinkled her brow in worry, that cold gaze instantly became Kimino’s usual cheerful expression. When she heard the teasing tone of voice, Haruka almost breathed a sigh of relief, assuming it was another of Kimino’s cruel jokes. But...

“But I’m also another me.”

The thorny smile of ice quickly returned.

“I awoke when you exorcised that puny low-level Oni that possessed me back in the infirmary.”

She walked over. Her pace was slow and a transformation progressed with each step.

“Too long ago to remember, an Onikiri-hime among your ancestors slew me and I lost my body. After a long, long time, I was reincarnated as Sakatani Kimino.”

She grew two heads taller and her slender and toned body grew more intense.

Her cheerful face gained a mature seduction while also gaining an almost boyish androgynous atmosphere.

Her eyes were blood red and sharp fangs poked out from her smiling lips.

“My name is Nirrti Raja Rakshasa, but the Ichijou Oni Controllers might know me better as the Oni God Rasetsu Douji.”

“Oni...God...?”

Haruka realized her throat was dry. She swallowed some semeny saliva and prepared for a fight.

Kimino's body further transformed into a breathtakingly beautiful Oni.

Her reddish semi-short hair became gray hair tied back into a ball and two horns grew from the top of her head.

Her school uniform also changed.

She now wore a black Japanese outfit with a gold patterned sash. The outfit was tight enough to show off the mounds of her breasts and her modestly slender body shape.

The wide sleeves were separate from the rest, baring her shoulders, so it gave off a bewitching air of disorder.

It had an old-fashioned feel to it, yet it was cut as short as a mini-dress. Below that, she wore black leather hot pants which tightly contained her small yet well-formed butt.

She wore long studded boots and black and white striped knee socks, but above that, the almost transparently white skin of her tight thighs was exposed.

She had no hint of the ugliness seen in the other Oni that Haruka had come across.

Haruka could not keep her eyes off of that dangerous beauty.

“Ah, ahhh! Nooo!! Help...me!”

Yume was at a loss for words as she stared wide eyes at her childhood friend’s transformation, but then each of the delinquents transformed into a grotesque Oni.

They gave muffled groans and drool dripped from their mouths as they approached, eyes muddy with desire.

Unable to bear the hideousness of it all, Haruka’s lovely cousin passed out.

“Yume!”

Haruka tried to run over, but Rasetsu Douji embraced her.

“Kh...let go!!”

She tried to break free, but Rasetsu Douji was too powerful. She did not seem

to be putting any real effort into it, yet she completely suppressed the movements of Onikiri-hime whose strength should have been greater than an Oni's.

“I appreciate you waking me from my slumber, but thanks to that dangerous Oni-slaying sword, what should have combined into a single personality has been split in two. That means I can't take my true form with the full power of an Oni God.”

Haruka was tall for a girl, but this even taller girl picked her up in a princess carry.

“What are you doing!? You!! Yume is...!”

This was humiliating treatment as a boy, but for some reason, her heart was racing and she kicked her feet fruitlessly.

But Rasetsu Douji did not seem to mind as she carried Haruka to a largish sofa in a corner of the storage room. The Oni gathered around Yume as she lay on the floor. They roughly pulled up her clothing and laughed unpleasantly as they peeked at her bare skin. Haruka wanted to beat them all to a pulp.

Instead, she was thrown onto the sofa and Rasetsu Douji climbed on top of her before she could get up. She could not move from the pressure of that small but resilient butt.

“You said your personality was split in two? Then what happened to Kimino's mind!?”

“She is sleeping inside me while I am on the surface.”

Rasetsu Douji smiled coldly as she gestured toward her modestly swollen chest.

“And Kimino knows nothing about me...about Rasetsu Douji. And yet I have all of her memories. Ryou, when Yume and I spent the night at your house when we were little, I was actually the one that wet the bed. You were fast asleep and showed no sign of waking, so I swapped futons with you.”

“Wha-...!?”

Only Haruka, Yume, Kimino, and their parents would know about that and this Oni God had spoken of it with a nostalgic tone while also providing a new revelation.

“And one time when we played tag and you were ‘it’, I get tired of playing and went home with Yume to play house. I think you ended up tearfully searching for us for a long time afterwards.”

She leaned down on Haruka. Their bodies overlapped and Haruka felt a supple sensation.

Ryou’s heart was shaken when Rasetsu’s approaching face briefly made the mischievous smile of his childhood friend.

“Kimino... Then go save Yume from them right this instant! Turn back into the normal Kimino!!”

Haruka's cousin's skirt had already been torn away, her blouse had been pulled back, and her giant breasts had almost entirely spilled from her bra. Haruka desperately pleaded his childhood friend inside that Oni God.

"Nn! Ah...!?"

The answer came as a passionate kiss.

Rasetsu's lips pressed tightly against hers and the Oni God breathed a warm breath into her mouth.

That warm and soft sensation alone was almost enough to melt her mind, but then a saliva-covered tongue slipped in and licked all over the inside of her mouth. Her mind grew further muddled.

"Sorry, but that's one thing I can't do. After all, Yume is Oninagusamu-hime."

The Oni pulled her lips back and saliva dripped down from them.

She licked it up with her red tongue and gave a look of ecstasy.

"Onikiri-hime and Oninagusamu-hime are connected by a powerful bond. When Oninagusamu-hime is in danger, her guardian is filled with a spiritual power known as Refined Ki and she uses that to overwhelm the Oni."

Haruka gasped at that bewitchingly beautiful face that no longer showed any resemblance to Kimino.

“And when Onikiri-hime is in danger of being raped, Refined Ki flows from Oninagusamu-hime’s body to distract us. Oninagusamu-hime’s Refined Ki is the ultimate delicacy to us Oni.”

When Rasetsu Douji looked in Yume’s direction, her wicked gaze was just as muddy with desire as the delinquents surrounding the girl.

“I tested it out and found you’re the same as those I fought long ago. As soon as I used a Water Oni to sexually tease you in the pool, Refined Ki surged out from Yume. It wasn’t easy restraining the throbbing in my body♪”

She must have recalled that carnal joy because her face relaxed and blushed while she rubbed her crotch against Haruka’s lower stomach.

“Th-that was...you!? ...Kh. Stop...not there...”

Haruka had nearly exposed her horny behavior to the entire student body. It was a shock to learn that Rasetsu Douji had already taken over Kimino’s mind at that time.

More importantly, she could not help but focus on the odd pressure coming from the Oni Girl’s crotch as it pressed against her lower stomach. It was gradually feeling weirder and weirder.

“Yume’s Refined Ki is surging out now as well. And your Refined Ki has grown to a surprising extent since those delinquents attacked her.Hey!! Stop that, you Gaki! Make Onikiri-hime any stronger and I won’t be able to overpower her!!”

On Rasetsu's orders, the lustful Oni quickly moved back from Yume. Their attack as delinquents had all been set up by Kimino...no, by Rasetsu Douji.

"Do you have a problem with having to wait when that tasty-looking Oninagusamu-hime is right in front of your eyes? You have been pretty obsessed with her ever since I had you hit on her while she was with me in my other form."

"O-of course not..."

"Oninagusamu-hime belongs to you, Rasetsu-sama..."

The Gaki were apparently fully obedient to their master's orders. Drool flowed endlessly from their mouths and they stared intently at Yume, but they simply stood around her and did not touch her any further.

The beautiful gray-haired Oni smiled with satisfaction for her obedient servants.

"Heh heh... Instead, you can do what you want with Onikiri-hime. Although I would kind of like to do it myself since I always have loved Ryou."

"What!?"

Haruka was taken aback by the sudden and utterly unexpected confession.

"It doesn't surprise me you didn't notice. Silly old 'me' was too embarrassed,

so all she ever did was tease you. But didn't you ever wonder if she only messed with you so much because she had feelings for you?"

"Come to think of it...no, not at all."

She dug through her memories, but she could not think of a single thing that would make her think Kimino liked her.

In fact, she recalled worrying more than once that Kimino hated her.

"——— You really are dense! No, maybe 'I' was foolish to think that was enough for her feelings to reach such a dense guy..."

The Demon God with the memories of Haruka's childhood friend hung her head at Haruka's response.

"Well, that doesn't matter. What matters is devouring Oninagusamu-hime when she's full of limitless, pure, and rich Refined Ki. Then I can become whole again. The minds of Rasetsu and Kimino were cut apart by your Oni-slaying sword, but they will be one again. Then I will truly be Nirrti Raja!! I will be Rasetsu, the Demon God who once corrupted an entire city into a city of demons!!"

Rasetsu Douji's tall body rose nimbly from atop Haruka.

"Wait..."

The genderbent girl got up after her. She could not allow that Oni to have

Yume.

“Hyahah! We’ve got permission!!”

“Let’s fuck the rumored Onikiri-hime until she loses her mind and then eat her!”

The Gaki rushed at her.

“Why you...! Out of the way!!”

She tried to knock them away, but they easily grabbed her arms and pushed her back onto the sofa.

“The hell? She’s weak! This Onikiri-hime is pathetic!! Fucking her’ll be a piece of cake!”

(I can’t gather any strength!! Why not!?)

The Gaki did not seem that much stronger than when they had been human delinquents, yet they were both stronger and faster than her.

“The kiss was delicious, Ryou♪”

Rasetsu Douji winked at her after landing near Yume. She was saying she had devoured Haruka’s Refined Ki then. And with her power to fight...no, to resist gone, Haruka was pinned down by the Gaki.

Right in front of Haruka, Rasetsu Douji picked up her own childhood friend who lay passed out on the ground with her uniform half torn away and her plump body exposed. She sat down on a nearby box with Yume in her lap.

“I doubt you could do anything, but don’t bother trying to struggle. I don’t want to eat Yume when she isn’t in her perfect state.”

Rasetsu Douji rubbed her cheek against that plump face that had its eyes shut in fear and she tried placing her fangs on the girl’s neck.

“Kh!”

Even without that, Haruka was held too tightly by the Gaki to do anything. Her power as Onikiri-hime had been amplified by the threat to Yume, but that power had been consumed, reminding her just how powerless she was without that. Like this, she would have been stronger in Ryou’s male body.

(I can’t...draw out any strength at all! Kh, no!! This can’t be!!)

This may have been how a normal girl felt when treated violently by a man.

She felt hopelessly exposed with her uniform gone and her naked body defenselessly revealed.

Exposing her nudity to those men’s eyes was terribly embarrassing.

“After all that violence, the great Onikiri-hime is about to cry. What happened

to the girl who smashed my face in!?”

“Geh heh heh. Let’s continue where we left off. This time, I’ll be the one doing all the licking!!”

“Kyah!”

A face filled her crotch and she let out the shrill scream of a girl.

She wished she had at least put her panties back on when picking up her uniform before.

But that regret accomplished nothing and the Gaki’s tongue directly parted the flower petals of her vulva.

“Hyawah!! Ah, no!! Fwaaaaaaah!!”

Something disgustingly warm covered her sensitive flesh.

The hair on her back stood on end and goose bumps covered her upper arms.

(He’s...licking me... Ahh, a guy is...licking my pussy... Ah, ahh, ah...)

It felt like a surge of electricity ran through her mind and she could not pull her thoughts together.

She thought the humiliation and disgust would tear her chest apart.

And yet her legs hopped up and spread wide.

“Eh...!? Nn! Fwaaaaaah~~~~!!”

As a drool-coated tongue licked all over her hidden slit, sweet moans flowed from her lips.

Her womb trembled as if in excitement and love juices flowed out to coat her relaxed labia with heat.

Those thin flower petals were pulled back and a tongue tip rubbed at the sensitive flesh within.

“Fwah!! N-no! Ahhhhhhhh! Nfoh!”

She thought her crotch was going to melt from the sweetness that seeped endlessly out from where she was licked.

When the tongue tip bumped into the small bead encased in its hood, all rationality seemed to fly from her mind.

(Ahhhhh, he’s l-licking my crotch...fwoh...it feels...so good...nhah!!)

Touching it with her own fingers had been nothing compared to this.

The wet tongue freely switched between a sticky softness and the harder

sensation of the tensed tip as he rolled around the sensitive bead and peeled it free of the hood. That was enough for Haruka to gasp and fail to suppress a sweet cry, but the inability to predict how this other person would touch her there drove her insane.

“Hyah!? N-no! Something’s...ah, ah, ahhhhh!!”

An intense tremor reached her womb and a hot liquid sprayed from her vagina.

“Just lick her pussy a little and she turns into a complete slut.”

(Kh...hh...but...anyone would react like this...if you did that...)

It was too sensitive.

A penis felt good too, but it was not enough drive all thought from one’s mind. She blushed at the Gaki’s comments on her indecent behavior, but then Rasetsu Douji supplied the finishing blow.

“Oh, Ryou. You were a boy not long ago, but you’ve already gotten so used to your girl’s body. But thanks to that, Yume is filled with so much Refined Ki. Oh, it looks so tasty! I can barely restrain myself♪”

Being referred to by her boy’s name only made it more embarrassing.

More importantly, Rasetsu was right. A faint pink light was coming from her cousin’s body.

(Th-that's...Yume's...Oninagusamu-hime's Refined Ki...)

She understood why the Oni were so obsessed with that enchanting warm light.

(The more pleasure I feel, the more that will grow inside Yume!?)

And once it reached its peak, Rasetsu Douji would eat the girl.

(Ah, I-I have to...endure... Nn, ah, ahhhhh, no...)

She squeezed her lips shut to avoid moaning, but that did not change the pleasure encroaching on her body. As the Gaki licked across her vulva, her legs wrapped around his head and her hips rose to beg for more.

“Kh.....ahhn!”

As he persistently licked her clitoris, her entire body jerked around and a scream burst from her lips.

“Look at those energetic tits bouncing around like that. Are they trying to seduce us?”

“She was apparently a guy originally, but she wants us to touch her so badly her tits are swelling out. How perverted can you get!?”

She had not chosen to turn into a girl and she did not want to move around so much her breasts shook violently, but the Gaki showed no mercy in their jeers.

Tears welled up in her eyes, so she was worried her tear glands had grown looser as a girl.

“You want us to grope them so bad you’re gonna cry over it?”

“Your nipples couldn’t be harder. Are you hoping we’ll suck them!?”

While sneering and pointing out the state of her body, two Gaki brought their lips to her breasts.

“Like...hell I...want this!”

Those inhuman faces were even more stern and ugly than as humans, they had a single short horn growing from their forehead, and they were pressed against the bulges of her breasts.

Those lovely mounds retained their artillery shell shape even when she was on her back, but they seductively changed shape when the Gaki squeezed them tightly in their hands.

The sweet pressure caused the engorged tips to tingle. Then the Gaki placed those nipples in their mouths and audibly sucked at them.

“Kh! Nn... Stop that!!”

She forced down the spiraling pleasure and grimaced.

“Nnah!! Don’t...roll my t-tits around...with your tongue!”

The feminine pleasure coming from her body confused her male mind.

Fingers dug into those resilient mounds and produced pleasure that seemed to break the cells apart.

As her mind grew hazy and they licked at her nipples, she could not keep up her cries of protest.

She twisted her body around all the more seductively to ask the Gaki to continue.

“Is she really a guy!? Look at that horny face!”

“She’s just a stupid girl that can’t think of anything but getting fucked. She’s just asking for it!!”

(What kind of...look do I have on my face?)

Even she felt her heart pounding when looking at her face as a girl, but she had a feeling she would never recover if she saw her current expression in a mirror.

(What look am I making as they suck my tits and lick my pussy!?)

She imagined how incredibly slutty she had to appear right now and that self-destructively turned her on even more.

She let out a deep sigh and tilted her head back.

“Kh, she’s asking for it even more! I can’t stand it!”

The Gaki gathered around the seductive aroma she was subconsciously sending out.

They stroked and licked all over her flushed and sweaty skin.

“Ahn! Fweh...ahh... That feels so...go-!! Bad...so...ah, ahhh...s-stop...eek!”

Around the vivid pleasure of her breasts and vulva, several tongues stickily tickled her soft skin and drew out a tantalizing joy. The heat in her skin grew further and she could no longer suppress the throbbing in her lower stomach.

(Ahh, the more pleasure I feel...and the hornier I get...the more danger Yume is in...)

The Refined Ki flowing from her cousin had grown a brighter pink and it gave off a refreshing floral scent. Rasetsu Douji looked satisfied as she stroked a hand through the sleeping girl’s hair and that behavior filled Haruka with impatience.

Still, Haruka was glad Yume had passed out. She may never have recovered if Yume had seen her like this.

Yume did not know Haruka was Ryou's genderbent form. But even then, she could not bear the idea of that beloved girl seeing her go insane with pleasure as men sucked and licked at her girl's body.

Rasetsu Douji watched Haruka's defilement with blatant joy and arousal in her eyes, but was Kimino watching from within those eyes? Haruka could not bear that possibility either.

She could not bear to think of that strong-willed and energetic childhood friend seeing her twisting indecently in feminine pleasure.

As that unbearable shame overwhelmed her, pointed tongues dug strongly into her nipples while her breasts were squeezed from the base, as if to milk them.

"Hgyh!! Fwoh! Nnah, hahhhn!!"

Her body convulsed and sparks exploded in the back of her mind.

The juices of a light climax squirted out like she was peeing herself.

The Gaki slurped up that secret nectar and licked around the edge of her vagina.

"———!! Nhaaahn!"

She extended her legs and kicked away the Gaki licking at her calves and toes,

but more took their place and sent their ticklish tongues crawling along her.

“Your pussy hole’s opened wide up. I bet you could take any number of dicks in here.”

That throbbing and nectar-soaked hole had loosened up just as the Gaki had indicated. He tried sticking just a bit of his finger inside.

“Eek!!”

Her entire body jerked around from the scorching sensation that came with a dangerously sweet presence.

The hole squeezed down and tried to pull the fingertip inside.

But he immediately pulled it out and an odd sense of frustration came from the hole.

(What...was that...ah, ahh...I felt deep in my vagina...?)

She was confused by this new forbidden throbbing and the Gaki spoke triumphantly after licking the thick love juices from his fingertip.

“I just stick my fingertip in and she squeezed down like she was gonna tear it off. She just turned into a girl, so she’s probably still a virgin. But she’s got the pussy of a hopeless nympho!”

“Fweh!? N-no...I...ah, ahh, ah...”

She tried to argue with the scornful laughter, but the words would not come.

In fact, her vagina trembled and dripped with even thicker love juices as if begging him to put his finger in again.

She suddenly noticed the Gaki’s crotches were swelling out to an unnatural size.

(Ah...They’re hard... They got hard from me!! They saw me naked, messed with my body, and got hard!)

Despite their grotesque Oni forms, they wore human clothing. When they stripped that off, incredibly thick erections appeared from within.

Her mouth recalled the horrific yet impressive sensation and the flavor worse than rotting meat from when she had sucked one earlier.

(Th-they’re going to put those...in my p-pussy.)

Some vaginal nectar squirted out.

She vividly recalled the raw flavor of the cum that had filled her mouth.

(Th-they’ll fill me with that c-cum. Ahh, if they cum inside me, will I get pregnant? I’ll have a baby. Because I’m a girl now... Ahh, no, it can’t be!!)

She trembled with a woman's fear of being raped and impregnated.

"S-stop! Hyah!! Fwah!? Nn, nnn!"

Fingertips parted her flesh flower petals and loosened up the shallow portion of her vagina.

If he pushed his finger on in, she was fairly certain it would slip all the way in without any resistance. When masturbating, she had been too afraid to explore inside her vagina.

She was afraid of what would happen if he stuck it inside, but the vagina itself tightened down to pull the fingertip in.

Her naked body was constantly twitching from the sweet sensation of the massage to her wet pussy.

Her normally cold and composed expression grew slack with heated pleasure.

That must have filled the Gaki with lust because their tongues licked across her even more forcefully and her entire body was quickly made slimy with drool.

Several fingers kneaded her weighty breasts while several tongues rushed to the tips and fought each other off to roll around those erect nipples.

"Fweah! Stop...ahhh!! I-I'm...going crazy...hyahhh!"

A boy's pleasure was mostly concentrated in the penis, but pleasure welled up in all parts of this girl's body. Her male brain did not know how to handle the sweet torrent, so she could only moan like crazy.

(Kh...ahh...no! At this rate...th-they'll...shove a dick in me!!)

The Gaki's erections grew even larger, so more and more of them freed them from the confines of their pants.

The dark red flesh spears looked like venomous snakes as they throbbed with veins bulging from the rough shaft.

She recalled the horrible flavor of holding one in her mouth and running her tongue along it.

She remembered the disgusting sensation of having them rubbed against her and being coated in precum.

She could never stand to have one of those inside her throbbing female hole.

But her body reacted in the exact opposite way.

Her vagina repeatedly contracted and expanded while insistently gushing with hot nectar. Her spread legs were still wrapped around the man's head to keep him from escaping and her hips were twisting and fidgeting.

(Ah...ah. This body is made to take a guy's dick... If he pushes that inside, I'll

have...a dick inside me...)

She was reminded that she had a girl's body that was made to be fucked by a man. The thought brought a tightening sensation to her vagina and the chrysanthemum wrinkles of her anus.

"Can you believe this? Now this hole is starting to open up and beg. You ask for a lot, you know that?"

The man's fingertips left her vulva and her hips instinctively rose up after them due to the sense of loss.

A fingertip dug into the other hole revealed further below.

"Hgh!?"

Her melted body stiffened instantly at the dangerous shock to her anus.

"Fweh! No...ahh, stop, ahhh!! That place is dirty. Nnnn!"

She felt a danger different from when her vagina was the target and she squeezed the sphincter shut to fight it.

The Gaki pressed back against the outside of the entrance and grimaced in displeasure.

"It's still pretty stiff. Yet you've completely melted up here."

He gathered up the love juices flowing from her vagina and tried again to get inside.

“Hyah!!”

The sticky fluid had grown thick from her maddening carnal arousal, so it acted as a powerful lubricant.

The stiff and tightened bud was easily loosened and the fingertip slipped inside.

Once that happened, there was nothing to be done.

She squeezed her anus shut with all her might to fight the warm shock, but her attempt was foiled by the fluid she herself had produced.

“Fwah, ah, nn, ahhh!! Don’t...do that...ah, ah, ah, i-it’ll open up!”

The fingertip rubbed around to loosen up the flesh and the hole throbbed with a scorching heat while an intense limpness came over it.

A tremor ran through her legs and the slightest relaxation caused her anus to loosen up.

“Hyah! Ahh!! Why? I’m trying...to tighten it up...!!”

The finger moved further and further in.

She was filled with a warm and heavy shock that brought an equal but opposite sort of carnality to the seductive melting of her vagina.

“Hyaha! Once I got it in, it just keeps going deeper!! What a slutty ass!”

“Ahh! Hh...hhhh!! No! Don’t stick it...so deeeeeep!!”

Each time one of the finger’s joints caught on the anal wall, she saw a flash of light and stopped breathing.

She kept trying to close the chrysanthemum wrinkles, but the oozing fluid from the stimulated anus mixed with the love juices and assisted the foreign object’s progress.

The man’s finger grew in diameter as the first and then second joint made it inside. Before long, it was in all the way. The space between that finger and the next pushed her butt cheeks out of the way and collided with her anus.

“Kh...hhhhhhh! Hawahhh!! Hee! Heeaaaaaah!!”

It felt like having a scorching rod shoved inside her, but a maddening sweetness swirled around within her.

“Oh, c’mon. I just rubbed a bit of pussy juice on there and in it went! I think her asshole is looser than her pussy!”

The Gaki mocked her while stirring her up with the finger inside her.

“Ngh, eek! Hwehah!! Agh! Abfhh!!”

(Kh...i-in my butt!? Hh, ahh, But that place...is so dirty!)

She had never considered feeling such great pleasure from that hole meant for excretion.

An intensely strange feeling rose from her rectum and produced an urgent sweetness.

“Check out that look on her face! I think she likes it!”

The next thing she knew, she was giving the man a pleading look with her brow furrowed in pleasure.

She quickly turned her flushed face away, but a sweet moan of “Ahn♪” escaped her lips when he dug into her anal wall.

“Back when she was a guy, I bet she had a gay friend who fucked her in the ass. She likes it way too much for it to be her first time, don’t you think!?”

“———!! N-no...ah, ah, ah, ahhh!”

This was no joke. As a boy, she had only been interested in girls. She had had zero interest in homosexuality.

Even now, these men having their way with her was utterly revolting... supposedly.

“Eh? What’s this, what’s this!? You were into that kind of thing, Ryou? Was it with Watanabe? Or maybe Kasa-kun? No, Nagano-kun’s pretty suspicious too~♪”

Rasetsu Douji quickly showed interest in those unpleasant suspicions.

She narrowed her eyes in a grin while naming off some classmates.

“Of...course...not! Ahhhhhhhn!!”

Rasetsu had asked in Kimino’s normal tone of voice, so Haruka had accidentally responded like this was her childhood friend, not an evil Oni God preparing to devour Yume.

Oninagusamu-hime had yet to come to in Rasetsu’s arms and she was producing an abnormal amount of Refined Ki that created a gentle vortex of glowing pink.

Rasetsu Douji’s patience had to be near its limit. She fondled and toyed with Yume’s ample breasts, ran her lips across her skin, sighed, and gave her looks of longing.

“Yume...you look so delicious... How lovely...”

With that comment, she placed her lips on Yume's and took a taste of the Refined Ki spilling out.

The room was filled with the obscene sound of saliva being mixed together between their tongues.

(Kh...Two girls...kissing!?)

Haruka's heart pounded in her chest because it felt like watching her childhood friend and cousin kissing.

"Does it turn you on to see two girls going at it? Your ass just tightened down on my finger, you perv!"

"Ah, hh, no...ahhh!!"



She was supposedly a boy, yet a group of men was toying with her body.

She was supposedly a boy, yet she had a girls' body, a finger was stirring up her anus, and moans of pleasure escaped her lips.

“Hnnnnnnnnhhh! Ahhh! Ahee!”

As the situation increased her masochistic arousal, the Gaki increased the intensity of their obscene activity. They may have been using her to take out their frustrations at being ordered not to touch Oninagusamu-hime who was producing such rich Refined Ki.

“Her Refined Ki looks pretty tasty too!”

“I thought Onikiri-hime would taste like shit, but let's satisfy her even more to draw out more Refined Ki!!”

Tongue tips rushed at the vulva that had been left open after the finger had shifted to its anal attack.

“Hoheh!? S-stop!!”

The outer lips were pulled to either side to spread her pussy wide.

“Hyah!! Ah, don't...spread it!”

Nectar immediately poured from her vagina, so the Gaki slurped it up while pressing their tongues against her hidden slit.

“Nheeeeeeeee! Ah, ahhhhhhhh!! Ahh, no, not all at once! Fwaaah, it’s too... much. Ahhhhhhh!!”

One tongue after another moved to her vagina and dug into it to loosen it up.

“Whew~ Your pussy’s absolutely soaked. And it’s wriggling like it needs something inside it right this instant.”

“Ahee!? That’s...not...fweahhhhh!”

Sparks flashed in her vision as fingertips toyed with the inner lips and mouths sucked at the flesh within. Her clitoris was immediately stripped of its hood and the competing tongues continually rolled around the sensitive exposed flesh, bringing several surges of pleasure each powerful enough for her rational mind to crumble away.

“This hole’s soaking wet too. Uheh, her loose anus isn’t closing back up. I can see inside.”

“Nnn!! N-no! Stop, hwaaaahhhh!!”

She immediately tried to tighten her anus, but it only produced a bubbling sound from her anal fluids. She could not rid it of the unreliably loose feeling and she found herself worriedly twisting her tight butt around, which stimulated the Gaki’s lust.

“Ohhh? What was that sound? Did you just fart? Fine, then. I’ll plug it up with my fingers!”

The Gaki shoved two fingers into that hole.

“Hee!? N-no...! Nn, ah, no, hwah, uhowahhh!!”

The hole was spread so wide she thought it would tear as that intense thickness was forced inside.

Even if the fingers were covered in lubricant to enter more easily, that hole was less flexible than the vagina and even a single finger was a tight fit. So now that the hurdle had doubled in thickness, Haruka’s nerves were mercilessly tormented.

(Kwah! It’s so thick! No, it’s...it’s going to break!! Gh! Nnhhhhh!!)

Her brain was scorched by a combination of an intense desire to push the foreign object out and a maddening carnality.

Her depraved expression twitched as bodily fluids dripped from every hole on her face.

Her womb throbbed as if wriggling inside her and love juices squirted out like a water gun.

The men’s tongues fought over that nectar and licked all across her vulva while the two fingers buried deep in her anus stirred up her insides.

“Hgee! Ahee!! Nn...gh! Fwahh!! Ahh, my ass...and my pussy, oh, ah, feel so

good!”

She tried her best to maintain rational thought, but it was easily drowned out by the female pleasure.

(Fwah, this is...completely different from masturbation! It’s, ah, ah, ahhh, coming from so much deeper!)

The movements of the Gaki’s tongues stirred up their saliva and created obscene music.

The tongues that were pushed out of the way rubbed her outer lips or licked all over her butt and the ticklish sweetness caused her hips to rise from the sofa.

She had orgasmed a few times from awkward masturbation driven by curiosity, but the throbbing that now rose from deep within her womb made those climaxes seem like nothing.

(Ahh, this is...amazing!! It feels...amazing... A girl...a girl’s body...feels amazing! Here it comes! It’s rising from deep inside! Here it comes!!)

What would happen if this rising sensation were released? Her heart pounded with worry and curiosity as her naked body twisted around while soaked with sweat and saliva. As she did, her eyes landed on Rasetsu Douji.

Yume lay face-up on the floor while Rasetsu Douji leaned over her and ran her tongue along the giant breasts spilling from the girl’s mostly removed uniform. A stickily seductive smile appeared on her face.

“Hwah...! Get...away from...Yu...me... Nhhhh!?”

At the same time, a tongue tip roughly flicked Haruka’s clitoris and fingertips twisted around within her anus.

“Hawah!?”

A great throb burst from her womb.

(Wha-...? No, ah, ahhh, this! Eek...no!!)

A tsunami of pleasure instantly spread throughout her body and shot up into the back of her mind.

“Fwaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhh! I’m cumming!!
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh~::~!”

She was blinded by a dazzling brightness. Her mind was caught in a vortex of pleasure and her body would not stop convulsing while filled with a maddening sensation like it was breaking apart at the cellular level.

Orgasmic juices sprayed high from her raised crotch and poured down on the Gaki, covering them with a sticky female scent.

(Ah...I can’t stop...nhah...th-the pee!)

The short urethra of her girl's body made it hard to hold in, so the urine filling her bladder flowed out and produced an ammonia-smelling rain to follow the previous climax juices.

“Uhyahhh! This girl just pissed herself!!”

“The invincible Onikiri-hime is pissing everywhere!! Does she have no shame!?”

The Gaki mocked her for it.

“Kh...hhhh! Ahhh!!”

Unlike a boy's climax, the pleasure continued rising without end.

She moaned pathetically as her breasts bounced from the unending convulsions. And...

“How about something a lot thicker than piss!? Have a taste of this!”

Aroused by Haruka's orgasm, the Gaki fired semen from their erections.

Haruka had thrust her hips up as if performing a bridge and the sticky white liquid splattered all over her naked body.

(Kh...ah, I came! But I had to avoid cumming. Yume will fill with Refined Ki... Yume will be eaten...)

Her mind had been thrust up into the void and refused to return. The afterglow of the orgasm showed no sign of fading and her entire body was trapped by a sense of lethargy while trembling and refusing to do what she said.

Her tear ducts had grown quite loose since becoming a girl, so even the ecstasy of cumming like crazy had filled her eyes with tears as she looked to her beloved cousin.

(Ah, ah...Yu...me...)

Her uniform had been roughly removed by the Oni and her healthily mature and full body could be seen spilling out. Her short body was floating up into the air while surrounded by thick Refined Ki.

The Refined Ki must have been having an effect on her because her pure face was seductively flushed and she twisted her body a bit while quiet moans escaped her lips. Even so, she showed no sign of regaining consciousness.

Rasetsu Douji looked up at Yume in a daze.

“Oh, how wonderful... So much thick Refined Ki is pouring out with such purity and strength... Yume...you are lovelier than any Oninagusamu-hime I have devoured in the past.”

This was not the look a girl gave her best friend.

It was the look of a man-eating Oni who had captured the finest prey.

“I need to thank you too, Ryou. If you hadn’t cum like a whore in that girl’s body, Yume wouldn’t look anywhere near as delicious. I’ll order the Gaki to devour you painlessly while you’re still overwhelmed by the greatest pleasure.”

A merciless light entered Rasetu Douji’s blood-red eyes as she embraced the floating girl.

A thick and manly erection with a splendidly swollen head rose from Rasetu’s crotch.

“Wha-...? That’s...Kimino...why do you have that!?”

Her slender body was tall and had a modest chest, but it was decorated with plenty of seductive feminine curves. She had a somewhat boyish face, but no one would ever mistake her for a boy. And yet something no girl should have towered up from her crotch.

“I, Nirrti Raja Rakshasa, am an Oni God. I am both a woman and a man. ... Sorry, Ryou~ I know you love Yume, but I’m going to fuck her with this. Devouring Oninagusamu-hime by mixing the yin and the yang through sex brings the greatest joy. This is the ceremony that allows me to ascend to my position as a true Oni God♪”

“———!! St...stop. Kimino, you and Yume were friends! You can’t...you can’t rape Yume with that!!”

“ ‘I’ always loved you, Ryou, but you never even noticed. You were always looking at Yume. ...And. That’s why I’ll destroy it all♪”

Haruka felt like Kimino herself briefly came to the surface and answered.

But then the Oni laughed with a cold look in her eyes and embraced Yume's floating body.

She kissed Yume with her fangs showing through her lips.

The manly flesh spear standing erect from the lively girl's body pressed against Yume's crotch.

"Stoooooooooooooop!"

Even if it was with her childhood friend, she could not allow Yume to be defiled.

"Nkh...ah, ah... Yume, your lips are so cute... Oh, this Refined Ki looks so tasty..."

Rasetsu sucked at lips loose from moaning and let her saliva drip down as if in a trance.

She once more fondled the giant breasts spilling out of the girl's blouse.

Haruka might have allowed it if it was just between girls, but a far-too-impressive penis rose from Rasetsu's crotch.

“Nn...ah, this feels wonderful... It would have to be even more amazing if I put this inside you, Yume... Ah, ahn, ahah...”

The head glistened with precum as she rubbed it against Yume’s crotch over her panties.

The sleeping girl’s breathing grew disordered as a stickily wet sound came from her crotch. Scarlet colored her adorable face and she wrinkled her brow in apparent pleasure.

(I don’t have a dick anymore! I have a girl’s pussy now!! So I won’t let you defile Yume with that!)

Haruka’s heart was shaken by maddening jealousy and anger.

On their master’s orders, the Gaki prepared to devour Haruka’s female body while driving her mad with a torrent of pleasure.

“To hell...with that!!”

Her heart and the womb deep inside her lower stomach both throbbed.

Immediately, the supposedly dried-up supply of Onikiri-hime’s Refined Ki began to flow from Haruka’s entire body.

“Out of the way!”

She threw the hideous grunts off of her and easily sent them flying away.

“You bitch!!”

“She refuses to die and now her Refined Ki is back!? Fine then, we’ll just have to eat our fill again!”

Onikiri-hime had grown exhausted from the aftermath of her orgasm and having her Refined Ki sucked dry, so the Gaki attacked again when she suddenly showed renewed resistance. She made a horizontal strike with her right hand.

“Gyah!” “Gahee!!” “Hgyahh!”

With ear-splitting screams, those ugly inhuman monsters were sliced into countless hunks of flesh.

(My power is back... When I realized Yume was in trouble, my mind went blank. When I realized I had to save her, amazing power...no, R-Refined Ki grew inside me!)

The power of hope had returned to her body in this hopeless situation.

She held a broad sword that was too large to use on a person. That sword, Zanshou, had been forged to slay Oni and it was surrounded by a bewitching blood-like glow and hideous miasma.

“How dare you do all that...dirty stuff to me!!”

“Gah!? Shut up! Don’t act like you didn’t like it!! ...Ghah!”

“Hyah!! Onikiri...-hime! Ahhhh, that’s the Oni-slaying sword ...Gyahee!!”

“I’m not afraid of that sword! Now suck my cock! ...Gheyahhhh!”

Some rushed at her and some cowered down on the floor, but Zanshou’s blade swiftly chopped apart and instantly took the lives of every last Gaki.

“Outta the way! Hah!! Sei! Toaaaaahhhhh!!”

She had never had any training, but she knew how to fight against Oni. Her body used superhuman speed to nimbly swing the giant and heavy blade for one accurate attack after another.

“Ghah!” “Gyahhh!!” “Gowaaahhh!”

Each time, a Gaki was sliced in two and they died as black blood spurted out.

“Get your hands off my Yume!!”

Haruka jumped down from the sofa and made another jump to bring her within range of Rasetsu Douji.

She swung the blade down too quickly to be seen in order to sever the arms embracing her sleeping cousin.

But the futanari Demon God nimbly jumped out of the blade's path with Yume in her arms.

"What-!? Why you...!"

"Well, I fucked that one up. Having you raped to increase Yume's Refined Ki was fine, but your Refined Ki recovered as soon as I tried to devour Yume. In fact, it grew to the point that I probably wouldn't stand much of a chance in a fight."

The weakness that had led her to moan in pleasure as the men caressed her was gone now. Haruka's entire body was brimming with bluish-white Refined Ki and anger appeared on her dignified face.

"So the most delicious Oninagusamu-hime I've ever seen is protected by the strongest Onikiri-hime..."

"Give back Yume...right this instant!!"

She held the large sword at her waist in preparation for another attack.

Haruka faced Rasetsu Douji who was holding Yume as a shield.

"If the alternative is losing her, maybe I should just kill her. If I do let her go, you're just going to destroy me, aren't you?"

She pressed her sharp claws against Yume's throat. Her icy eyes contained not even a hint of emotion even as she smiled. She had Kimino's memories, but her

position as childhood friend would not stop her from taking Yume's life if it came to it. Haruka hesitated when she sensed that coldhearted resolve.

"Onikiri-hime exists to protect Oninagusamu-hime, so if I kill Yume, you will lose your power and return to being a boy. It would be a shame to lose my means of recovering my full power as an Oni God, but I'd only have to wait until the next Oninagusamu-hime is born. I could spend the time loving you after you sank into depression from the loss of your beloved, Ryou."

She truly was a monster. Haruka felt a chill when she saw the merciless smile on the Oni God's beautiful face.

"So I'm sorry, Yume. Kimino loved you, but it pissed her off how you always monopolized Ryou's heart yet didn't notice his feelings. That is why I can kill you so easily as an Oni God. Farewell."

The sharp claws dug into Haruka's cousin's throat. The fine skin split and small drops of blood appeared.

"S-stop! I surrender!! If you're going to kill someone, then kill me! So spare Yume!!"

Haruka threw Zanshou aside and pleaded with the Oni God.

Even if she was not killed here, Yume would eventually be devoured if she had no one to protect her, but Haruka was too desperate to think it through that far. Rasetsu Douji briefly looked irritated with Haruka's desperation to save this beloved girl, but then she started laughing.

“Just kidding. Of course I’m lying. How could I kill Yume and miss out on eating this tasty-looking Refined Ki~?”

Her claws only scratched the skin a little. She licked off the bit of blood that had oozed out, released a blissful sigh, and shifted the girl into a princess carry.

“Kh! You tricked me!!”

Kimino had teased Ryou on a daily basis, but this was a whole different level of cruelty.

Haruka’s face twisted in anger and she rushed over to collect Zanshou.

In the meantime, Rasetsu Douji moved to the storage room’s window with Yume in her arms.

“This is the police! We received a report that three girls were forced into this store!!”

“We will be searching the back!”

The store grew noisy. This was a fairly deserted area, but someone must have seen and reported what had happened outside with the Gaki disguised as delinquents.

“Hey, are you trying to resist!? Ah, wh-what!?”

“A-a monster!”

The clerk who had kept watch must have revealed his Gaki form. The police shouted in surprise, the Gaki roared like a wild animal, and gunshots rang out.

“Thanks to this intrusion, I’ll have to do this elsewhere. Bye, Onikiri-hime.”

Rasetsu Douji used the commotion to break the window and wall with a punch and to make a gravity-defying leap outside.

“Wait! Ahhhhhhhhhhhh~~~~~!!”

Haruka started to pursue but realized she was naked. She picked up her uniform and found it was soaked with Gaki semen. Disgusting as it was, she put the uniform on and moved just as quickly as the Oni God to pursue the distant figure holding Yume.

Chapter the Seventh: Devilish School Party

Haruka felt so light, she thought she had grown wings.

With a single kick off the ground, she flew high into the sky and the city spread out below her.

But she did not have time to enjoy the view as she jumped from house rooftop to house rooftop in pursuit of the Oni God that had abducted the girl she loved most.

“Give back...Yume!!”

She was almost there. She sped up as much as she could while stabbing forward with the Oni-slaying sword named Zanshou.

Sensing her presence, Rasetsu Douji looked back.

She flipped around with a smile of enjoyment on her face.

With the sleeping Oninagusamu-hime in her arms, she dodged the tip of the blade and rapidly descended.

“——— Wait!”

Haruka followed suit and dropped toward the ground.

After landing, they faced each other.

“Wha-...? This is...”

But Haruka was taken aback by the familiar scene before her eyes.

“Modoribashi Academy!?”

She saw the four story school building she had been in just a few hours before. It was currently dyed red by the setting sun.

When the two suddenly landed in the schoolyard, the students still there for club activities gathered around to see what was going on.

“Isn’t that the girl that transferred into the first year girl’s class?”

“Oh~ She’s as beautiful as the rumors said. And isn’t her uniform wet? You can see right through it, which is really hot.”

(They all recognize me!? But it hasn’t been all that long since I started coming to school as Haruka.)

As a boy, she had never stood out much even in her own class, so this filled her chest with dissatisfaction.

She was also shocked to find them staring at her cum-soaked uniform.

She had been in a hurry, so she had put on her panties but not her bra.

Her bare breasts were showing through her blouse.

(They can see my tits? Dammit, but if I let this get to me, Yume's in trouble!)

She tried to suppress the embarrassment and focus on her enemy, but she was horribly distracted by the fear that the students would figure out what was soaking her uniform. The semen stench stung her nose. If they got close, they would notice right away. Any boy would recognize the smell.

“By the way, who's that other girl?”

“I've never seen her before, but she's pretty hot too. Maybe she's also a transfer student.”

Haruka was relieved when their curiosity shifted to Rasetsu Douji.

“She's really tall, slender, and boyish. She's kind of cool~♪”

She had put it away for the time being, but she was actually a futanari Oni God with both a vagina and a massive cock inside her tight hot pants. Her composed aura of both feminine elegance and boyish charm elicited excited comments from not just the boys, but the girls too.

“Anyway, what do you think they're doing?”

“That’s Cherry Blossom Class’s Ichijou Yume-chan the silver-haired one is holding. She’s as cute as ever.”

“The transfer student is holding a huge sword, so are they rehearsing a play or filming a movie?”

Rasetsu Douji appeared full of openings, but Haruka could not make any careless actions when the Oni God had Yume as a hostage.

“Now, then. How about you put away that dangerous sword?”

As Haruka waited for a chance to attack, Rasetsu gave her an instruction with no hint of tension in her voice.

“What? How about you give Yume back!?”

Her harsh tone only gathered more curious onlookers. They seemed to think it was a play.

(They’re in the way. If this comes to a fight, they’ll be caught in the middle of it! And if they get this close, Rasetsu Douji can... ———!!)

“Oh, have you finally caught on? If I wanted to, I could take every last one of their lives. And I have no reason to hesitate like I do with Yume.”

Haruka now understood why Rasetsu had lured her here.

Rasetsu wanted Oninagusamu-hime's Refined Ki, so harming Yume would only be her last resort. Losing Yume would mean losing her chance to awaken as a complete Oni God. She would want to avoid that at all costs.

Kimino might see things differently, but Oni God Rasetsu Douji only saw the students as worthless humans. She would give killing them as much thought as stepping on an ant.

Her sharp claws grew in length. Her lithe body was brimming with killer intent as she took aim at a nearby student.

"Okay, I get it! S-stop...!!"

Just before the Oni God stepped forward, the Oni-slaying sword became particles of light and vanished.

The onlookers seemed to think it was some kind of magic trick and voiced their awe.

"Good to know you have some sense. I love that part of you, Ryou."

Haruka breathed a sigh of relief as the killer intent directed at the students faded.

She suddenly realized her back was soaked with sweat.

The Oni God looked nothing like Kimino, but she had that childhood friend's

memories. Faced with that odd awkwardness, Haruka said nothing in response and simply stood there, so Rasetsu Douji stared at the girls in gym clothes who were watching on while joking with their friends.

“Come to think of it, Ryou, you were always surreptitiously watching Yume and me during gym class, weren’t you?”

“Wha-!? How did you know I was-...I-I mean, I was not!”

She hated how stupidly honest she was. She made the confession without thinking and then quickly denied it.

“You look amazed I’d noticed. But girls are sensitive to boys’ eyes on them. We just try not to let it show that we can tell you’re looking♪”

The shock almost felt like a physical blow.

Haruka recalled how she had started noticing boys’ eyes on her ever since gaining a girl’s body. It was irritating and creepy, so she ended up scowling.

She had grown relatively expressionless since genderbending and usually had a sour look on her face, but...

(Girls are incredible.)

She doubted she could ever pull that off.

Even now, she had trouble relaxing with so many eyes on her face, breasts, and crotch.

(They're only looking because they don't know I'm really a guy.)

She considered coming out to them and disappointing them, but she knew she could never actually do it. Meanwhile, Kimino...no, Rasetsu Douji rubbed her cheek against the sleeping girl.

"And of course, this girl knew you were looking at her too. She can be a little dense, but she's still a girl~"

"———!!"

It may have been lucky Yume had passed out.

If Haruka had looked Yume in the eye now, she would have died of embarrassment.

She tensed up in voiceless shock and the alluring Oni God walked closer.

"This is the perfect chance, Ryou...no, Haruka. Since you're a girl now, let's have you see what it's like to have boys looking at you in gym clothes."

She was not just holding Yume and the students hostage. She had used the conversation to place herself at a psychological advantage. It made sense. Even as Kimino, she had never held back in verbally attacking Ryou.

How could Haruka stand up to someone with those memories and an inhuman willingness to kill?

“Gym clothes? But...I don’t have any with me!!”

She still tried to resist with a pathetic and childish excuse, but...

“You do now. Here.”

Not even that worked. Rasetsu held out a sports bag she had taken from somewhere.

Haruka recognized the cutesy pink design.

“Is that...!?”

“Yes. I borrowed it from Yume. And she just used it for gym class today, so it’s soaked with her sweat. Don’t boys like that kind of thing?”

This was a horrible misunderstanding. But even if she was not into that kind of thing, when it was her beloved Yume’s outfit, she was a little...no, quite interested.

She was confused at herself for taking the bag without thinking.

(These are...Yume’s gym clothes. ...Is she saying I have to put them on?)

She gulped and her heart pounded. She simply could not open that small bag. And putting on its contents would be perverted as could be.

She had been reluctant enough to wear her own gym clothes. Especially the bloomers.

(But...I-if I don't, she'll attack Yume and the others...)

The peacefully smiling Oni girl directed her killer intent at the unrelated students again.

“M-make no mistake! I-it's not like I want to wear it!!”

“Ha ha♪ You're a tsundere now, Haruka? How cute~♪”

She blushed at the unexpected teasing.

She desperately unzipped the bag and pulled out the gym clothes.

A meltingly sweet aroma immediately reached her nose.

(Wow. What is this nice smell...? Is this Yume!?)

When Yume would come to wake Ryou in the mornings or joked around with him, the boy had occasionally noticed his cousin's scent without warning.

It had been hard enough to ignore then, but it was practically intoxicating in

this concentrated form.

(This is Yume's sweat~~~~~!!)

It was nothing like a boy's sweat. It did not stink at all. In fact, she could not get enough of it.

Did all girls smell like this? No!! Only Yume's sweat was more seductive than any perfume. She wanted to press the gym clothes to her face and breathe it all in.

Even with a girl's body, her mind was that of a healthy teenage boy. The scent of her beloved girl's gym clothes was sending her mind out of control, so Rasetsu Douji gave her an exasperated look.

"I-I'll go put this on, so wait here!"

Haruka refocused her mind and cleared her throat before starting toward the school building.

"Oh? Where do you think you're going?"

A dangerous voice stabbed into her back.

"Wh-where? To somewhere where I can change."

The infirmary was closest to the schoolyard.

“Don’t be silly. I’m not letting you out of my sight. Change here.”

“Eh...?”

Was she joking? No, the look in her smiling eyes was dead serious.

“Everyone needs to watch you change too. You were watching us change for gym, weren’t you? You’re really a boy, but you changed in the girl’s classroom with us and saw us in our underwear♪”

“~~~~~!!”

It was unbearably embarrassing. She had a boy’s mind, so she had known it was better to change with the boy’s class. But with a girl’s body, she could not have done that.

As her classmates defenselessly changed before his eyes, oblivious that the transfer student was actually a boy, she had felt guilty and tried to keep her head down as much as possible, but her male mind had made her curious and she had ended up looking.

(And even when I looked down, I saw my own tits and underwear, which would turn me on. So...)

She made excuses in her heart, but it took on an entirely new meaning when it came to letting others see her body. But no matter what reasoning she tried to use, she could not disobey this order.

“What’s going on? I thought his was an action show, but they aren’t fighting at all.”

“Is it more of a love comedy? They’re talking really quietly all of a sudden and I can’t make any of it out. I’m confused.”

“I don’t know if this is a movie or a play, but this isn’t making me want to see the finished product.”

They were not doing this as a performance, so that was unavoidable. But the onlookers who had thought they were rehearsing some kind of performance started to walk away.

(Good. If they all leave...)

Haruka might have a chance to rescue Yume and she would not have to be seen changing.

She started to breathe a sigh of relief, but Rasetsu Douji was not about to let her hostages get away.

“I’ll be killing anyone who leaves here by the way♪”

Her tall body was brimming with killer intent and her claws extended like sharp blades.

She took aim at a boy turning around to leave.

“Okay, I’ll change!! Right here!!”

Haruka had no other choice.

(I have to get naked in front of people again!)

When she had stripped for the Gaki disguised as delinquents, she had been indoors, but this was in the middle of the schoolyard. Plus, it was students from her school who would be watching. Even so, she would not have to remove her underwear this time and she could put the gym clothes on right away. More importantly, she would not have to suck disgusting Gaki dick.

While Haruka told herself that, she practically tore off her blazer and blouse.

(And I can finally get rid of these Gaki cum-soaked clothes.)

She tried to make it feel refreshing that she was peeling off the dried stickiness clinging to her skin. She rode her momentum by undoing the zipper and hook before stripping off the skirt itself. Leaning forward caused her giant braless breasts to bounce around.

“Whoa, she just started stripping!! Damn, those are some nice tits!”

The group preparing to leave now had their eyes glued to her.

“Sh-she’s stripping here!? Oh, but she has a really nice body... I’m so jealous.”

Instead of leaving, both the boys and the girls expressed their surprise and moved in closer.

“Gwah! Ahh!! Ah, ahh, ahn!”

Haruka was so shocked that her half-removed skirt caught on her ankles.

She just about tripped and hopped around on one foot. That only caused her weighty breasts to bounce around even more and that threw her further off balance.

“Wow. Is that how bare breasts bounce! Maybe she needs me to support them with my hands!!”

“It must be tough when they’re that big~ But does she have no shame? How can she let everyone see her boobs here?”

Of course she had shame.

But if she disobeyed Rasetsu Douji, those students would be caught in an irreversible tragedy.

Haruka’s embarrassment and impatience grew as she was mocked by the very students she was protecting.

(Ahh... Why won’t my tits settle down!? And why can’t I get my skirt off my leg!?)

The conspicuous mounds on her chest had a fair bit of weight and she had trouble balancing with them due to only recently having turned into a girl. The bra had helped some, but she had trouble when they were free to bounce around.

“Oh, c’mon!! Get...off!”

She somehow managed to kick the skirt from her ankle, grab her disobedient breasts in her arms, and regain her balance.

“Those tits are too big to fit in her hands!!”

“More importantly, why did she strip here? This is a little much for a fan service scene!”

“Could she be an exhibitionist? Maybe she was dying to let everyone see her naked.”

Everyone had seen every action.

“Ah, ahh, ahh...uuh...”

Countless eyes were staring as she planted her feet on the ground and the bouncing flesh squeezed alluringly out from her hands.

Plus, the number of onlookers had grown.

(No, you idiots!! Why are you coming this way!? Rasetsu Douji will make you her hostage!!)

Despite Haruka's worries and disappointment, they had not the slightest clue they were putting themselves in danger as they tried not to blink so they could take the image of the transfer student in just her panties and burn it into their eyes.

"Isn't that Ichijou Yume's cousin? H-huge boobs must run in the family~"

"Yume-chan has more of a comforting beauty, but this girl has a cooler beauty. They're both great. I wouldn't mind having her look down on me and insult me."

They were all saying whatever came to mind, but Haruka recalled secretly saying some pretty rude things about looks and breast size when looking at girls with her awful friends.

(And now they're doing the same thing to me!? The guys are judging me...as a girl!)

It was quite a shock now that she was on the receiving end. She had not wanted breasts this large and it was still indecisive Ichijou Ryou on the inside, but they assumed she was a harsh girl because of her harsh, expressionless look.

"This uniform's all sticky. And I recognize this smell..."

Haruka's face went pale.

Someone had picked up her blouse and started smelling it.

“There’s a stain on her panties... It’s on the crotch. Is that what I think it is...?”

She just about fainted.

In the back of the convenience store, the Gaki had toyed with her body to their heart’s content and made her cum.

The love juices and orgasm juices gathered in her vagina had flowed out and stained her panties.

Plus, the embarrassment of having so many eyes on her may have acted as a strange stimulus and gotten her even wetter.

“Hwahhhhh! Hwaaaaahhh!!”

She had no more reason to hesitate. With a strange yell, she put on Yume’s gym shirt and bloomers, snatched back the uniform someone had picked up, and stuffed it in the gym bag.

(I-it’s a little damp... Is this Yume’s sweat!? Ahh, it smells so nice.)

She felt a flutter in her heart as the cloth soaked with her crush’s bodily fluids clung to her skin. She felt dizzy from a smell that seemed too sweet to be sweat from gym class.

(I put them on... I'm wearing Yume's gym clothes! This is my cousin's...a girl's gym clothes, but I'm wearing them!)

Doing this as a boy would have made her a pervert. No, she had a feeling getting turned on by this after turning into a girl only made it worse.

“Uhhhh~ I-I put on Yume's gym clothes! I did what you said, right!?”

Haruka's frantic behavior caused the Oni God to tremble with laughter just like Kimino always had.

Haruka glared at Rasetsu, but the embarrassment and shame brought tears to her eyes.

Her butt was the same size if not a little smaller than Yume's, but the lively flesh could not fit in the dark blue bloomers and the cheeks stuck out from the edges a little.

(Yume's butt must have stuck out some too. That's why she was always fixing it...)

Haruka recalled the secret glimpses she had stolen and then copied how her cousin had pulled at the edge of the cloth.

Haruka was just as tall as when she had been a boy, so the shirt meant for short Yume was far too short for her and it left her stomach entirely exposed.

“Whew~ It doesn’t cover her belly at all! Look at that skinny waist!! That’s kind of hot.”

“And her tits are so big you can see their shape perfectly through the fabric. I think I can even see her underboob peeking out below the shirt.”

The gazes on her instantly grew more heated.

(Th-they’re looking...at me. With dirty looks in their eyes...!)

She was no longer naked, but she still covered her breasts with her arms and pulled her inner thighs together. But that embarrassed behavior only further stimulated the boys’ libido and the horny chatter grew louder.

She twisted her body around in blatant hesitation, but that too had the opposite effect. They moved in closer and swept their eyes across every inch of her body.

“Damn...it. If only it was my gym clothes!!”

She had never imagined it would come to this, so she had left her things back in the convenience store.

She pulled down on the short shirt in an attempt to hide her smooth belly.

Now the contours of her giant breasts showed through the fabric in perfect detail.

“Oh ho!! They’re not just big! Those are some shapely tits!”

“The bare breasts were great, but this is pretty sexy too!!”

Her own mounds had not shown up too much in the chest fabric that had been stretched by Yume’s massive breasts, but Haruka had ruined that herself.

And since she was not wearing a bra, the plump mounds looked amazingly raw and the bumps of her nipples were clearly visible.

She lacked the experience as a girl to know how to protect herself from the male gaze. She accidentally exposed her defenseless body and then dug herself deeper as she tried to fix it.

Plus, her panic and embarrassment produced a sweat which joined Yume’s sweat to soak the gym shirt to the point that hints of her bare skin could be seen through it.

(These bloomers...are oddly sexy. You can plainly see the shape of my crotch and butt. They make my thighs and such feel so plump. And they’re kind of tight...)

It put her in a funny mood. Most of the girls were requesting a change to shorts because bloomers were so old fashioned, but Haruka had a feeling the real reason was all the boys leering at them.

Her hips fidgeted restlessly as so many eyes stared intently at the slight swelling of her mons pubis and the peach shape of her tight butt.

“S-surely this is enough! Hurry up and let me change into some proper clothes!!”

Unable to bear it any longer, she turned to Rasetsu Douji to plead with her.

“Isn’t this just hilarious, Yume?”

“Haruka...-chan? Are those...my gym clothes?”

The “girl’s” confused look grew dumbfounded and then froze over.

Yume had passed out when the Gaki had attacked and had remained so soundly asleep that some power must have been at work, but now she had come to and was staring at Haruka in puzzlement.

“Y-Yume... Ahhhh!”

That gentle and innocent look was far more embarrassing than any of the boys’ or the Oni girl’s mocking. Even though it made her breasts show through all the more, Haruka tugged down on the shirt as hard as she could and crouched down on the ground.

The top of her breasts started bulging out of the stretched collar and her cleavage came into view.

The boys’ eyes grew bloodshot as they peered down at her.

“Huh? We’re at school? Why...? We were at the convenience store and there were scary people there...”

Yume seemed to be gradually recalling what had happened before she passed out and her cute face visibly paled.

“Kimino-cha-...eek!!”

She looked up, assuming it was her childhood friend holding her, but her face froze in fear.

She found a cold face that had the same general feel but looked nothing like the one she expected.

Two sharp horns grew from the forehead of gray hair.

“Ah, ahhh! An...Oni... Noooooo!”

The delinquents had transformed into grotesque forms in the convenience store. And one quiet night before that, a frightening Oni had attacked and disturbed her peaceful sleep. Rasetsu Douji may have reminded Yume of that.

“Help me... Haruka-cha-...ngh!!”

Yume’s muddled mind was vaguely aware that Haruka had saved her from the Oni on that night, so she reached out her hand and tried to escape Rasetsu’s arms.

But her screaming mouth was sealed by the beautiful Oni God's lips and her soft body was held with a strength no human could shake free of.

"Yume!"

This was no time for embarrassment. Haruka had to rescue her.

But that seemed to act as a signal. The students who had been staring so lustfully at her in the gym clothes started shouting and rushing toward her.

"Haruka-chaaaan!" "Ichijou Harukaaaa. I can't stand it anymore!!"

"Wah! L-let go! Out of the way! Yume's in trouble!! Ahhh!"

They clung to her as she tried to stand up and she was forced down onto her butt.

"Wh-what is with them? Kh, I said let go! Don't touch me there! Hwahh!"

While she was taken aback, the crowd restrained her movements even further. And their faces had gone slack with lust as they shamelessly groped her body.

(Did she do something to them? Or are they Oni too!?)

But she had known some of them since middle school. She glared at Rasetsu

Douji and found the Oni God was giving Yume a passionate kiss.

(———!! She's kissing Yume again!)

Her tongue slipped between Yume's lips and produced a sticky melody as it moved around inside. Haruka's plump cousin's cheeks swelled seductively out as they were pushed at from within.

(And...she's using her tongue...)

Jealousy burned in Haruka's heart and the Oni God's lips finally left Yume's, leaving a string of saliva between them.

"Fwah...ah, nhah..."

Yume had cried out in fear before, but now her body limply melted and she entrusted herself to the Oni God's arms. Her eyes were unfocused and pleasant breaths escaped her lips.

"No...I'm scared...Haruka-chan...help...me..."

But her mind had not been affected. She feared the Oni and weakly asked for help.

"These are normal humans, not Gaki. And I'm not controlling them in any way."

Rasetsu answered the question Haruka had not actually asked.

“What!? Th-then why is this happening...?”

Perhaps because she had Kimino’s memories, Rasetsu was able to guess what Haruka was thinking from the look on her face, even if her expressions were somewhat suppressed as a girl

She hated how much the smug look on Rasetsu’s face reminded her of her childhood friend.

“You really don’t get it~? You’re the one causing this, Haruka-chan.”

Haruka looked astonished as she pushed back the hands of all the boys trying to touch her. Rasetsu sounded delighted as she traced her fingertips along Yume’s cheek.

“I-I am...?”

Haruka’s eyes were drawn to the seductive tremor that ran through her cousin’s body and she reacted exactly the same way when a boy’s fingertips tickled her spine. But she was oblivious to that fact and listened to Rasetsu’s answer.

“Oh, c’mon, Haruka. You did all sorts of sexual things with those Gaki and now you’re getting all hot and bothered from Yume’s gym clothes. The Refined Ki flowing from you has been dyed by your horniness. What human could resist that?”

“What!? F-from...me? H-horniness...!?”

She sniffed at herself in surprise, but she only detected a mixture of her own scent (which was a lot nicer than when she had been a boy) and the sweet scent of Yume’s sweat. She did not notice anything remarkable.

It was true she did detect the smell of the cum the Gaki had soaked her with, but that was an unpleasant odor to her male side.

“It might be convenient to call it a smell, but it’s more like an aura. It functions more at the level of instinct. Just like it’s hard to notice your own smell, this aura is hard to notice yourself, but your entire body is currently sending out powerful aphrodisiac pheromones♪ Any man who could resist this would have to be quite the saint.”

“Y-you can’t mean that... I’m sending out...aphrodisiac...pheromones!?”

She could not believe it.

(They’re getting h-horny...over me!?)

No matter how much she thought of herself as a boy, she had an alluringly nice body. She had been captivated by her own reflection in the mirror several times over the past few days.

“Well? How does it feel to have boys looking at you with lust in their eyes and touching your body, Haruka-chan?”

It was of course disgusting.

(Wh-when I looked at Yume and Kimino...did I have such a dirty look in my eyes...?)

She may have been troubling her cousin and childhood friend by unknowingly leering at them.

She was shocked and disgusted with herself, but the boys got carried away and moved their hands to indecent places over the gym clothes.

“Hee! Ah, not...there. Don’t...grope me!!”

One boy dug his fingertips into her breasts and many more perverted hands rushed for her body.

“Ha ha. But how are we supposed to resist when your tits are this nice!?”

“Kahhhh! I can’t stand it! I never knew tits were so soft!!”

A single boy’s hands kneaded the entirety of her ample breasts.

“Get...away from me! Don’t touch me...there!! Nn...hhh!”

She could not stop the throbbing she felt when that soft flesh was stirred up and a pleasant feeling slowly spread throughout her entire body from the

bottom of those mounds.

(Why is...a girl's body so damn sensitive? Ahhh~)

She tried to brush off the hands, but her strength faded as the hands dug into her breasts.

Unable to support herself anymore, she started to fall backwards, but someone caught her back with their chest and wrapped their arms around her waist.

(A guy's arms...are so thick... Wait, why is that getting my heart pounding!?)

Her body had grown more slender, so the boys' bodies felt bigger. The athlete's chest pressing against her back only felt so powerful because her own skin was so soft and smooth.

She shuddered and could not relax as the boy's aroused breaths blew on the back of her neck.

"Haruka-chan, your nipples are erect. ...Wow, they're really hard!"

"Hyah!? Hwah, don't touch them, ahhh! Nn, ahhhhhh!!"

Her nipples had been poking out a little from the beginning, but after the stimulation to the mounds, the small beads showed even more clearly through the gym shirt. She gasped as someone's fingertips pinched one of those erect nipples.

(Ahhh. Oh, no. My chest...my tits... They're squeezing them so much, but I can barely think. My nipples...are too sensitive! Khhhhhh!)

Her body writhed about, as if leaning up against the surrounding boys.

The boy pinched her nipple hard enough to produce a throbbing pain and then rolled it around. Her body squirmed as if being controlled by those fingers.

"Oh ho. This nipple is nice and hard too!!"

A boy's lips sucked at the other erect bead through the gym shirt.

"Kahhhhhh! Hee! Ahhhhhhh!! No, hyah~~, stop! Nnn!! Nh, hwaaah~~~~!"

The boy's saliva soaked into Yume's gym shirt and warmly soaked the nipple.

More of the fabric came into contact and rubbed wetly against the nipple, so her hips hopped up. At that very moment, the tongue tip rolled around the swollen point through the gym shirt.

(Ahhh! It's throbbing. My tits...are throbbing!!)

Strained moans left her mouth and her body twisted around as the fingers sank even deeper into her breasts.

"Nohoh! The transher shtudent'sh nihhle ish gehhing even harher in my

mouf!”

(Fwaaaaah! Don’t talk...while moving your tongue!!)

The vibration of his voice shook the soft mound. As he forcefully licked the nipple every which way, she gasped and thought the tip of her breast would burst from the surges of pleasure. But a moment later, the tongue tip only barely tickled it and the tantalizing frustration elicited sobbing moans.

(No, ahhhhh, This is because...I have a girl’s body. Tits feel too good. If I was a guy, it wouldn’t feel like this at all.)

The quality of the sensitivity was fundamentally different.

As a boy, some rationality remained in some corner of the mind even when ejaculating, but a girl’s body lost that rationality even when the pleasure was not that great.

If she was given any further pleasure, not even she knew what she would do.

In fact, she was already acting quite indecently just from the pleasure in her breasts.

(Uuh... Yume is seeing this...)

Driven by the embarrassment of being seen by the cousin she had loved since she was little, she hesitantly looked up.

“Fwah~ Haruka-chan... Help...me... It’s an Oni...ah.”

“Ha, ha...ahh. Yume...”

She was staring at Haruka, but her eyes were flushed and wet with tears.

Rasetsu Douji’s hand had moved to Yume’s bared chest and was fondling breasts even larger than Haruka’s. Each time the boldly exposed white peaches of soft flesh were fondled and squeezed, a seductive breath escaped Yume’s lips and a tremor ran through her short, plump body.

“Neh heh... Oh, Yume... Ah, you started giving off such amazing Refined Ki the instant Haruka grew so horny... Nkh... It had gone down on the way here, but now it’s even greater than before...”

Rasetsu Douji tilted Yume’s back, licked along the white nape of the girl’s neck, and occasionally stole her lips while slurping up the Refined Ki flowing from her body.

At some point, she had summoned three Gaki into the center of the schoolyard. They were down on all fours and she sat on their backs as a throne. Her futa cock rose from her crotch with the beautiful curve of a drawn sword. The charmed girls from the school were leaning up against her and fighting over the penis. They would either take the pointed head into their lips or they would lick their tongue along the smooth reddish shaft.

“Gulp, gulp... Ahh, Rasetsu Douji-sama~ Your cock milk is so tasty.”

“Ohhh~ What a beautiful cock. After sucking yours, Rasetsu Douji-sama, I

never want to see one of those savage boys' cocks again~”

The girls lavished praise on her and passionately pleased her with their tongues, but the Oni God did not even look their way. She was wholly focused on Oninagusamu-hime and the Refine Ki flowing from her.

She seated Yume in her lap with her futa cock still hard. The manhood rose between Yume's thighs and pressed against her crotch.

(Ah, ahh... It looks like...Yume grew a dick...)

To Haruka, it looked like the girls from the school were sucking her cousin's penis.

(I-I've turned into a girl...so if Yume grew a dick...would she put it in me!? Would Yume...fuck me...?)

She imagined a melting smile on Yume's face as the girl leaned over her and pressed her rock-hard cock against Haruka's throbbing pussy.

That perverted fantasy filled her mind amid the sensual pleasure of the boys groping her breasts.

“Nnnn...!! Ahh...”

An intense throbbing immediately filled her womb and plenty of love juices flowed out. She reflexively tensed the muscles, but she was no match for the warm sensation soaking her vaginal folds.

Thick juices stained not just her panties but the bloomers too.

The stain was faintly visible on the surface of the crotch.

“Huh? Something smells really feminine all of a sudden!!”

The boys were not about to overlook this.

They forcibly spread her legs and a thick aroma rose from her crotch.

“Wow, you’re right. What a perverted smell!”

“Damn, I didn’t think my dick could get any harder, but this smell did the trick.”

A sweet and somewhat fermented sexual aroma flowed into Haruka’s own nose.

(That really is a perverted smell... This is what my pussy juices smell like?)

If she had still been a boy, her lust would have been immediately sent out of control.

The boys who were actually here had entered an even more abnormal state. Their cheeks were flushed and their eyes bloodshot.

Her energetically tight thighs were immediately covered in caressing hands.

Sweaty hands kneaded her fine skin.

“Hyah! That’s just...disgusting!! If you touch me...like that...I’ll only get more-...nnn.”

The amount of love juices only grew from the extra stimulation and it began to flow from her vagina. Her panties and bloomers were quickly soaked and grew plastered to her crotch, bringing a troubling sensation.

The boys’ hands soon moved from her thighs to the top of the bloomers.

“Ah ha ha. Haruka-chan, your belly is so smooth. Do you work out? It’s so tight.”

“Wait...her bloomers are wet. D-did she piss herself? I think she did!”

“No, this is...way to thick and sticky for piss. ...Damn, this stuff is sexy.”

The fingertips traced curiously across the bump of her mons pubis. If they moved just a little lower, they would reach her clitoris. The fear of that sent a tremor through her body.

“Kh~~~~ Stop... Don’t...touch me...”

Her struggling had the opposite effect. It shook her giant breasts around and

that only aroused the boys even more.

“Uhee! I love this sticky sensation!!”

One boy was so turned on by the fabric soaked in love juices that he tugged violently on the bloomers.

“Uho! You’re right. This feels great!”

The others also began tugging at the fabric.

“Hawah! S-stop!! Ahhhhh!”

The thick, dark blue fabric and the panties below both tore.

(Those were Yume’s bloomers!! Wah! A-and this means...!)

That tear revealed her crotch.

She gasped at the chill of the outside air on the hidden flower petals soaked with love juices.

The boys’ eyes all gathered there and they raised their voices in celebration.

“Wow, it’s a pussy!” “It’s the transfer student’s pussy!!” “So this is what a girl’s pussy looks like... God, it’s hot!” “It’s Ichijou Haruka’s pussy!!” “It’s the transfer student’s bare pussy!”

(U-uuh... It's not like I have a pussy because I want one...)

The way they kept saying pussy this and pussy that made her feel like she was nothing more than her sex organ.

(But I'm a boy!! I'm Ichijou Ryou! I had a penis too, you know!?)

Even if that penis had not been all that large, it had still grown plenty erect, but it was now only a small bead, which was red, engorged, and trembling as if to put on a strong front.

The balls below had become an alluringly parted slit that revealed the sensitive flesh and flower petals sticky with love juices.

Deep in the bottom end, a hole opened wide as it twitched and drooled.

All of that was immodestly revealed through the tear in her bloomers.

Haruka could not bring herself to reveal that she was actually a genderbent boy. As her clitoris stood as erect as it could manage, the boys pulled out their penises and began stroking them as if to show her what a real erection looked like.

“Uuh~~ I can't stand it!! I want to shove my dick right in Ichijou Haruka's pussy!”

“How are we supposed to hold back when she shows us that sexy pussy!? I-

it's so wet!"

With each stroke, the filthy male smell of their cocks pressed in on her, mixed with the honey aroma coming from her vagina, and produced an oppressively obscene scent.

"Hee, ahhh! K-keep those dirty things away from me! Stop...ahee!!"

She was unable to dodge since they were still fondling her breasts, so the approaching cocks pressed against her body from every direction.

"Whoa! A-a girl's body feels so soft on your dick!"

"Oh! I'm just rubbing the head against her gym shirt...kh...but I'm already about to cum!"

"Th-the bloomers feel great too! When I push in, those dirty juices ooze out!!"

The highly absorbent fabric was soaked with precum in no time at all and that uniquely sticky lubricant reached the skin below as well.

(Ahhh... These are Yume's gym clothes... Don't defile them with this...filth!!)

She looked apologetically to the clothes' owner and found the girl was too preoccupied with Rasetsu's caress to notice.

"Ahh...n. No, ah, don't touch my boobs like that...it feels funny!"

As Yume squirmed, the Oni girl's penis shook back and forth at her crotch to seduce the gathered girls. The gray-haired and double-horned Oni girl's eyes melted with pleasure from the girls' tongues and the flavor of the Refined Ki she slurped up from Yume.

That view of the two shook Haruka's male psyche and filled her female body with a throbbing sensation.

Her skin grew even more sensitive as so many erections rubbed their precum all over it. Even if no single one produced much, it added up with this many cocks. Even her smooth black ponytail was sticky with the thick liquid and soaked with the maddening male smell.

"Kh... I can't stand it!! I can put it in her now, right!?"

"W-wait! I want to put it in too! I want to put it in Haruka-chan's pussy!!"

They could only assume the nectar dripping from her widely spread pussy was inviting them to jam their penis inside.

When one boy could hold back no longer and tried to bring his erection in close, the others got in his way, saying they wanted to stick their dick in her too.

"I don't want any of you! Please spare me... So get out from between my legs!"

No amount of stubbornness gave her an actual method of rejecting them. If

they forced it, they could easily fuck her.

Even as they argued, their fingertips kept up their caress, so her moaning never ceased. Meanwhile, a group that had been obviously practicing in the gym seemed to have finished up because they walked outside.

It was the karate team. Their uniforms were soaked with sweat.

When one of them noticed her, he ran over with incredible speed.

“————!! Watanabe...Tsunayoshi! S-stay away!!”

This was a classmate from when she had been a boy. On top of that, the two of them had gotten along oddly well since middle school and had done all sorts of stupid things together. He was also the utter moron who had suddenly asked Haruka to be his wife once she became a girl.

However, her surprised voice only quickened his pace.

Once he was close enough to see her face, he stopped with a look of shock.

“———!? Ichijou Haruka-san!!”

He had fallen in love at first sight and asked her to marry him without knowing she was his genderbent friend, but now his eyes widened in surprise.

“Watanabe... D-don't look at me...”

A strange embarrassment filled her. Even if he did not know who she really was, her best friend from her time as a boy was seeing her in this disgraceful state. Would he be disappointed in her? After a cloud of uncertainty covered his face, he grimaced angrily and rushed over.

“Wh-what is my future wife doing here!? I shall be the one to fuck her.”

With that bold declaration, he pulled down his karate uniform and boxers.

“Eek!! Ah, ahhhhh!”

She shrieked at the massive penis that sprang out.

“Hey! We were here first, so no butting in!!”

“I shall be the first one to fuck Haruka-chan!!”

The group fighting over who would be first worked together to block the sudden intruder.

“Out of the way! Hah! Toh!”

But as a fierce warrior from the karate team, Watanabe mercilessly eliminated them by thrusting his hand at their throat and slamming them to the ground with a kawazu gake.

With his thick-headed and overall large erection swollen a dark purplish-red, he kneeled between Haruka's spread legs.

"Kh! I said...don't look!!"

He stared at her exposed vulva with love juices so seductively flowing from it, so she tried to close her legs only to have him grab her knees and push them back open.

"I will make you happy! I will impregnate you with the very first shot, so please bear many healthy children for me."

With the other boys holding her from behind, the cool-faced girl could not move back as Watanabe leaned forward.

"D-don't be stupid! It's me... I-it's Ryou! Ichijou Ryou! I've turned into a girl, but I'm really a boy. S-so...s-stop this...!"

There was no point in hiding it now. Fortunately, Yume was too preoccupied to listen and Haruka was fairly certain she could explain it away later even if she had heard. But...

"You're...Ryou? But you're so obviously a girl. You're my wife Haruka-san!!"

It was perhaps unsurprising that Watanabe did not believe her.

"I-I may have a girl's body, but I have a boy's mind!! I'm Ichijou Ryou!"

“There’s no need to hide your embarrassment by pretending to be your twin brother! I’m putting it in now, Haruka-san.”

There was no stopping Watanabe. He held her slender waist and placed his genitals on hers.

“W-wait. No, hyaaaah! It’s going in...khhh, haaaaahn!!”

The head wetly sank into the mature hole. A scorching heat immediately swirled around the female hole and shook her lower stomach.

(It’s going in... Ahh, no. A guy’s...Watanabe’s dick is going into my vagina. Ah, ahhhhh, hyah!)

Her rational mind was easily charmed by the sensation in that hole between her legs. She gasped at the sensation pressing back against her tight vagina and had trouble believing a boy’s penis could really be this big.

(It’s...inside my body...but I’m a boy. Ahee!?)

She was shaken by the confusion of being violated as a girl and she felt the manhood come to a stop at something in the shallow portion of her vagina.

(——— Ah...is this...my hymen? Hee, ah, ow.)

Watanabe pushed in to break through it and her body stiffened at the vivid tearing pain.

“Wai-...ow. No, not any...f-further! Hyaaaahh!!”

Her frightened voice fell on deaf ears. As if to say her protests were futile, the tip of the penis dug in and forced itself deeper into her soaked vagina.

“Ahhhh! Ow...owwww!! Geheeyaaaahhh!”

After a vivid shock from her vagina, the thin membrane blocking the dick’s way was broken.

Haruka was struck by a heavy and sharp pain that shot from deep in her crotch and up to her brain.

(Ah, aghhh. Watanabe is...fucking me. Ahh. He took my virginity. But I’m a boy... I’m a boy, but he broke my hymen.)

Before that shock could cool, an impressive thickness dug deeper inside, widening her vaginal walls along the way.

(Hee...hhh... Ahh, it’s going even deeper! There’s a dick inside me. Ahh, it’s... it’s so thick. No, it won’t go in. I’m going to break...ngh.)

An erect penis looked several times larger and more impressive to her girl’s eyes than it had as a boy. And it seemed simply gigantic and unbelievably thick once it was actually inside her vagina.

She shook and feared it would tear her crotch apart, but the sexuality of it all disturbed her power as Onikiri-hime and left her with only the frail strength of a

girl's arms. Her well-built friend's body would not budge. She was being held down and fucked as a woman.

(Ahh, I'm being fucked by Watanabe. And by force. His dick is inside me!)

Thinking about it sent a masochistic tremor down her spine.

(I'm still a virgin as a boy! But I had my virginity taken as a girl!!)

It was pathetic, but the more she focused on that perverted fact, the tighter her vagina squeezed down on the hard flesh pushing inside.

"Kwoh. Your pussy feels so good, Haruka-san!!"

That sweetness gave her friend more momentum and he began moving his hips even more forcefully.

"Hgee! ~~~~~! Kwahhh!! I-it's...It's so deep!!"

As the erection rapidly filled her, it pushed up against her womb.

She gasped at the shock and her shaken mind blinked in and out as several waves of sweetness pushed in on her. Against her will, her feminine pot was overflowing with hot nectar to welcome the penis.

That sticky sensation and Haruka's less-than-cute moans which were a little much for a girl only stirred up Watanabe's lust.

“Kwohhh! Ichijou Harukaaaa!! I will impregnate you! I will impregnate youuuuu!!”

His strokes grew fiercely rough.

“Y-you idiot! Don’t!! I don’t want to have your-...hyah, ahh, no! That’s too much!! That’s too rough, ah, ahn, ahhhhh!”

The overflowing pleasure transformed her response into seductive moans.

The thick cock tightly filling her vagina rubbed against the walls and a sweetness almost seemed to float up through her. Even the throbbing pain of her defloration was drowned out by the seductive stimulation.

(I can’t...believe it. His dick feels...so good! Ahh, I’m actually enjoying...having it inside me? Is it because...I have a girl’s body!?)

There was no longer any point in reiterating that she was actually a boy.

Her hips twitched in delight and began to move in sync with Watanabe’s strokes.

With each thrust of the male flesh into her vagina, sweet nectar flowed out with an obscene sound.

(Ahh...hh! When he thrusts...so deep...I nearly pass out!!)

The deepest parts of her lower stomach throbbed in a hopelessly sexual mood and they convulsed in joy when a thrust directly reached them.

At this rate, her mind would grow to love dick as much as her body did.

Her cold, angled eyes grew damp with sensuality.

The other boys continued to grope her as they pleased and she pressed her giant breasts toward them so their fingertips would dig even deeper into them through the gym shirt.

“Ahh...nn. Fwah, ah, ahhh...ah...”

She subconsciously sought the sexual pleasure, her spine trembled, and she released sticky moans, so the boys rubbed their erections all over her body with even greater gusto.

“R-rub mine with your hand!”

“Hold my dick in your hand, Haruka-chan!!”

“Fwah...? Nn...”

Several penises were held out toward her, so she chose two and grabbed them instead of rejecting them.

“Ohhhh! A girl’s holding my dick in her hand!!”

“Uhah! Th-this feels so much better than doing it on my own!!”

When she began rubbing them with the same rhythm as Watanabe thrusting deep into her vagina, the two boys cried out in joy. She had been a boy originally, so she knew what parts felt best. She gently traced her nails over them as she stroked them and used her precum-soaked fingers to rub more strongly along the bottom.

“Uuuuh!!” “Ohohhh!”

That was enough for the virgin dicks to climax.

A raw-smelling white liquid squirted out onto her and stickily coated her glossy hair.

“Ahhh~ You came so much. I-I think I’m about to cum too.”

As the penis head pounded her cervix, the sweetness rose further and further to the top of her mind.

As she felt her climax approaching, she grew jealous of the boys’ ability to ejaculate.

Just like in the back of the convenience store, her girl’s body would not stop once the fire was lit.

A corner of her mind panicked because she was actually a boy, but she indulged in the pleasure regardless.

She grabbed a new pair of dicks and snapped her wrists in time with the intense strokes inside her vagina.

The boys immediately began to tremble and their faces grew slack with pleasure.

“D-dammit. I can’t wait any longer.”

“Use your mouth... Please suck my dick, Haruka-chan!”

When the owners of the penises she had not selected saw that, they ran out of patience and began rubbing their penis heads against her face.

“Fwah? Nn! Ahh!! No...wait, ahh.”

Her numbed mind responded by taking one of them into her mouth. The flavor was like a shock to the brain and it briefly brought her back to her senses. She tried to push it out with her tongue, but it was too late.

The penis must not have been washed very well and the foreskin still covered the head. A foul and raw liquid seeped out and the numbingly sour saltiness wrapped around her tongue.

“Nfh! Agh!! Bleh, dishgushting! Fwah, no!!”

“Oho! Your tongue is going crazy...all over my dick!! Ahh, that feels amazing!”

She tried to drive out the filth in her mouth, but the stimulation only delighted the boy.

He thrust his hips forward and shoved his foreskin-covered penis deep into her throat.

“Ubeh! Ngh!! Gah! Nnn!! Fweh, I shwallowed it...”

Her throat wriggled in an attempt to breathe and she reflexively swallowed what was in her mouth. Her saliva was mixed with the boy’s smegma and precum and she nearly passed out as the awful smell left through her nose.

“Uhah! Your throat is so tight! Ha ha! You’re really sucking it!! You’re sucking my dick.”

“Damn, that sounds great!!”

“H-hurry up and cum so I can take over!”

His running commentary on what was happening in her mouth inspired jealousy in the boys still waiting. To hurry her along, they rubbed their soaked penis heads against her face while she still had a mouthful of cock.

(Hyah... Dick...all over my face! It’s so filthy...ahhh!!)

Her beautiful face was quickly coated with precum and the sticky liquid was stirred up enough to form white bubbles. She thought she would go insane as the raw male smell soaked into her face.

“C’mon, your hands aren’t moving. Get back to rubbing our dicks!”

As the defilement of her face distracted her, the boys receiving handjobs started to complain.

“Khh!! Do it...yourshelves...”

Her voice was shaking in anger, but her fingertips continued pleasuring the two of them.

She strengthened and weakened her grip while stroking up and down and she used her thumbs to rub along the underside.

“Fwoh!! Ahhh, ah, I can’t stand it!”

“That’s too good! My dick is on fire!!”

“Hhh! Nn...hh...fwah!!”

The boys immediately twisted their bodies in pleasure and precum shot from the penis heads like a water gun to soak her glossy black hair. It dripped down to her forehead, flowed past her nose, and added a new stench to her face.

“It’d be a shame to let those nice tits go to waste. How about you pleasure me with them?”

The tip of a flesh spear pressed against her giant breasts that were jiggling seductively as she twisted her body.

The boy probably wanted to stick the entire erection between them, but the boy receiving a blowjob was in the way. He had no choice but to rub the head against the side of one breast.

“Ohoh! This is...pretty great!! It’s sticking to the soft tip!”

After a shrill moan, the boy began stirring up her tit flesh.

“Oh, you’re right! It’s like my dick is melting!”

“I love how it pushes back at you!!”

More penises rushed in.

“Hyah!! Fwah! Hh...aaahhh. My tits...ahhhh.”

Several hard sensations had their way with those sensitive mounds and the throbbing sensation caused her to lift up her hips. The penises were leaking tons of precum, so they produced a harmony of obscene sounds. If all that filthy liquid was mixed together, her breasts would become unimaginably impure.

“Quit sucking this guy’s dick and give me a turn!!”

Other boys lost their patience and shoved their erections toward her lips which were already stuffed full of dick.

(Uuh...I only have...one mouth.)

As the other penises pressed in on her cheeks to hurry her along, she switched to sucking one of the others.

“Nnh! Gh...ah...hh.”

She had finally grown accustomed to the displeasure of sucking the one penis, but now a different filthy flavor soaked into her taste buds.

“Fwahn! This feels so good!! Blowjob rock!”

The horny boy thrust his penis in and out, so she could not spit it back out.

“Ngh, ghgh!! Ahh, bwah! Fwamh...!!”

The impure flavor brought saliva flowing out, which mixed with the precum. Each stroke produced a sound like a clogged drain.

(Kh...Too...rough!! I-I can’t...breathe.)

After the manhood thrust deep into her throat, she spat it and the sticky

liquid out.

“Ha ha. Now it’s my turn with the transfer student’s mouth pussy~♪”

But the next cock pushed into her mouth with yet another foul flavor.

“Nghh!! Ahh!”

She had not caught her breath yet. She tried to use her tongue to push out the erection blocking her lips, but that only brought it to the thick smegma and she nearly passed out.

Meanwhile, Watanabe continued to hog her vagina and torment her womb, drawing out plenty of feminine pleasure for the genderbent boy.

(Oh, please! If you thrust that deep...ahh!...the juices won’t stop!!)

The never-ending flow of womb juices soaked her crotch like she had wet herself.

Hearing the wet sound of flesh rod against vaginal walls naturally tightened her vagina around her friend’s erection.

(I only just lost my virginity...but this girl’s body feels so good!)

She started to worry that turning into a girl had turned her into a slut.

“Oh, you just got even tighter! Haruka-san, your pussy really is horny, isn’t it?”

Watanabe pointed out how lustful her vagina was.

“No! That’s not...true!!”

Her face burned red from the embarrassment and shame. He almost seemed to be saying that was not who she truly was, but her vagina was twitching and pleasuring his erection all the while.

(No... It feels...too good. I can’t...I can’t...ah!)

She felt a magma-like heat boiling up deep inside her womb.

No matter how much she tried to control herself, her body reacted honestly to the stimulation.

She hesitantly looked up and saw Yume looking down at her while maintaining an innocence to her face despite how thoroughly it had melted in pleasure.

“Ha ha. Haruka-chan’s doing dirty things with the boys. I think she likes it...”

“———!! Ah, ahh... No, Yume... I...I am not enjoying...hyah!”

Haruka understood that Yume was not criticizing her.

Her mind had melted from Rasetsu Douji's caress and she was simply speaking aloud what she saw.

But it was a shock for Haruka that Yume thought she was enjoying being fucked by so many boys.

"Fwah! Ah, ahh!! No! Yume's watching!! Nhahhh! No. Here...here it comes. It's welling up from deep inside!"

She did not want to pathetically cum in front of her beloved cousin.

She was a boy in a girl's body, so she did not want to orgasm from this feminine pleasure.

Her entire body shook as the penis pounded on her womb, but she managed to hold off the sweetness trying to carry her to climax.

And as her love juices flooded out...

"Look, Yume. Your protector Haruka-chan is about to cum as a boy pounds his cock inside her~"

Rasetsu Douji enjoyed pointing that out in between sucking on Yume's giant and soft breasts. The innocent girl with brown twintails gulped and widened her eyes.

"Haruka-chan is going to c-cum...?"

Hearing that seductive question ringing in her ear like a bell brought Haruka to her limit.

“Fwahh! N-no!! Ahh, ahh! Wait, nn, noooo!!” Not, nhh, ahh, this!! I’m cuming, I’m cumming in front of Yume! Ahh, Yume, don’t look! Yumeee!!”

But her cousin was sexually aroused by Rasetsu and watched with unblinking curiosity as Haruka writhed about. Her cousin’s gaze made her vagina tighten all the more around the erection.

“Khh!! Goddamn...amazing! Ohh, I’m gonna cum!”

A tremor ran through Watanabe’s body as he sped up his strokes.

The cock rapidly swelled out and widened her pussy, so Haruka thrust her hips upward.

In that instant, a boiling liquid erupted into her cervix.

(Hee...ahhh! Cum!! He’s cumming...inside me...ahhhh!)

The thick and burning liquid filled her insides. She had always been the one to release that liquid, so having it released inside her filled her mind with confusion.

(What if I get pregnant!? What if Watanabe and I have a baby!? But we’re both guys!)

That dreadful possibility came to mind. What would Yume think? The unbearable agony in her heart inspired masochistic pleasure.

“Ahhhhhhhhh~~~~~! I’m cumming!! Hyahhhh!”

She could not hold back the orgasm any longer and it rushed in to drown out her rational mind.

Waves of pleasure ran through her womb and plenty of nectar flowed from the vagina that squeezed down to milk Watanabe of all his cum.

“Fwahhh! So...much!! So much cum inside me! Hyahhh!! It’s flowing out! Watanabe’s cum is flowing out of my pussyyyyyyy!”

The thick white liquid mixed with the climax nectar and spilled out from the small gap between the penis and the hole it was contained inside.

The hole tightened to stop the maddening situation, but that only sprayed the liquid out more.

“Kwah! The transfer student is cumming! And so am I!!”

The penis in her mouth sprayed its white liquid deep into her throat as if to show her what a true ejaculation was.

“Nghhh!!”

A raw smell spread through her mouth. The bitterness soaked her tongue and she reflexively swallowed when the thick liquid reached her throat. Unable to breath, she spat out the dick. The thick man milk dripped from her lips.

“I’m cumming!” “Oh, me too!!” “Ahh, you’re too hot, Haruka-chan!”

Worked up by her sexual appearance, the cocks in her hands and rubbing against her body all released their semen at once.



“Fweh!! So much cum. Ahh, no. but I’m a boy! Hyah! I-I’m cumming...again! I’m a boy, but my girl’s body is...cumming!! Ah, ah, ahh, hyahhhhhhh!”

An unbelievable amount of baby fluid poured down on her and soaked her hair, her face, her breasts, and Yume's gym clothes. The unique smell reminiscent of chestnut flowers had been unpleasant as a boy, but her girl's body kind of liked it. When she breathed her lungs full, her vagina grew even wetter.

After cumming with all his might, Watanabe went limp and pulled his penis out. She sighed at the odd sense of liberation.

(Ah... How can it feel so good...nn...to have a dick in my pussy?)

Another boy said it was his turn, pushed Watanabe out of the way, and leaned over her. She willingly held her crotch toward the raging erection and alluringly relaxed her normally cool expression.

Ryou...no, Haruka achieved orgasm while taking in the next boy's erection. She was moaning in a way that showed no remnant of that tease-able boy.

And meanwhile, plenty of thick but clear Refined Ki poured from Yume.

Yume's body had melted just as much as her cousin's. Since Oninagusamuhime and Onikiri-hime shared the same fate, they could influence each other. Yume picked up on Haruka's horniness and responded quite seductively to Rasetsu Douji's caress. The penis held between her thighs was sticky with the love juices seeping from her crotch.

(If I put this in Yume, I can achieve my true awakening. I can retrieve my former power as the great Oni God that once shook the heavens and the earth!)

In her time as Sakatani Kimino, she had only been a girl and had not known what it felt like to have an erect penis. It was a desire to conquer, defeat, consume, and take.

As she groped Yume's ample breasts, sweet moans and pink Refined Ki escaped the girl.

As she sucked at Yume's nipples, even more power accumulated within her.

Rasetsu Douji could tell she would soon have her full power as an Oni God and she joyfully smiled as her nemesis Onikiri-hime writhed in pleasure on the ground.

Chapter the Eighth: The Devil's Hour Arrives at School

“Hwaaahh! I’m cumming, I’m cumming, I’m cumming, I’m cumming!! Hyah, hahhhh!”

As boy after boy thrust their erection inside her, Haruka lost track how many times her body convulsed in orgasm.

As the genderbent boy writhed and moaned more than anyone would expect of someone who had been a boy not long before, Rasetsu Douji gave her a satisfied look and pulled in the melted body of a lovely girl.

Every time Haruka came, that short and plump body produced an endless supply of the supernatural power known as Refined Ki, so the clear pink color grew thicker.

“This should be more than enough. That just leaves...”

Rasetsu kicked aside the girls who were crawling at her feet to suck her cock.

“...the feast.”

The girls were driven so mad by lust that they rolled away with joyful smiles. The Oni God did not even look their way as she lovingly embraced Yume on her lap.

The innocent girl had melted in sensuality, so she uttered a quiet groan and let her wavy twintails sway as she abandoned herself to the embrace.

“I love you, Yume. As Kimino, I cared about you more than anyone. Of course, I felt the same way about Ryou... But I am Rasetsu Douji now, so I must devour the detestable Ichijou family’s Oninagusamu-hime to recombine the two souls split by the Oni-slaying blade.”

The sleeping human side of her heart had to be aching because some faint tears appeared in her blood-red eyes. But her sharp and pointed fingertip wiped them away and her pale face gained the cold-hearted smile of an Oni.

“Farewell, Yume. Farewell, Oninagusamu-hime of the Ichijou family. I will at least ensure you experience the greatest pleasure before I take your life.”

The number of Gaki serving Rasetsu had grown.

They surrounded the embracing pair, kept a certain distance, sat in the lotus position, and began chanting a sutra.

Their mantra sounded a lot like the Heart Sutra.

Their voices contained the ominous tone of whispers from the abyss and they clearly filled the twilight schoolyard.

In an instant, the Gaki were surrounded by a circle constructed from strange writing.

The circle of writing was dyed with a blood red glow, lines of light connected each character, and they all moved in and out of Rasetsu Douji’s surroundings

to form a single large magic circle.

It also looked like a Mandala with the Oni in place of a Buddha.

Further Gaki appeared and gathered around to build up a bed around the chair they had already created. Rasetsu Douji placed the girl on the flesh bed while she wore the pink clothing of her overflowing Refined Ki.

Her uniform was soaked with sweet sweat and had been disturbed enough to expose an inappropriate amount of her alluring flesh. Her link with Haruka's sexuality left her moaning and writhing in a daze, so her giant breasts bounced around like two buckets of pudding.

Her somewhat thick legs fidgeted and rubbed together inside her black knee socks.

Her skirt had worked its way up, revealing a soft butt that looked like steamed sweetbread. Her light pink panties had grown see-through from her sexual juices and they clung tightly to her.

"I had thought you were fairly childish despite the amazing rack, but now you're looking quite erotic, Yume. Ha ha. You're so wet down here and the stain is incredible. You rubbed those juices all over my cock while I held you, didn't you?"

Yume put up no resistance as Rasetsu Douji spread her legs, which also spread the dark stain on the center of her panties' crotch.

They must have ridden up in her crotch as she twisted her butt around. The

cloth was plastered to the slit below, so the fleshy thickness of her pussy lips showed through. This must have stimulated Rasetsu Douji's futa cock because she stared at that spot and breathed a sultry sigh.

Below her Japanese-style clothing, she wore shorts that suited her slender build. The vulva hidden below grew wet with nectar and the male part sticking out grew even more hard and curved.

Had she been charmed by the aroma coming from Yume or by the thick Refined Ki spiraling out from the girl? The beautiful Oni with two horns growing from her gray hair began breathing heavier and she leaned over the defenseless body.

To enjoy a sensation she could not find in her own modest breasts, her fingers crawled along the girl's massive mounds.

"Ah...hn, nn. Ahhhhn..."

The meltingly soft flesh surrounded the Oni God's fingertips as they dug deeply in.

While enjoying the hot, sweaty, and alluring feeling, she kissed the girl as if to put a stop to the weak moans escaping her lips. When she toyed with Yume's tongue, Yume responded in kind.

The sweetness of the Refined Ki mixed with the saliva and sent a maddening throbbing through her erection.

She could not restrain herself any longer.

While gently caressing Yume, she glanced to the side and saw Haruka's eyes rolling back in her head as she was soaked with cum and a seemingly endless supply of penises continuously attacked her vagina.

"Hyah...ah...no...no. Ah...I...I'm cumming...hh..."

Her moans were weak. The convulsions of climax now looked more like the final tremor of some dying creature and her soaked body swayed weakly. At this point, it had to be safe.

When the Gaki had assaulted her in the convenience store, Rasetsu Douji had been unable to resist the rich Refined Ki and had attacked Oninagusamu-hime before it was time. That had filled Onikiri-hime with energy.

But by keeping Yume conscious while melting her mind with pleasure, she was prepared to receive the ecstasy Rasetsu would provide. And Haruka had been sapped of so much Refined Ki that she would be helpless even if she did activate her abilities as the sacrifice's protector. In that case...

"Yume... I will give you even more pleasure. Just relax and surrender yourself to me... I will free you from this destiny. I will...devour it all."

Rasetsu removed the girl's light pink panties and grew intoxicated on the scent of the Refined Ki born from the girl's womb and exiting through her wet pussy. The female hole was soaked with nectar and twitching.

Rasetsu placed her hips above the girl's crotch in preparation to thrust her erect male body part inside.

“No... You’re...Kimino-chan, aren’t you...?”

Yume had been lost in pleasure and defenselessly wandering in the gap between consciousness and unconsciousness, but her eyes focused on Rasetsu Douji.

“Wha-...!? Yume. You recognize me...? I-I...”

From appearance to behavior, there was nothing in common. They were the same person yet fundamentally different, but Yume had seen through it in her half-dozing state.

Rasetsu was confused for a moment, but she quickly regained her composure. The pleasure of her caress had left the girl in a dazed state while Haruka orgasmed, but her thoughts were returning.

Rasetsu had to devour her Refined Ki before she fully woke. If she rejected it, it would be a repeat of last time.

“Yume... Let’s do something that feels good...together. Your body wants it. Look how wet you are. So...accept me in.”

Yume’s soaking pussy continued to spill love juices. Rasetsu guided the girl’s mind back into the mist with a gentle voice. She then pressed her cock against the relaxed flesh cave and pushed forward. But...

“No. My body is... so even if it’s you, Kimino-chan, I can’t allow this.”

Yume had not escaped under her own power. Her limbs were still limp and she had not moved. But as Rasetsu Douji lay on top of her, her cute and sexy body slipped out and floated in the air while adorned by raiment of pale light.

“Yume!?”

Rasetsu jumped over and tried to grab her, but Yume’s body slipped out of her grasp and ascended high into the sky. She folded her hands in front of her chest and tightly shut her eyes as if to fall asleep.

The pale pink glow instantly became a bright bluish-white light.

It was a surge of powerful and active spiritual power.

“Such a powerful wave of Refined Ki!! I-if I had that...!”

Rasetsu would be able to make her wish come true. She reached toward the glow as if in a trance.

But just as her fingertips grazed the surging light, it poured directly into the “girl” who was destined to protect Yume.

“Hyah!! Hwahh...ah... I-I’m cumming...again! Nhhhhhh!!”

Haruka had lost track of how many penises had been inside her. Her vagina had grown slack and she felt a hot tingling that could have been pleasure or pain, but whenever more hot white fluid was sprayed into her womb, the

sweetness rushed up into her mind.

In that instant alone, her slack body shook violently.

The fresh injection of semen forced out the previous boy's cum and it sprayed out of her vagina.

"Geh heh heh. I gave you plenty of my sperm, so hopefully you'll have my kid♪"

Satisfied with that, the boy pulled out his manhood. One of the boys who had fucked her earlier was erect once more and penetrated her again.

"H-Haruka-chan. You've been fucked by so many guys, but your pussy is still tight. Ahh, it's squeezing my dick...!!"

"Hyah! Nn, ahh..."

As one thrust deep inside her, her vaginal walls faithfully tightened and squeezed the flesh shaft.

She was lost in her greedy desire for more feminine pleasure.

Her male mind had long since grown groggy.

"Ahh, ahh, Haruka. You're so hot...and pretty. I love you..."

Ever since cumming inside her a second time, Watanabe had been assaulting her lips.

After soaking her mouth with some sticky kisses, he had made her suck his dick and then came inside her mouth. He had sealed her lips again with a kiss, stirred up her mouth with his tongue while she swallowed the semen she could not spit out, and then he had her suck him off again to repeat the process.

(If he...nn, knew I was, nn, Ryou...what would, nn, nn, he...nnnn, do? ...Nnah!)

As she thought in the back of her foggy mind, someone persistently pecked at her nipples, causing her entire body to tremble.

(I-if he knew he'd asked a guy...and his friend to kiss him and suck his cock... he'd be in for a shock... Ha ha...ha...ahhh, I'm cumming!!)

The ejaculation pounded on her womb.

(I guess...you could say the same about me... I'm sucking a guy's cock... Watanabe's cock...and swallowing his cum. And he stuck it in my pussy... cummed inside...and made me cum... I need to save Yume...but I love getting fucked by guys...too much... Yume...)

The gym clothes she wore were soaked with the cum the boys had sprayed on her and with her own sexual bodily fluids, so they gave off a powerful scent of something fermenting.

She appeared intoxicated by that aroma, but she managed to look over to her beloved cousin whose breasts were being groped by Oni God Rasetsu Douji and

whose legs were spread wide.

“Ah, ahh...Yume!!”

The endless orgasms had left her body limp and she could not even stand up.

And yet she needed to rescue Yume.

(I don't care...how many times they rape me... I don't even care if I end up stuck as a girl. B-but I have to save Yume!!)

It was infuriating. She had been given a girl's body as Onikiri-hime who was destined to protect the girl she loved, but that very body was preventing her from saving Yume.

Her hips twisted seductively as a penis rubbed at her vaginal walls with humiliating strokes. She could not stand the semen, but her entire body trembled in joy over being soaked in it. Her body was telling her just how much it enjoyed having sex with the boys.

“Yu...meeee! Yume!! ...Dammit, dammit, dammiiiiit!”

She needed it now more than ever, but Onikiri-hime's power would not activate. Zanshou the Oni-slaying sword did not appear in her weakly raised hand.

It was pathetic. She hated how useless she was.

As Haruka struggled powerlessly, the Oni God her childhood friend had become prepared to thrust her futa cock into Yume's virgin pussy.

She wanted power. She could not allow Yume to be defiled.

She wanted power. But she could only clench her teeth in frustration.

The Gaki were chanting a strange sutra and drawing a sinister Mandala.

And as that happened, Yume was wrapped in pale light and floated up as if slipping from Rasetsu Douji's grasp. The raiment of light glowed brightly as if to answer Haruka's pleas.

"Ahhh! Ah, ahh, ahhhhhh!!"

The light pierced straight into Haruka's chest.

Her body trembled until she thought it would burst as the scorching impact ran through it.

She arched her back and cried out, but she felt no pain.

In fact, she felt a growing pleasure as the boiling heat filled her body from within.

This was the power to protect Yume that she had desired above all else.

It was the power to slay the Oni God who was preparing to devour Yume.

Her power as Onikiri-hime had left her as she was tormented by excessive pleasure, but it poured back into her from Yume's body.

"Im...possible! Oninagusamu-hime's Refined Ki is replenishing Onikiri-hime's Refined Ki!? Noooo!!"

The Refined Ki filling Yume's body, the Refined Ki that Rasetsu Douji had planned to consume, burst free and rushed toward Rasetsu's nemesis. The gray-haired Oni God tried to leap after it and stop it, but...

"Kyah!"

She was repelled by a whip-like release of Refined Ki.

Haruka was full of power once more. Her body was purified of everything the boys had done to her.

"Uh heh heh. Haruka-cha~n. Let me fuck you again. I'll fill you up with the cum you love so much~"

One boy did not understand what had happened and tried to lean over her once more.

And as soon as he grabbed her breast...

“Hahhhhhh!”

“Gahee!?”

A single shout blew him away without even needing to touch him.

He was not killed or even injured; he simply lost consciousness and rolled across the schoolyard.

“Ohhh, wow! You’re glowing! That only makes you more beautiful, Haruka. And your ass feels so great.”

Behind her, Watanabe was impressed by the glow of the Refined Ki and he began groping her tight butt with both hands.

“Give it a rest, you tuna can!!”

She accidentally called him his nickname from when they were younger. A confused look came over his face, but she slammed her fist into that face to knock him out.

“Oh, honestly~~~!!”

This was her old friend who she had even nervously watched her first porn video with when she had been a boy. But now he had made her cum again and again while she exposed her unrestrained sexuality. Her face grew warm from how pathetic she felt.

Even now, her legs were weak and unsteady when she stood up.

But she powerfully planted her feet on the ground as the light surrounded her.

She honestly wanted to change into her uniform, but she did not have time. Most of the stains had been purified from her bloomers, so she pulled them up to hide her lower body. Her butt was too large and bulged out of the leg holes, so she used her fingertips to adjust the fabric.

Yume's gym clothes were short, so her slender navel remained exposed.

The chest was so tight the shape of the beautiful mounds showed through perfectly and they jiggled every time she moved.

She retied her glossy hair into a dignified ponytail so it would not get in her way.

Power filled her body. It was far more than before. She had only been vaguely aware of it before, but she was now fully aware of the Refined Ki flowing through her body.

"Come! Oni-slaying sword!! Your name is Zanshou!"

It appeared in her hand as soon as she voiced the command. The somewhat slender hilt was perfect for the graceful hand of a girl. But the blade was far wider, thicker, and dangerously heavy than when she had summoned it before.

(Is it responding to the amount of Refined Ki I got from Yume!? Amazing! But...)

Haruka easily swung the sword horizontally with a single hand.

Immediately, a powerful gust of wind blew away all of the horny boys persistently gathering around her. The group that had been troubling her through pleasure and orgasm was knocked unconscious and collapsed.

The beautiful Oni God gasped and frowned when she saw it. She then faced the sharp tip that pointed her way with a blood red miasma floating around it.

“How dare you steal the Refined Ki I was meant to consume. Fine then. I will devour you and make that power my own!”

Her claws grew into long blades and she bent her body to target Haruka like a wild feline.

“I will never allow you to eat Yume! I will destroy all who try to harm her!!”

Haruka also crouched down to prepare for a charge.

Anger clashed with anger and sparks flew from their gazes.

Haruka and Rasetsu sprang toward each other at almost the exact same moment.

The gap between them vanished in an instant and they wielded their weapons with their full strength.

“Hahhhhhhh!!”

“Seiiiiii!”

The blade and claws clashed with a metallic ring.

Haruka easily manipulated a blade too large and thick for a normal person to lift and she deflected both of Rasetsu’s hands. She then gathered her strength to swing the blade down toward the top of her enemy’s head.

“Kh. Why you...!!”

But Rasetsu did not hesitate to throw a kick toward her unguarded stomach.

“Aghhh!”

Before, that would have brought her to her knees. It would have been too fast for her to even know what had hit her. But with the Refined Ki filling her body, she only wobbled slightly and she launched a thrust too fast to be seen.

“Tsah!!”

Rasetsu was unable to dodge, so the blade stabbed deep into her shoulder. Her beautiful face twisted in agony and she briefly stopped, so Onikiri-hime

spun her entire body in a windmill-like attack toward her neck.

“Daaaaaahhhhhh!”

This was impossible to guard against. If she blocked with her arm, it would slice right through the arm. Even if she defended with layer after layer of Refined Ki, the sword would shatter them all and take Rasetsu Douji’s head off.

“————!!”

She desperately jumped out of the way, but the tip of the blade approached fast and caught one of the horns growing from her gray hair.

“Gyah!”

With an unpleasant noise, the right horn was severed at the middle.

The impact sent Rasetsu Douji’s tall, slender body flipping through the air.

She bounced across the schoolyard a few times and her back slammed into the school building. She left a giant dent in the wall.

It was a miracle her neck had not snapped. But she had still taken a lot of damage and she fell to her knees with blood dripping from her lips.

And then Haruka stuck the blade up against her throat.

“Y-you’re so mean... C’mon, Ryou, you’re aiming for my neck... I’ll die...”

While choking, she used Kimino’s voice to lower Haruka’s guard.

“Zanshou is an Oni-slaying sword, so it will not harm a human. This will only decapitate you, Rasetsu Douji. Since your souls have yet to join together, I can cut you down and save Kimino.”

She had not understood this trait of the sword before, but the knowledge had accompanied the Refined Ki from Yume.

“Tch. So you saw right through it~ I guess you’re starting to awaken as Onikiri-hime.”

Since Haruka could not be shaken, Rasetsu Douji jumped out of range of the blade and stood up. Her legs were unsteady, but she kept a fearless smile on her face.

As Haruka observed her without moving in, the beautiful Oni God turned around.

“You will pay dearly for this, Onikiri-hime!”

She stroked the stump of her half-severed horn and glared at Haruka with the anger of a true Oni, but then she used all her remaining strength to begin running.

“You will forever regret this!!”

She was headed toward the boys who had collapsed in lethargic satisfaction after having their way with the genderbent boy.

“Oh, no!! You...!”

And Haruka had naturally taken a defensive stance on the assumption that Rasetsu would attack her.

Haruka had great power, but she barely had any combat experience and she froze up in surprise when her enemy did something unexpected. She quickly ran after Rasetsu, but...

(Kh! She’s fast!)

Rasetsu was desperate too. She could easily kill two or three of the boys before Haruka caught up.

“R-run away!”

Haruka warned them, but the students did not seem to understand the approaching danger. In fact, their eyes were glued to Haruka’s breasts because she was not wearing a bra and they were bouncing like crazy inside the tight gym shirt.

(Is there...nothing I can do!?)

Rasetsu Douji’s claws were like sharp swords. Their sharp tips approached the

boys' silly faces as they carelessly leered at Haruka.

“No. Stop this. You must not hurt everyone.”

A lovely but somewhat lisping voice interrupted the attack.

“Kh!?”

Rasetsu Douji came to a rapid stop. She stood in motionless bewilderment.

Her hands were dangling at her sides, but she raised one again and tried to cut through Watanabe.

“You must not do this! Put away those dangerous claws.”

She obediently lowered her hand as told and the deadly claw blades retracted.

“Wha-...??? It can't be...”

Rasetsu looked blankly at Yume. Her body was obeying the girl against her own will.

Yume wore her light pink Reined Ki like heavenly raiment and it transformed into a bluish-white glow before filling Haruka.

As she floated in the air, Oninagusamu-hime's unfocused eyes looked down at

them.

“D-does this mean Yume’s Refined Ki is controlling me!?”

Rasetsu Douji had been charmed by Yume and ended up taking an early taste of her.

That greedy taste of Refined Ki was circulating through her body and telling her body that Yume was its master.

The princess had provided comfort to an Oni and gained control.

If Rasetsu was going to devour her, she should have done it all at once.

She should have consumed the Refined Ki until Yume was dead.

“I am an Oni...given Refined Ki by Oninagusamu-hime? I am an Oni... comforted by the princess of the Oni-controlling family!?”

Unable to slaughter the students as revenge for her broken horn, she simply stood before Yume.

“Haaahhh!!”

And Onikiri-hime mercilessly stabbed Zanshou into her modest chest.

“Ghh! Ah, gah, ahhh, ahhhhh!! No...no! I don’t want...to be destroyed!! I...I

had finally...reincarnated! Yume...Ryou...no...help me...!! Please don't destroy... me..."

This Oni God had been reborn in the body of their childhood friend Kimino, but her mind had Kimino's memories of the time she had spent with the two cousins. The cruel and merciless Oni God looked and acted differently...

"Ki...mino..."

But there was still some resemblance to their childhood friend. Haruka's grip on the Oni-slaying blade weakened.

(N-no.... This isn't Kimino! If I don't defeat her...defeat Rasetsu Douji, I can't bring Kimino back!! So...!)

Haruka could now sense the split soul through the tip of the blade. She stabbed Zanshou's blade into the swollen soul that was attempting to absorb the other.

"Ahhh!! N-nooooooooooooo!!"

A pained scream echoed across the schoolyard and Rasetsu Douji's body turned to bright light before bursting.

Afterwards, a girl with an athletically fit body and a boyish face collapsed like a puppet with its strings cut.

"Kimino!"

This was the childhood friend whose mind had been taken over by the other personality at some unknown point. Haruka put away the Oni-slaying sword and ran over to see if the girl was okay. She was gently sleeping with somewhat flushed cheeks, so Haruka breathed a sigh of relief.

“Is it...over...?”

Haruka looked up at the cousin she had somehow managed to protect...no, that had actually protected her. The girl’s Refined Ki was calming down and she was gently descending to the ground.

And when Haruka ran over to her...

“Ahh!?”

A change came over Haruka’s body.

“What...is this...!?”

A boiling heat filled her entire body.

It was not painful, but the strange feeling confused her.

She felt like all her body’s cells were throbbing, so she looked down.

“———!! Wah! M-my body!”

Her splendidly perky breasts were visibly shrinking into a flat chest. Her slender and curvy body was transforming into a hard and muscular body.

“What is going on?”

Her long ponytail grew shorter and her voice grew thicker and deeper.

“It can’t be!”

After feeling an odd throbbing at her crotch, she reached a hand down.

“I-it’s there...”

It was a familiar sensation that he had not felt in a while.

“I-I’ve turned back into a boy!!”

No sign of the girl with a dignified gaze and seductive body remained and a plain boy with a kind-looking face stood there instead.

With the defeat of Rasetsu Douji, the threat was gone and there was no more need to protect Oninagusamu-hime as Onikiri-hime.

“Ah ha ha! I did it! I’m a boy again! I’m back to being Ichijou Ryou!”

He was somewhat reluctant to part with the sweet pleasure he had felt in his girl's body, but he honestly felt more relief than anything so soon after that body had caused him so much trouble. And he was also glad to have back the sex he had been born with.

As he celebrated, he ran over and hugged Yume.

She was so small and slender he thought she would break and she was unbelievably soft.

What he had done in his girl's body did not count, so it felt like forever since he had touched her so boldly. He felt strength fill him as he smelled the sweet aroma coming from his cousin's wavy chestnut twintails.

"Hwaaahh!!"

Yume immediately cried out and her body started trembling violently.

Afraid he had held her too tightly, he watched her and realized this was something else.

She had a look of longing on her face, she was breathing heavily, and she turned her damp eyes his way.

"Ry-Ryou...-chan."

At first, he thought he had screwed up. He was here when he was supposed to be with the main family due to a sudden illness and his supposed twin sister

was nowhere to be seen. Plus, he was still wearing Yume's gym shirt and bloomers that Haruka had worn.

Haruka and Ryou were the same person. Had this revealed that he had turned into a girl and pretended to be his twin sister? He paled while trying to figure out how to explain this, but Yume did not seem to notice any of that as she leaned limply against him.

"Yume! ...Nnh!? A-a kish? Yume, whah are...afh!!"

When he quickly supported her, she suddenly pressed her lips against his. It was a mindless and clumsy act, but he was taken aback when she passionately stuck her tongue in his mouth.

(Wh-what is going on? She's kissing...me!?)

She had a soft and plump body that inspired the boys' lust with breasts that may have been the largest in the school. But with her nonchalant face and a childishly dreamy personality to match, she never would have been bold enough to kiss someone herself.

Something was not right. Ryou enjoyed the soft and plump feeling of her tongue surrounded by a sticky heat and the way it danced awkwardly inside his mouth, but he reluctantly pulled her from his face.

"Nn...ah...? Ryou-chan..."

Her pleading look of "Why?" sent his heart racing. His penis had been hard ever since regaining his boy's body, but he suddenly felt it pushing up even

more.

“Ryou-chan, I-I...feel weird... My body...is really weird...so, um...hhhhh...it’s so embarrassing...”

He gulped at the softness of the giant breasts she boldly pressed against him and she trailed off while trying to tell him something. It looked like tears could spill from her alluringly damp eyes at any time. She fidgeted while blushing.

“What is it, Yume? Do you hurt somewhere!? Are you in pain?”

Had Rasetsu Douji injured her? Or did sharing her Refined Ki have some kind of negative effect on her body? Ryou worriedly peered at her face, but his adorable cousin clenched her teeth and shook her head.

“Ahhh~~~ I...I can’t stand it anymore!”

She looked like she was holding something back, but then her expression melted.

In that instant, she peed herself while also spraying a great quantity of love juices from her vagina.

“Hyah! D-don’t look!! Ah, ahhh, I wet myself. I-it’s so embarrassing... No, don’t look, Ryou-chan~~~”

She weakly pleaded him with shame in her voice. She desperately tried to stop it, but her body would not listen and a lemon-colored liquid poured down

from her skirt.

The smell of ammonia mixed with a seductive sweetness kept the boy from blinking.

“I-I feel so dirty... And it won’t stop. I can feel it...ah, throbbing deep inside me... Ah, ah, ahh, I can’t...stand it...so don’t look...”

Her voice grew nearly inaudible and her face grew as red as a ripe tomato. The flow of urine stopped, but more love juices poured from her vagina to take its place and dripped down her inner thighs in sticky lines.

(She feels dirty... Does this have to do with releasing her Refined Ki!? Th-that’s a lot of horny juices dripping down...)

After experiencing lust in a girl’s body, Ryou knew all too well how maddening it was to have that much nectar flowing out.

She would be driven insane by desire so great it could only be satisfied by a pleasurable caress across her body and having a penis stir up her vagina until she reached climax.

(I-is anyone... Oh, right. I knocked them all out with my attack before. And it’s not like I could let any of them sleep with Yume.)

As he tried to figure out what to do, his adorable little cousin pressed her body against him all the more.

Legs wet with urine and love juices touched him, but he did not find it filthy. In fact, the warm and somewhat sticky sensation stirred up his arousal. His erection had yet to fade and it grew even more swollen as an almost painful throbbing came over it.

(Me...with Yume...?)

His usual desire swelled up in his heart.

But what about her? They were cousins who had been together since they were little and got along better than anyone. Ryou did not even know when it was he had fallen in love with her.

But what did Yume think about him? If he asked and did not receive the answer he was hoping for, their relationship would be forever changed. In fact, it would be forever changed even if he did receive the answer he was hoping for. That would signal the end of their days of peaceful friendship.

It was that thought that had kept him from asking.

He needed to find a different solution. He could hurry her back home, contact the main family, and see what they said to do. That was probably the best solution, but would her mind last that long?

Her obscenely damp face seemed to be suffering as her arousal grew without end. Each time her body trembled, more love juices sprayed out.

And at the same time, Ryou's erection was filled with an unbearable throbbing. It created a large bulge in the crotch of Yume's bloomers as well as a

sticky stain of precum.

(Whatever I do, I can't leave the school dressed like this. I need to find somewhere for Yume to rest!)

The girl's gym clothes had been embarrassing enough as a girl.

And it was even worse when they were Yume's.

He had never stood out much as a boy, but he had had an androgynous appearance. His height had been average, but he had had a slender frame with little manliness to it.

That appearance had been nothing but a complex for him, but it did not look all that out of place in the girl's gym clothes.

His face was burning at his cousin's arousal and he was pitching a tent in the bloomers he wore. People into that kind of thing may have gotten a nosebleed at the sight.

Even a boy who did not stand out much would look like a modest and plain girl if he dressed in girl's clothing.

"Kimino, I'm sorry! I'll come to get you later!!"

Unaware how he looked, Ryou held Yume in a princess carry, apologized to his childhood friend who had passed out after escaping the Oni God's control, and ran into the school building.

He placed Yume on an infirmary bed.

Should he call the school doctor? But Yume's condition seemed to be caused by the spiritual energy named Refined Ki, so he doubted there would be anything for a doctor to do. So should he call home? Or should he ask for help from the headmaster who was connected to the main family and knew their situation?

He had to change first. He would die of embarrassment if anyone saw him wearing a girl's gym shirt and bloomers.

"Is there an extra white coat or something?"

He searched the infirmary in the hopes of at least hiding the bloomers until he could find a proper change of clothes. But then he felt soft arms on his back and he was pulled down.

"Wah!! Y-Yume!?"

As the boy struggled to get up from the bed, her arms wrapped tightly around his neck. He was pulled face-down and managed to place his hands on the blanket to prop up his upper body. He saw his adorable cousin looking up at him while pressing her body against him from below.

"Y-you can't! C'mon, let go of me. I need to call home."

Her lustfully damp eyes grew even more seductive, giving a unique allure to

her normally childish pure face.

He was mesmerized by it and his pulse raced in his chest. His mind grew foggy as a sweet and sour aroma rose from her. His erection had shown no signs of fading ever since regaining his male form, but it grew even harder and throbbed with a maddening pain.

At this rate, he was going to give into his lust and violate the cousin he had had feelings for since they were little.

He had to avoid that.

It would not be fair to take advantage of the situation and help himself to her body.

He used his intent to never hurt her to gather his self-control and tried to get up.

“Nhhh!? Y-Yu...me...”

But once again, his lips were hotly sealed by a kiss from Yume.

His rationality immediately gave up the fight. Her seductive tongue slipped inside his mouth and he gave into the pleasure that led him to use his tongue as well.

(Ahh, it's so hot...and feels great! I'm kissing Yume...again... Ahh, I think my mind is going to melt away...)

The saliva audibly stirred up by their tongues passed between their mouths and increased the sweetness and heat.

“Nn...ahh...ahah...Ryou-chan...”

The girl’s quiet moans set his erection throbbing even more. But the boy gathered his fading rationality and pulled his lips away.

The breath he had held escaped and his heart pounded in his chest.

His heart was shaken by the unsatisfied look in her eyes that asked why he had stopped.

“Y-you can’t...give into some temporary feelings... You need to show more care for your body... You’re a girl after all...”

He felt he understood after gaining a girl’s body and then having his purity taken by a guy he had no feelings for. It had been unpleasant and unbearable, but the pleasure of the penis in his vagina had brought him to climax. He did not want to put his beloved cousin through something so unspeakably humiliating and unpleasant.

“This isn’t...temporary...”

But Yume did not let the boy get up.

“Eh?”

She was powerless, but she gathered strength in her arms to hold him in place.

“I’ve always loved you, Ryou-chan.”

“Y-Yume...?”

His thoughts ground to a halt at this unexpected confession.

“You’re always protecting me... Bad things happen to you too, but you saved me again and again. I was so scared, but you came to save me, Ryou-chan!”

He had only protected her from the Oni while genderbent. He was shocked to think she knew that was him, but apparently her mind was so hazy from the Refined Ki that she was confusing Haruka and Ryou.

Or perhaps awakening as Oninagusamu-hime had allowed her to instinctually sense Onikiri-hime’s presence in Ryou.

“I’m not as pretty as Kimino-chan, I’m slow, and I’m fat because I eat so much... So I always thought Kimino-chan was a better fit for you...”

“———!? Wh-what...?”

He did not hate Kimono, but he saw her as more as an old childhood friend and had not thought of her as more than just a friend.

“But...I can’t lie to myself... I love you, Ryou-chan.”

“M-me too! I’ve always loved you, Yume! But when I thought about telling you how I felt, I was too afraid of having you reject me... I was such a coward... but I love you!! I want you, Yume! I want all of you!!”

“———!! Ahh, Ryou-chan! I’m so happy!! I love you, Ryou-chan...nhaaahh!”

They had both felt the same way, but they had both been hesitant to say so. Yume trembled in the joy of their mutual confession and joyful juices sprayed from her crotch and soaked even the bottom of Ryou’s stomach.

“Hahhhh...”

The way she lowered her blushing face was too cute.

Now that he had confessed his feelings, the boy could resist no longer.

“Yu...me!!”

He attacked the giant breasts barely contained inside her mostly-removed blouse.

The mature flesh he felt on his face was several times softer than his own as a girl. It was damp with aroused sweat and a sweet milky aroma rose from it.

As he sucked at the melting skin and licked inside her deep cleavage, a mild and salty flavor reached his taste buds.

(This is...Yume's flavor. Ahh...)

“Ahh! Ahhhn!! Ryou-chan, my boobs...ha ha, feel so good.”

Encouraged by her joyful voice, he dug his fingers into them.

(Wow... They really are far softer than “mine” were. And far, far bigger.)

He was shocked at how his hands sank in with almost no resistance. As he kneaded mounds too large to fit in his palms, Yume gasped for breath and wiggled her hips. And her nice-smelling sweat made a dirty sound between his fingertips.

While the mounds of flesh grew softer and softer, the erect nipples grew harder and larger, so he rolled them around with his fingertips.

“Hyahahhh!! Ahh! Ah, ah, ahhhhh!!”

Yume's entire body convulsed like she had received an electric shock.

Her love juices continued to flow and Ryou's lower stomach was already completely soaked.

(If I tease her...any more...)

“Hyaheh♪ My boobs...yes...Ryou-chan...I’m...I’m...”

She was barely coherent anymore. He simply pinched her nipples and she arched her back while her hips shook. The relief of finding he shared her feelings may have been intensifying her lust more than she could bear.

(Inside...Yume...)

He was still hesitant, but at this rate, she would be unable to bear the ever-increasing lust and ultimately break.

“Yume, I’ll give you some relief...”

“Hwah! Ryou...-chan...”

When he whispered to her, she clung to him as if asking for help.

Once he made up his mind, the boy pulled his erect and impressively swollen penis from a tear in the embarrassing bloomers.

“Eheh♪”

The raw smell of the overflowing precum stung his nose, but when Yume noticed the presence of the penis from that aroma, she gave a delighted laugh.

An outside observer would have seen it as a boyish girl in gym clothes

exposing an erect futa cock from her torn bloomers.

Ryou gulped again and again, fumbled around to remove her panties which were soaked with love juices and urine, and thrust his penis toward her crotch.

“Hyaah!! Ryou-hyan♪”

The tip was immediately swallowed by the sticky, scorching dampness.

From that moment, he felt a squeezing tightness from her vagina.

(Ahh, she’s so tight... Yume!)

His genderbent experience told him how maddening it was to be in that state.

Simply thrusting inside her caused her hips to jump up and hot liquid to flow out. She had always seemed so childishly innocent despite her giant breasts and fleshy body, but now she was acting like a slut. Ryou found this oddly arousing but he also felt a desire to return her to normal as soon as possible. As he pushed his manhood inside, he quickly hit her hymen.

“This will probably hurt, so I’m sorry!!”

He recalled the pain of his own deflowering, apologized, and thrust on in.

“Hyahh! Ah, ghhh!! Kh...hh!”

With the heavy resistance gone, the shaft quickly buried itself down to the base.

To soothe her as she stiffened from the shock and tears filled her widened eyes, he gently stroked her hair until she released a slow breath like she had been freed from a curse.

“Are you okay, Yume?”

He hesitantly asked and she shook her head with tears on her tensed face.

“It hurt...but it’s already...started feeling good. Ah, ahh, it’s inside...me... Ryou-chan’s...Ryou-chan’s p-penis is...ah, ah, inside me.”

A tremor entered her voice as if her own words were arousing her.

At the same time, her vagina squeezed down on Ryou’s erection.

“Ahh! Y-Yume...!! Amazing, y-you’re wrapping around me! Ahh, I’m already about to cum. ...I’ll move, Yume!! I’ll move inside you!”

“Hwaaaaah!! Ryou-chan! I love you!! Ahhh, I’m having sex with Ryou-chan! I-I’m so happy!!”

They trembled in maddening ecstasy as they moved their hips in desire for each other.

Greedy nectar flowed out and left her vagina nice and sticky, but she was still squeezing him in her aroused joy and the slippery tightness created the most unbearable friction.

He had been violated as a girl, but this was his first time sleeping with a girl as a boy.

Yume had been thoroughly caressed by Rasetsu Douji, but her chastity had not been taken.

It was their first time, so they should have been an awkwardly inexperienced couple, but their strokes intensified as the liquid noises grew insanely obscene.

(Hwaaah! Amazing...!! This is what it feels like...to be inside a vagina!)

He was a boy, but he had learned what it felt like to be on the other end first.

The pure pleasure had been several times greater as a girl, but the wet flesh tightly surrounding his cock provided a bewitching feeling of satisfaction. More importantly, he felt satisfied as a man when the girl he loved cried out in pleasure whenever he thrust his hips.

“Hwaah! Ahh, it feels...so good!! I-it’s my first time, but...ahn! Because it’s you, Ryou-chan!! Because you’re doing it...ahhh, ahhhhh!”



As the boy lay on top of her, she wrapped her legs around his waist and kissed him again and again while pleasure filled her voice.

Her uniform was see-through with sweat and it had been removed even further as her seductive naked body twisted around.

When he thrust inside her, his manhood scraped against the clitoris at the top of her vagina and he thrust sometimes fast and sometimes slow. When he thrust all the way inside, he would torment her womb plenty, but he would also occasionally pull out to a shallower area so her vaginal flesh would quickly tighten and hot nectar would flow from the depths of the honeypot.

“Hyah! Nyaaahh!! Ryou...-chan...I feel...funny! Ahh, something weird...is coming...ahhh!! It’s coming from...deep inside...”

When he attacked her in the ways he had learned felt good with his girl’s body, the innocent-faced girl was brought to her limit in no time. Tears filled her worried eyes and her vagina squeezed down on his penis as she felt something rising within her.

“It’s okay... There’s nothing to be...afraid of. Don’t fight it... Just...give into it.”

Ryou could not withstand the intense urge rising within him either.

He felt a hot tingling in his urethra and his swollen shaft grew even wider to widen her vagina.

Yume gasped for breath, so he comforted her while thrusting even harder and pounding deep inside her in the missionary position.

“Fweaaah! It’s hitting me!! Ryou-chan, your thing is hitting me deep inside! Ah, ahh, hyah!”

A tremor ran through her with each thrust and her giant soft breasts bounced wildly around.

He bent down to capture a nipple with his lips, kept up the thrusting, and pounded on her womb hard enough that her plump butt rose from the bed.

“Hyahh! Ah, ahh, ee, wahh, here it comes!! Oh, ah, ah, ahh, Ryou...-chan...it’s, nn...ah, ahh, ahh, it’s coming! Nheeeee!! Hwah! Y-yes, I’m, I’m cumming. I’m cumming...hwaaaaaaaahhh!!”

After passing the limits of her pleasure, her short body bent like a bow and she screamed while an impressive amount of climax nectar sprayed out.

“Kh, fwah, I’m...I’m cumming...too! Nhhhh!!”

Ryou lost control of his erection when it was hit by the hot nectar boiling in her sensually throbbing honeypot.

He felt a burning sensation in his tingling urethra and he felt a flashing in the back of his mind. The narrow tube was forced open and a torrent burst out to spray mercilessly inside Yume’s vagina and hit her womb which was sensitive so soon after cumming.

“Hee...nnnn! Ah, ah, hwaaaah!!”

Her vagina tightened in a second consecutive orgasm and the mixture of cum and clear female nectar flowed out to spread a sweet sexual aroma.

(Ah...ah, ahh... I came...inside Yume...)

It had happened too suddenly to use protection. He wondered if that had been a mistake, but his heart was also boiling in the pleasure of filling her body with his seed.

“Ha...ha ha... I’m so full of your stuff, Ryou-chan... I’m so happy.”

Yume also seemed happy to have been cum inside. She rubbed her stomach above her womb and sighed in satisfaction. Her vaginal walls continued squeezing at his penis inside her.

“Ryou-chan...”

“Yume...”

As evening shifted to night, Ryou and Yume stared at each other and then brought their gently opened lips together inside the chemical-smelling school infirmary.

Chapter the Final: Peaceful Days

The morning news said history's first black woman pope was visiting Japan.

Ichijou Ryou watched in disinterest as he drank the rest of his miso soup.

"Thanks for the meal. I'll be going now."

As he got up and started for the front door, a girl with a gentle smile followed him.

"We're leaving, aunt~"

"Have a good day, Yume-chan. And take care of our stupid son~"

His mother saw them off as she washed the dishes at the sink. Once they stepped outside, the bright sun and a gentle breeze greeted them. It was a safe and peaceful morning.

Two days had passed since the slaying of Rasetsu Douji at the school and the aftermath had apparently been dealt with by the headmaster who was part of the main family. And since the students there had been hit by a wave from the Oni-slaying sword Zanshou, they seemed to have lost the memories of what had happened.

That was honestly a relief. Ryou would have wanted to die if people remembered the humiliation he had received there and that he had lost his female virginity to his best friend.

He still felt a strange mixture of irritation and awkwardness when he saw Watanabe, so he ended up acting sharply to him.

As for Yume...

“That woman pope on the news was so beautiful~ I wish I was that tall and cool~”

Either due to Rasetsu Douji’s spells or the effects of passing out and having her mind muddled by the Refined Ki, Yume did not seem to recall that Haruka was Ryou’s genderbent form.

She seemed to think Haruka and Ryou had come to save her separately.

And...

“Hey, Ryou-chan. Do you like cool girls like that? Haruka-chan is so tall and really cool. And Kimino-chan is so athletic.”

“Hm? I wasn’t really watching the news, so I can’t comment on the pope. ... But, well...I think you’re the cutest, Yume...”

“———!! Eh heh heh~”

He had been too embarrassed to say it very loudly, but she seemed to have heard him.

She happily rubbed her soft body up against him and wrapped her arm around his.

She did seem to remember their mutual confession and sex in the infirmary.

“Haruka-chan had to return to the main family, didn’t she? And after we were getting along so well. I didn’t even get to thank her for saving me. I was hoping she could live with you as twins...”

“Y-yeah...”

Saying much of anything could have revealed the truth, so he simply gave a brief agreement.

“We’ll see her again, right? Oh, I know. At New Year’s, you can visit the main family with me. I’m sure they’ll let us see her if her twin brother is there.”

If possible, he wanted to avoid meeting her as Haruka ever again. Becoming Onikiri-hime meant the Oni were after Yume as Oninagusamu-hime.

The main family had a great variety of restrictions in place when it came to contacting the branch family, so it would likely be fine. Even if Yume wanted to see Haruka, they would just say no, even if they felt bad doing so.

Ryou continued agreeing with what Yume was saying as her expression changed again and again. Just as he found himself staring at her lovely face, someone hit his back without warning.

“Morning~, Yume. And you, boring boy~”

It was Kimino. She had apparently hit him with the bag containing her swimsuit. He smiled bitterly at the fact that it was better than having her kick him.

She too seemed to have no memory of targeting Yume as the villainous Rasetsu Douji. Someone from the main family had arrived and investigated her while she was passed out, but apparently Rasetsu Douji’s personality had been fully erased and would likely never appear again.

She was back to being their cheerful and mischievous childhood friend.

“Hey, Ryou. I heard you had some weird disease, but you got all healed up at your relatives’ place, right? Don’t let us catch it!”

While in Haruka’s body, they had claimed Ryou was recovering from a sudden illness with the main family.

“I-I’m all better now. And you won’t catch it!”

(Kimino always loved Ryou.)

Rasetsu Douji’s words came back to him.

“Really? Your face looks pretty red, but you don’t have a fever, do you?”

He tried to act normally, but he could not help but focus on it and blushed.

“I’m fine! This is, um, it’s kind of hot today...”

“Oh~? If you say so.”

He backed away when the girl peered at his face.

She was acting the same as always. He saw no sign at all that she had feelings for him. Had Rasetsu Douji just been lying? Or...?

While Ryou could not stop blushing, Kimino calmly moved in closer and glared at Ryou with a threatening look in her eyes.

“By the way, I hear you’re getting along pretty well with Yume. If you do anything to make her cry, I won’t forgive you. So consider yourself warned.”

She laughed when Ryou’s face stiffened and then she started playing with Yume.

It was the usual scene. Their peaceful days had returned and would hopefully continue for the foreseeable future.

But it was with that wish in his heart that Ryou felt an odd feeling race through his body.

A tingling sort of ticklishness made him feel like all of his cells were throbbing.

(Why!? I only just defeated Rasetsu Douji! Is it happening again already!?)

He felt his body shape changing.

His chest swelled out and his shirt quickly felt cramped.

The butt of his uniform's pants also grew cramped, but the waist and other areas grew loose and baggy.

His hair began growing long and glossy black.

The carefree and unattractive boy's face became that of a beautiful girl with a sharp and dignified look in the eyes.

Ryou's body once more transformed into Onikiri-hime in order to protect Yume from the sinister Oni.

(A-anyway, I can't walk around in a boy's uniform like this. I need to head home and change!)

“———!? S-sorry... I forget something. I'll go get it, so you two go on ahead.

“Ryou-chan!?”

“Ah, hey, Ryou!”

After a quick excuse, Ryou...no, Ichijou Haruka turned her back on the other two girls and ran off so they would not see her transformed appearance.

Her weighty breasts bounced restlessly with each step.

Without a bra, they only got in the way.

She had put away the girl's uniform, assuming she would not need it for a while, and she had certainly never dreamed of putting it back on so soon. She used the speed of her increased athletic abilities to turn a corner.

"Ah! S-sorry!!"

"Kyah! ...Ah~, that scared me. Are you okay? It's dangerous to run so fast."

She nearly ran into a short and cute girl, but avoided her at the last second. If she had run into the girl, her Onikiri-hime body might have injured her.

"I-I'm in a hurry! I'm really sorry!!"

After deeply apologizing to the girl who seemed more worried than angry, Onikiri-hime quickly ran back home.

It seemed her peaceful days were still a long way off.

Afterword

To continue after Pilgrim Maiden, I've written another genderbending story. Mwa ha ha~ This is Karino Kei. Man, what an age we live in.

You've probably noticed if you read my previous series, but this story takes places in the same world as Pilgrim Maiden but about 15 or 16 years later. The Ichijou family that protects this country from supernatural beings was briefly mentioned in that series. The protagonists this time are a normal boy and girl from the branch family that chose to abandon the abilities of the exorcist family to live a peaceful life.

For a change from my harder and heavier previous series, I focused on making this one a cheerful academy love comedy without a violent nun or a roaring chainsaw, but how do you think I did?

Amanooni Touri, thank you very much for the wonderful illustrations. The cute and attractive character designs helped stimulate my imagination.

As for my editor Okada, thank you for all the advice you gave me. And thank you very, very much for giving me the chance to write another genderbending story.

And most of all, I give my utmost thanks to all of the readers who bought the book.

If there is a second volume, we will meet again there.

Credits

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